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S.A. "Critic."]

KYABRAM'S BRAHMA.

Vic. Citizens' Reform League: "Do my bidding, or I'll soo' him on to you."

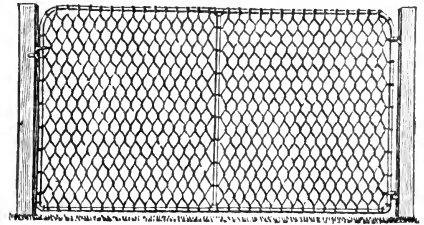
Barton: "Dickens, my friend! That cock won't fight."

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Absolutely Cure

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SICK HEADACHE.
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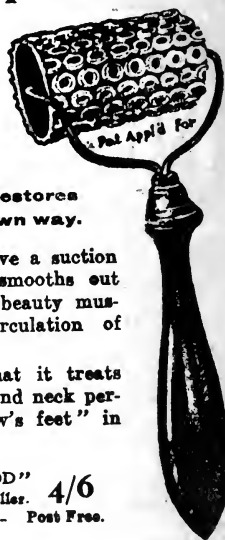
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THOMAS HOLMES, the famous North London Missionary, Author of "Pictures and Problems of the London Police Courts," writes: "I wish to bear my testimony to the great value of your remedy. I selected only those cases that are acknowledged to be at once the most difficult and the most hopeless. In the lowest depths I met them. I soon saw the beneficial effects of your remedy, their physical condition rapidly improved, their depression of mind passed away, they became bright and hopeful—in fact, new men."

A FEW PRESS OPINIONS.

"The Treatment succeeds in ninety-seven cases out of a hundred. The Faculty acknowledges itself amazed at the 'marvellous success of this new remedy, which destroys the taste for alcohol and kindred drugs, making them absolutely 'abhorrent to the patient. A strong point about this proved cure is that it can be taken as ordinary medicine, and in no way 'interferes with general habits, while the inebriate home becomes practically a thing of the past.'—WHITEHALL REVIEW.

"The Advertiser is able to adduce definite evidence that his method has had really good results."—TRUTH.

The "REVIEW OF REVIEWS" (London), in an Article entitled "Where the English are holding their own,"—says:—

"For some years the Gold Cure as a remedy for inveterate drunkenness held the field. This American method of treatment, although achieving considerable success in many cases, is far from being a universal specific. It entails a long and costly treatment, involving subcutaneous injections and residence in an institute during the time of treatment. The competing system to which I am now calling attention is simpler, and appears to be not less efficacious. The Tacquaru Company, although in its infancy, claims already to have effected a cure of nearly 3,000 cases of those who suffer from alcoholic excess. "The Company has its own medical men, who examine every case, and who vary what may be called the supplementary ingredients of the specific according to the circumstances of the case with which they are dealing. Unlike the Gold Cure, it necessitates no subcutaneous injection, and patients can be treated in their own homes."

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HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION.

* Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become Chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.



BEWARE OF COUGHS!

CONSUMPTION.

TOO ILL TO LEAVE HIS BED.
A COMPLETE CURE.

"Mr. W. G. Hearne—Dear Sir,—I am writing to tell you about the wonderful cure your medicine has effected in my case. About three years ago I began to cough. At first the cough was not severe, but it gradually got worse, and I became very weak and troubled with night sweats, pain in my chest, and great quantities of phlegm. On several occasions there was blood in the expectorated matter. I had been treated by a doctor, who pronounced my case to be Consumption, and various other treatments had been tried, but without benefit. It was at this stage that I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and sent to you for a course of the medicine. When it arrived I was too ill to leave my bed, but I commenced taking it at once, and gradually improved. I am glad to say that the two lots of medicine you sent have effected a complete cure, for which accept my very best thanks—Yours gratefully,
"J. BLAIR.

Remember that every disease has its commencement, and Consumption is no exception to this rule.

ASTHMA.

PREVIOUS TREATMENT FAILED. A SEVENTEEN YEARS' CASE CURED BY THREE BOTTLES.

Mr. Alex. J. Anderson, of Oak Park, Charlesville, Queensland, writes:—"After suffering from Asthma for seventeen years, and having been under a great many different treatments without benefit, I was induced to try Hearne's medicine for Asthma. After taking three bottles of this medicine I quite got rid of the Asthma, and since then, which was in the beginning of 1883 (15 years ago), I have not had the slightest return of it. The medicine quite cured me, and I have much pleasure in recommending it."

Writing again on the 4th April, 1899, he states:—"I am keeping very well now. Never have the slightest return of the Asthma."

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"I used your Bronchitis Cure for three of my family, and it cured each of them in from one to three doses.—P. F. MULLINS, Cowie's Creek, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure relieved my son wonderfully quick. I only gave him four doses, and have some of the medicine yet; but I am sending for another bottle in case I should want it.—D. M'DONALD, Trinky, via Quirindi, N.S.W."

"My wife is 82 years old, and I am 79, and I am glad to inform you that your Bronchitis Cure has done us both a wonderful deal of good, it having quickly cured us both.—R. BASSETT, Strath Creek, via Broadford, Victoria."

"I have used one bottle of your Bronchitis Cure with great benefit to myself, as the smothering has completely left me.—(Mrs.) JOHN RAHILLY, Glenmaggie, Victoria."

"I have finished the Bronchitis Cure you sent, and am amazed at what it has done in the time. The difficulty of breathing has all gone.—J. HARRINGTON, Bingegong, Morundah, N.S.W."

"I lately administered some of your Bronchitis Cure to a son of mine, with splendid effect. The cure was absolutely miraculous.—D. A. PACKER, Quiera, Neutral Bay, Sydney, N.S.W."

"Your Bronchitis Cure, as usual, acted splendidly.—C. H. RADFORD, Casterton, Victoria."

"Kindly forward another bottle of your famous Bronchitis Cure without delay, as I find it to be a most valuable medicine.—(Mrs.) J. SLATER, Warragul, Victoria."

"I am very pleased with your Bronchitis Cure. The result was marvellous. It eased me right off at once.—G. SEYTER, Bourke, N.S.W."

"Your medicine for Asthma is worth £1 a bottle.—W. LETTS, Heywood, Victoria."

"I have tried lots of medicine, but yours is the best I ever had. I am recommending it to everybody.—S. STEELE, Yanko Sliding, N.S.W."

"I suffered from Chronic Asthma and Bronchitis, for which I obtained no relief until I tried your medicine, but I can truly say that I am astonished at my present freedom, as a direct result of my brief trial.—JOHN C. TRELAWNEY, Severn River, via Inverell, N.S.W."

"Last year I suffered severely from Bronchitis, and the doctor, to whom I paid seven guineas, did not do me any good; but I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and two bottles of it made me quite well.—H. HOOD, Brooklands, Avoca-street, South Yarra, Melbourne."

"Please send me half-a-dozen of your Bronchitis Cure. This medicine cured me in the winter, and has now cured a friend of mine of a very bad Bronchitis.—A. ALLEN, Ozone House, Lorne, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure has done me much good. This is a new experience, for all the medicine I previously took made me much worse. I am satisfied that the two bottles of Bronchitis Cure I got from you have pulled me through a long and dangerous illness.—HENRY WURLOD, Alma, near Maryborough, Victoria."

"The bottle of Bronchitis Cure I got from you was magical in its effects.—CHAS. WHYBROW, Enoch's Point, via Darlingford, Victoria."

"Upon looking through our books we are struck with the steady and rapid increase in the sales of your Bronchitis Cure.—ELLIOTT BROS., Ltd., Wholesale Druggists, Sydney, N.S.W."

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RELIEVED BY ONE DOSE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE. CURED BY TWO BOTTLES.

"Dergholm, Victoria.

"Dear Sir,—I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful effect of your Bronchitis Cure. I suffered for nine months, and the cough was so distressingly bad at nights I was obliged to get up and sit by the fire. I had medical advice, and tried other 'remedies,' without avail. I tried yours, and never had a fit of coughing after taking the first dose, and though I have had but two bottles I feel I am a different man, and the cough has vanished. You may depend upon my making known the efficacy of your wonderful remedy to anyone I see afflicted."

"Yours faithfully, JAMES ASTBURY."

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"The SCIENTIFIC AUSTRALIAN Office, 169 Queen-st., Melbourne.

"Dear Mr. Hearne,—The silent workers are frequently the most effective, and if there is anybody in Victoria who during the last few years has been repeatedly working for and singing the praises of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, it is our Mr. Phillips. This gentleman, some three years ago, was recommended to try your Bronchitis Cure by Mr. Barham, accountant, Collins-street, and the effect that it had was so marked that he has ever since been continually recommending it to others. We are glad to add this our testimony to the value of Hearne's most valuable Bronchitis Cure, which has eased the sufferings of hundreds and hundreds of people even in our own circle of acquaintance. Believe us always to be yours most faithfully,

"PHILLIPS, ORMONDE & CO."

QUEENSLAND TESTIMONY.

FROM BRISBANE WHOLESALE CHEMISTS.

"69 Queen-st., Brisbane, Queensland.

"Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Please send us 36 dozen Bronchitis Cure by first boat. We enclose our cheque to cover amount of order. We often hear your Bronchitis Cure spoken well of. A gentleman told us to-day that he had given it to a child of his with most remarkable result, the child being quite cured by three doses.

We are, faithfully yours,

"THOMASON, CHATER & CO., Wholesale Chemists."

We, the undersigned, have had occasion to obtain Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and we certify that it was perfectly and rapidly successful under circumstances which undoubtedly prove its distinct healing power. Signed by the Rev. JOHN SINCLAIR, Myers-street, Geelong, and fifty-nine other leading residents.

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Small size, 2s. 6d.; large, 4s. 6d. Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Forwarded by post to any address when not obtainable locally.

For mutual advantage when you write to an advertiser please mention the Review of Reviews.

RHEUMATISM IN THE SHOULDER



STOP THE PAIN
WITH AN

Allcock's POROUS PLASTER

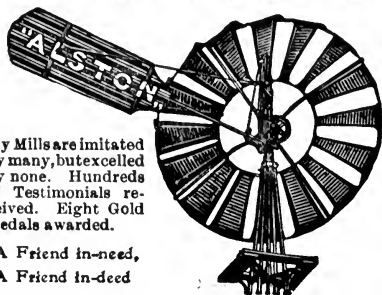
This painful trouble can be relieved and cured by using an *Allcock's Porous Plaster*. Warm the plaster before applying—if not relieved by bedtime, place a hot water bag against the plaster on that shoulder.

REMEMBER.—These plasters are good for all pains and aches. They have been in use 55 years, have been imitated more than any article ever sold, and have made more cures than any other external remedy. They are infinitely superior to any belladonna, capsicum or strengthening plaster.

Get the best—Allcock's—The Plaster that Cures.

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Made in all sizes from £5 10s.



My Mills are imitated by many, but excelled by none. Hundreds of Testimonials received. Eight Gold Medals awarded.

A Friend in-need,
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The First Cost
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No Attention
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The Best Investment for House,
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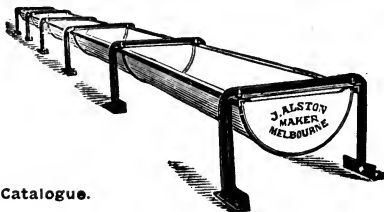
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Will not crack,
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Write me your
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The only article which really
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ROWLANDS'

MACASSAR OIL.

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FOR STUBBORN COUGHS AND COLDS.

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Jones: "Not much! If I could I wouldn't have got married. My wife raised that bump with a broom-stick."

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Our Electric Belts will cure all NERVOUS and other DIS-EASES in all stages, however caused, and restore the wearer to ROBUST HEALTH.

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A SIMPLE REMEDY FOR PREVENTING AND CURING BY NATURAL MEANS

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Boils, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections and Fevers of all kinds.

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The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on a Disordered, Sleepless, and Feverish Condition is simply marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—See capsule marked Eno's 'Fruit Salt.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS IMITATION. Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., at the 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

A BOX OF BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS.

A complete library for the children, of the best nursery rhymes, fairy-tales, fables, stories of travel, etc., that have ever been written for the little ones, illustrated with 2,000 drawings. Each set consists of 1,500 pages, in 24 books, bound in 12 volumes, printed on stout paper, with stiff cloth covers, and enclosed in a strong, handsome, cloth-covered cabinet.

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London "Punch."]

THE TRIALS OF A DEBUTANTE.

The Twin Muddledtons (both claiming the dance, after much argument, simultaneously): "Well, we leave it to you, Miss Brown. You must know whom you gave this dance to!"

[Miss Brown, never having seen them before this, her first ball, and quite unable to tell t'other from which, has no views on the question.]

GOOD HAIR FOR ALL.



HOLLAND'S MARVELLOUS HAIR RESTORER

Has gained a world-wide reputation for arresting the premature decay, promoting the growth and giving lustre to the hair. If your hair is falling off, try it. If it is thin, try it.

Price 3s., 4s., 5s. Postage 9d. extra.

HOLLAND'S PARASENE,

For Eczema, Ringworm and all Parasitical Diseases of the Head, and for making Hair grow on Bald Patches.

Price 5s. Postage 9d. extra.

HOLLAND'S NATURALINE for restoring Grey Hair to its original colour.

Acts quickly, naturally, and effectively. Price 5s. 6d. Postage 9d. extra.

Consult **E. HOLLAND** for all Diseases of the Hair. Sold by all Chemists and by Washington Soul & Co., Pitt-st., Sydney.

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"A PERFECT Food for Infants."

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Over 70 Years' Established Reputation.

Neave's Food

For INFANTS and INVALIDS.

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—
LANCET.

"Admirably adapted to the wants of infants and young persons."—Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.
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RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

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Manufacturers: JOSIAH B. NEAVE & CO.,
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RUPTURE CURED WITHOUT



Throw away
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operation, pain or dependence
upon Trusses.

The only humane treatment
Immediate Relief and Permanent
Cure is obtained by my improved
combined treatment. Send for
Treatise, "Rupture and its Cure."

SURGEON LANGSTON,

M.R.C.S., ENG.

129 COLLINS STREET, MELB.

VITADATIO AGAIN VICTORIOUS.

CURES ECZEMA.

Remuera, Auckland, N.Z.,
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Dear Sir,—Having suffered from Eczema for two years without any relief from any of the many cures tried, I was completely cured after taking three large bottles of your VITADATIO two and a half years ago.

Yours gratefully,
MRS. A. CAMERON.

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April 29, 1902.

Mr. S. A. PALMER.

Dear Sir,—I have very great pleasure in testifying to the value of VITADATIO as a cure for Hydatids. I was taken very ill toward the end of 1899, and found it necessary to call in a doctor. He, after carefully examining me, stated that I had Hydatids, gave me medicines to take, which did me no good, and at last I was informed that I would have to undergo an operation before I could be cured. This I was determined not to do, and decided to immediately commence a course of VITADATIO. I commenced it in January, 1900, and I was then in a very weak and low state, and I am very pleased to say that after taking it regularly for three months I was completely cured. I have not taken any VITADATIO or other medicine since April of the same year. I hope that others by reading this testimonial may profit by it, and I would say to those who take it that after taking eight bottles I felt much worse than I had done for some time, and was advised to discontinue its use and again call in a doctor; but I am thankful that I continued with VITADATIO, and found after the eighth bottle, each one I took made me feel much better, until at last I was

completely cured. You may make use of this letter if you wish.—Yours truly,

CATHERINE F. SMITH.

Witness:

WM. D. MORGAN, 132 Osborne Street, Williamstown.
CHARLES G. CARTER, Speight Street, Newport.
A. OSMOND, 18 Nelson Road, Newport.

FURTHER TESTIMONY FROM A GRATEFUL PERSON.

CONSUMPTION NIPPED IN THE BUD BY VITADATIO.

Brunswick, 10 Eveline Street,
Off Glenlyon Road,

Mr. PALMER. March 27, 1901.

Dear Sir,—My son, who is now 14 years of age, has been very ill off and on since he was four years, and about three years ago he was so ill that the doctor told me he was developing consumption. He had a terrible cough, which was distressing to listen to; he had fallen away to almost a skeleton. At this time, Mr. Luxton, Sydney Road, Coburg, advised me to try VITADATIO, which I did. After the first bottle, I saw a great improvement. I continued the medicine. He gradually improved until he became quite well. I consider VITADATIO a wonderful medicine, as it has made a different boy of my son, whom I never expected to see healthy again. I can recommend it to anyone, and will be glad to give any information to anyone suffering the same complaint.—I remain,

EMILY MACKEY.

Sydney Road, Coburg,
March 27, 1901.

I hereby certify to the above. I have known the boy for four years, during which time he was in very bad health. I advised his mother to give VITADATIO a trial, with the above results.

Yours faithfully, F. H. LUXTON,
Grocer, Coburg.

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 "It don't mek no difference—it's fer a blind woman."

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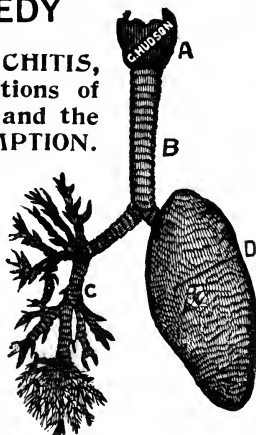


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The following are unsought testimonials to the work of the College, taken from letters of parents received during 1901. They are samples, it may be added, of scores of similar letters received:

A parent whose girls have been, for some years, day-girls at the College, writes:

"Now that their school years are coming to an end, it is a great pleasure to me to be able to say what I hope will be the life-long benefit they have derived from being alumnae of the M.L.C. Their progress amply repays my wife and myself for any sacrifice we have made to secure them this great advantage."

A country banker, whose two daughters were resident students, writes:

"I am satisfied that my daughters have the good fortune to be where they have every advantage that talent, tone, and exceptional kindness can give to school-girls."

From a country minister:

"The College was a very happy home to our girl for the two years she was there. She is never weary

telling us of the great kindness and care she always received."

A South Australian lady writes:

"I wanted my girl to be brought up amongst lady-like companions, and to be happy; and I must congratulate you on accomplishing what is not only my desire, but what, I am sure, is the desire of hundreds of other mothers as well."

From a parent whose daughters have been day-students:

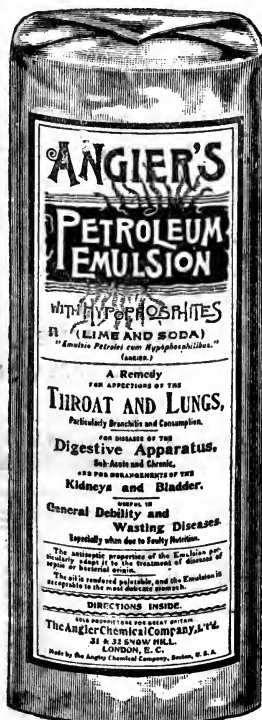
"I look upon the M.L.C. as a real temple of purity, kindness, and happy girl-life."

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"British readers will probably have but little idea of the national importance of this institution. It has earned the reputation of being one of the best High Schools for girls, not in Australia only, but in all the world."

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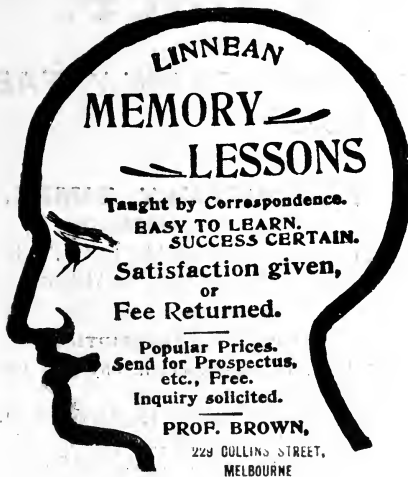
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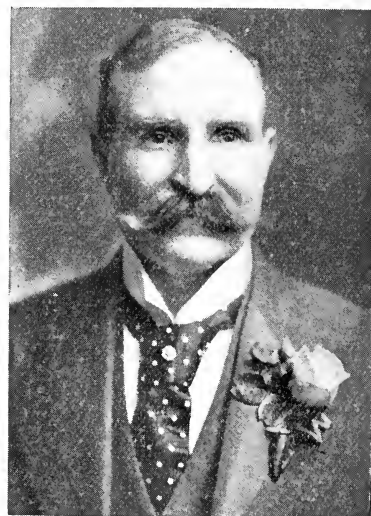
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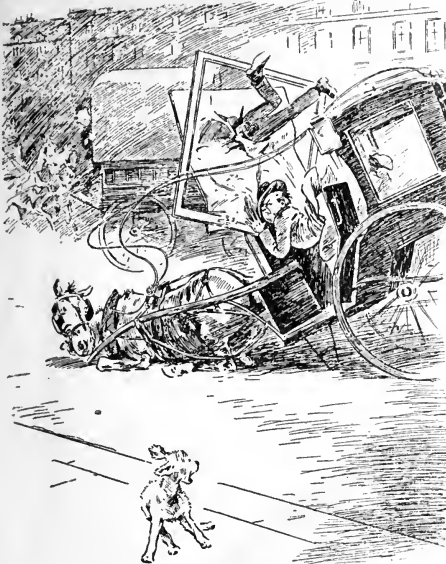
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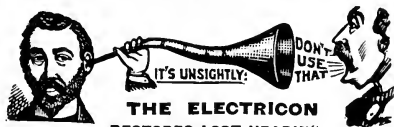
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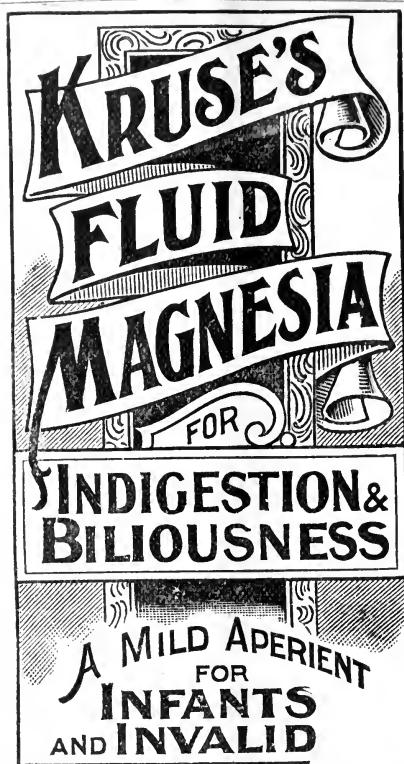
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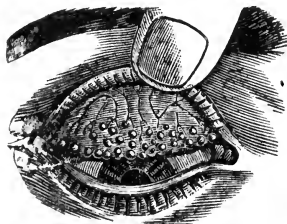
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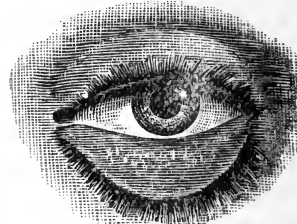
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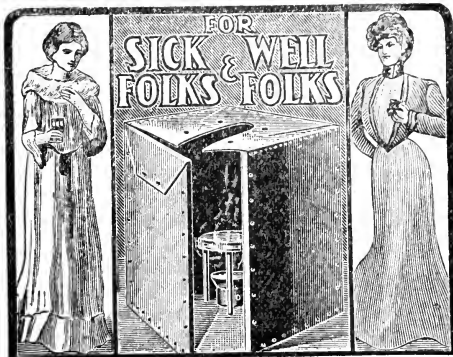


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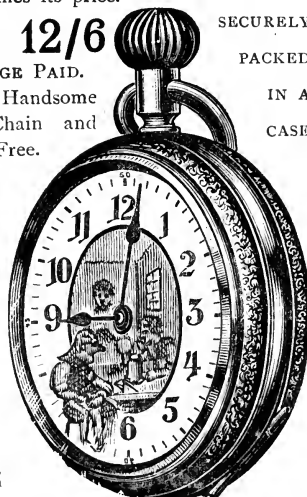
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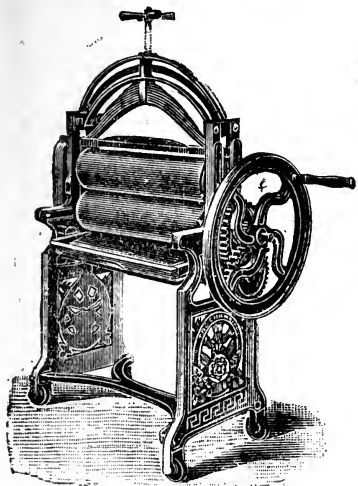
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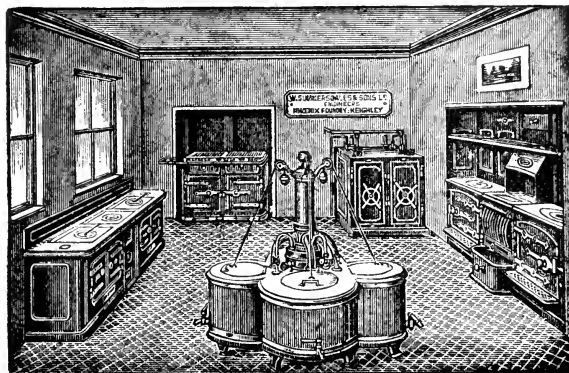


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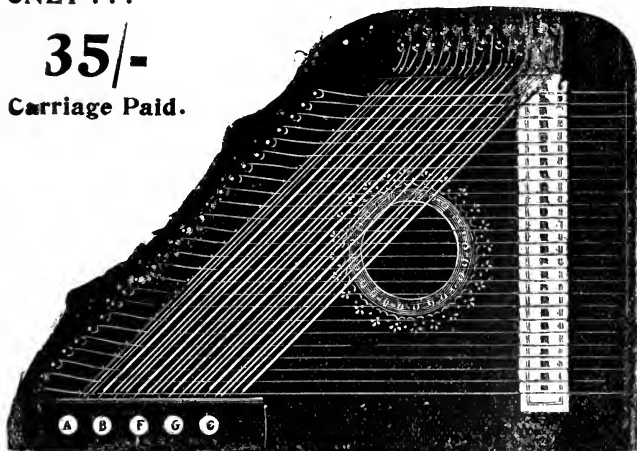
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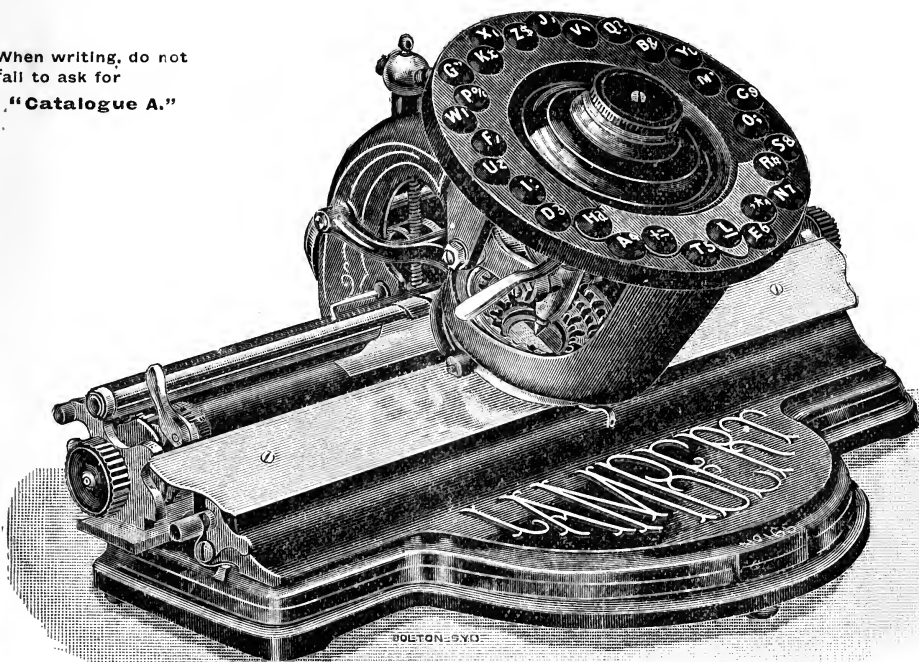
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THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS FOR AUSTRALASIA.

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W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.,
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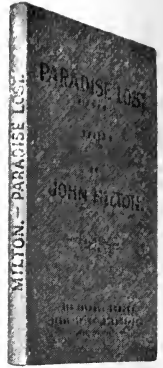


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Vol. XXIII. No. I.

JULY 20, 1903.

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THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

Sea Defence

At the moment we write, the fate of the Naval Subsidy Bill in the Federal Parliament is very uncertain. Mr. Watson, the leader of the Labour party, has moved as an amendment that the Bill be read that day six months. Usually the vote of the Labour party is decisive; it may not vote as a unit on this subject, but if it does the Bill will be lost, and a very difficult situation created. The result, as far as the Cabinet is concerned, may be viewed with much philosophy; but the effect on public opinion in Great Britain will be disastrous. An impression—an utterly false impression—will be created that Australia disavows her obligations to the Empire, and meanly grudges the payment of even a fractional part of the cost of guarding her own shores.

False Issues

The truth is, the debate has, somehow, been conducted on false lines, and has been obscured by much quite irrelevant rhetoric. There are two streams of unfriendly sentiment to the Bill: one, a mere trickle that could be quite safely ignored, is opposed to the clause which leaves the control of the Australian squadron subject to the general strategic necessities of sea defence. There is neither reason nor reality in this objection; the sea, as Sir John Forrest tersely put it, is a unit, and the fleet which controls it must be a unit. In case of war the Australian coasts might, perhaps, be best defended by assisting to crush a hostile combination in Chinese waters. Those who are defending the Bill in press and Parliament exhaust themselves in the enforcement of this platitude. Mr. Wyatt, who represents the

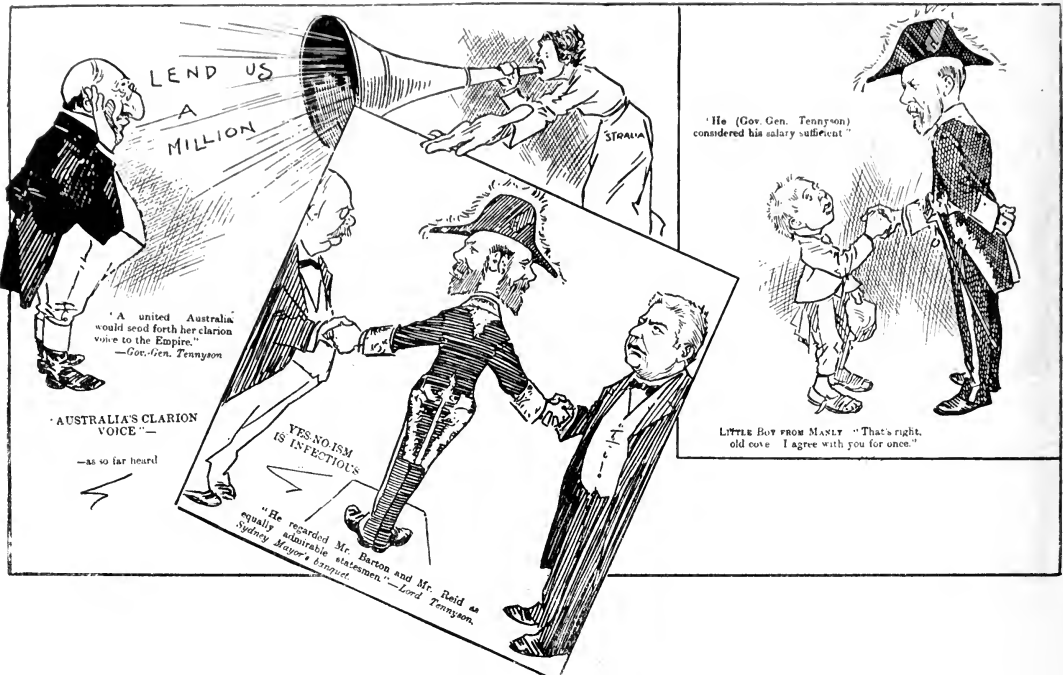
Navy League, has been delivering a series of mild lectures on this subject. Mr. Wyatt's historical views are crude, and he expends unnecessary energy in demonstrating very rudimentary views on naval strategy; views which nobody doubts, and which are rudimentary almost to the point of childishness. The real opposition to the Bill springs from another point which Mr. Wyatt never touches.

Australian Feeling

Australians want a personal share in the defence of their own coasts; they grudge being required to give money and forbidden to give men. On this point, indeed, the British Admiralty is visibly yielding; but words have been spoken by official lips which cannot be easily forgotten, and which deeply offended Australian self-respect. Australians were told, in brief, that *they* were not wanted, but only their money. Australians might fight side by side with the land troops of the Empire, but the navy had no room for them; no room, that is, as a visible Australian element in the navy. A little more of tact and common-sense at this point would have saved an ominous discussion, and averted a difficult situation.

What the Drought Cost

The various States are still engaged in rueful arithmetical exercises on the losses caused by the great drought. In New South Wales there is for the year 1902 an actual decrease of 34,032 horses, 263,029 cattle, and 15,182,612 sheep. Here is live stock enough to equip a kingdom destroyed almost at a breath! In Queensland for the same year there is a decrease of 63,000 horses, 1,229,000



"Bulletin."]

LORD TENNYSON'S UTTERANCES.

cattle, and 2,900,000 sheep. How vast must be the industry which can endure such losses—losses following on a long procession of disastrous years—and yet survive! And the pastoral industry of Australasia is of gigantic scale. At the annual meeting of the New South Wales Sheepbreeders' Association, Mr. F. B. Suttor showed that "from 1860, when the export of wool was 700 bales, to the present time, the amount received into New South Wales from the sale of wool was £266,000,000—twice as much as the whole money brought in from all other products combined, including gold and coal, since Australia was founded! The industry reached the high-water mark in 1891, when the wool clip of Australia and Tasmania realised £24,000,000." At the kiss of the returning rain the pastures of Australia grow green again, and its flocks and herds will multiply with magical rapidity. What a wealth of animal life a State like Queensland can produce finds an odd illustration in the mighty hordes of wild animals it destroys. "The number of marsupials and dingoes destroyed, and the bonus on scalps paid for since the inception of the Act of 1877 is 17,378,392, comprising 7,407,863 kangaroos and wallaroos, 9,290,039 wallabies, 460,838 paddymelons, bandicoots, and kangaroo rats, and 219,652 dingoes!"

A New Industrial Court

Mr. Kingston's Conciliation and Arbitration Bill is as "thorough" as Strafford himself could have wished. It sets up a Federal Court of three members, the chairman to be a Supreme Court judge, with one representative of employers and workers respectively, appointed for seven years, at a salary of £600 each. The court is to be an industrial tribunal having jurisdiction over the whole Commonwealth, with power to settle all industrial disputes and determine all industrial relations, including wages, hours of work, rights and duties of employers and of employed, etc. It will have power to "direct preferential employment or non-employment of any particular persons or class of persons;" it sets up a registrar, who is an industrial autocrat in disguise, and has power to certify to the court that any dispute is proper to be dealt with by it, and against his decision there is no appeal. The court is to be "guided by equity and good conscience, not by technicalities," and it is to be clothed with one tremendous and far-reaching power. After deciding a local dispute in any trade, it can declare that the whole of that particular industry throughout the Commonwealth shall be governed by the findings of the local award! It has power to set up private boards of con-

ciliation and arbitration, and to clothe them with legal authority. The Bill, in a word, is the strongest and most thorough-going attempt to bring all private industries under the control of a State tribunal yet attempted in civilised history.

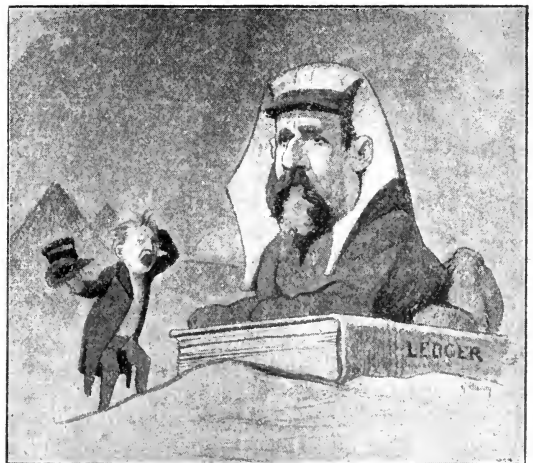
Conflicting Opinions The proposed measure is, of course, the signal gun for a great battle, and the whole of industrial Australia will range itself for or against the Bill. The Labour party in every State welcomes it with an enthusiasm almost too agitated for speech. It is pronounced to be "the very thing;" the translation of all labour dreams into delightful and statutory concrete. It will "prevent" all strikes by making them unnecessary. Employers naturally discover quite other qualities in the proposed measure. It strangles, they declare, industrial freedom; it must kill individual enterprise; it will embitter all industrial relations. The utterances of the Sydney shipowners at this point are very emphatic:

The Bill is an iniquitous measure, harmful and mischievous to the workers themselves and ruinous to the shipowners. It amounts simply to a levy made by the Labour party on the Government—payment demanded for services rendered—and there is no doubt the Government will carry it into law. Labour legislation invariably has the effect of raising ill-feeling between employers and employees, and it will not in the end benefit the workers. They are creating an aristocracy of labour, an unnecessary party of class representatives in the Legislature, whose tyranny they will find more oppressive than that of the capitalists.

What the Bill Means It is probable that the Bill, if it ever becomes law, will justify neither the hopes of one party nor the fears of the other. Already the breath of criticism has swept out of it one highly controversial feature. It is understood that, as Mr. Kingston drafted the measure, it took in all State servants. That would have brought the Federal Parliament into instant and open conflict with the States, and this clause has disappeared from the draft. If the Bill does not violate the constitution, it evades it, not to say tricks it. The Federal Parliament has power under the constitution to legislate for "the settlement of industrial disputes extending beyond the limits of any one State." The new measure boldly takes all industrial affairs as its province. There will, in fact, be two sets of industrial courts in existence: those set up by the States, and one above them all representing Federation. They will not be co-ordinate tribunals, but independent and conflicting. Only lawyers can rejoice at such a prospect. Here, it may be added, are all the complex

and varying industries of a whole continent. They exist under infinitely diverse conditions of climate and commercial environment. And they are all to be governed by a committee of five men sitting in a room perhaps 5,000 miles distant from the industry whose conditions they majestically undertake to settle! It is safe to assert that only a Cabinet of political lawyers would attempt such a feat.

New Zealand The New Zealand Parliament is once more in session, and there has been a re-adjustment of portfolios in the Cabinet. Mr. Walker, the Minister of Education, has resigned, Mr. Seddon taking over his portfolio, and Colonel Pitt becomes Attorney-General and leader of the Council. The happy flow of politics in New Zealand is disturbed by nothing but ripples. The State already does a big life-assurance business; there is now to be a State Fire-Insurance Department. An amending Land Bill is promised, in which the principle of perpetual leasehold will be embodied, though the farmers demand direct freehold, instead of the 999-year leases now in force. On the question of preferential trade New Zealand is apparently content to allow Mr. Seddon to be its spokesman. The much praised New Zealand Arbitration Act is to be amended. Unionists demand that it shall be made compulsory on employers to give preference to them, as against non-unionists.



"Punch."] THE CUSTOMS SPHINX.

(Mr. Goldring, of Sydney, complains that Mr. Kingston has seized his goods and books, and will neither return them, nor answer any of his letters, nor take proceedings against him.)

Distracted Merchant: "Deuce take the thing! I've been yelling questions at it for half a year, but it never responds."



Melbourne "Punch."]

THOROUGHLY SCARED.

("The country, already overridden by a State Public Service that had become a sort of Frankenstein, views with alarm the creation of still another vast Public Service—more lofty and magnificent."
—"Age.")

Australia: "Let me out!"

Employers complain that under the present law unequal industrial conditions are set up in the same trade. It is plainly difficult to make one pair of shoes to fit all feet—except at the cost of much suffering to the feet themselves!

Improving Finances

Victoria, to its own astonished joy, has in prospect a surplus of £153,000, and this in spite of a costly railway strike, a sinking railway revenue, and the mischiefs of the drought. The surplus is due to the heavy increase of taxation—the severer income tax alone yielding £374,410—and a reduction in State expenditure of no less than £606,754. To transfigure a probable deficit of £1,000,000 to an actual surplus of £153,000 is a great feat, and it has been made possible only by the new mood of the public conscience on the whole question of State expenditure. This has created the present Victorian State Parliament, and keeps it at a high level of virtue. The English press accepts the improvement in Victorian finances as a proof of the "financial repentance" which is undoubtedly sweeping over Australia. All the States are struggling,

with both courage and good sense, to improve their finances. In some cases the arrangement with the Federation works badly. South Australia, for example, receives £30,000 less from the Commonwealth than it expected. The South Australian Treasurer, Mr. Butler, complains that the State had a profit of £50,000 a year over working expenses from its admirably administered Post and Telegraph Department. Under Federal administration that profit is vanishing, and part of the natural revenue of South Australia, Mr. Butler complains, almost tearfully, "has gone to swell the revenue of New South Wales, a State which has had returned from the Commonwealth hundreds of thousands of pounds beyond the estimate of the Federal Treasurer." These are some of the sorrows of Federation! Yet Mr. Butler, it is to be noted, expects to end the year with a genuine, if modest, surplus.

Finance

Sir George Turner has at least some of the gifts of a good Treasurer. He hates waste; he has no extravagant ideas, and the literature he loves best is a good balance-sheet with a surplus on the right side. Certainly the first Federal balance-sheet is pleasant reading. The total receipts are £12,103,898, or £626,000 in excess of estimates. Of this sum £8,200,000 is returned to the States, being £1,156,000 more than the three-fourths of the total revenue to which they are entitled under the constitution. The Budget is an expressive testimony to the wealth of Australia, and to the taxpaying patience of its citizens. The public revenue of Great Britain at the present moment is at its very highest point; yet, proportionately, the revenue of the Australian Commonwealth is as high. And we have no great army and world-encompassing navy to support! If the State budgets be added to the Federal budget, the total amount of taxation Australians bear, and bear on the whole easily and contentedly, is nothing less than enormous.

Is Federation Costly?

There is a disposition to accuse the Federal Government of extravagance; and no doubt individual instances of extravagance can be discovered. The official list of State servants transferred to the Federal Government has only to be glanced at, to show in how many cases the transfer has been attended with a substantial increase of salary. But on the whole the accusations of extravagance are simply proofs of the new and happy sensitiveness of the public conscience of Australia

on this whole subject. It is true, however, that the whole system of finance on which the Federal Government stands is vicious. It is a perpetual temptation to extravagance, and it is certain, in the long run, to prove too much for the virtue of the average politician. Sir John Gorst practically destroyed the London Education Bill in the House of Commons, by showing that it set up two independent authorities—one raising money it does not spend, and the other spending money it does not raise. This describes exactly the financial relations of the Federal and the States' Governments. The system is bad; it will inevitably breed scandals, and must sooner or later be changed.



"The Arena-Sun."]

THE DREAM—AND THE AWAKENING.

A New Tribunal The Federal Cabinet has employed all its influence and resources in order to pass into law the High Court Bill. Mr. Deakin has once more been eloquent, and Sir Edmund Barton almost energetic, on its behalf. The measure, however, emerged in a dishevelled and maimed condition from the House of Representatives; and still has to run the gauntlet of the Senate. The opposition to the Bill springs from the sense that the new Court is a legal luxury for which the Commonwealth could well afford to wait. The States already expend £571,306 annually in the administration of justice within their own

bounds; they could not be expected to regard with equanimity the establishment of a brand-new and costly legal tribunal in addition. There is a strong sense, too, that the Chief Justices of the States, sitting as a Federal High Court, would make a tribunal of unsurpassed dignity and strength, and practically involve no additional cost to Australia. This proposal was dismissed as being "in conflict with the spirit of the constitution;" but that was only a phrase, and Sir Edmund Barton is a statesman of phrases. The High Court is to consist of three judges instead of five, the Chief Justice receives £3,500 a year, the two other judges £3,000, and all without pension rights. The new Court will be decidedly inferior in scale to the State Courts, and will hardly attract to itself the ablest men at the bar.

New South Wales The See Cabinet emerged successful, if not triumphant, from the vote of censure debate. The debate stretched through three weeks, was marked by much intermittent vigour, both of attack and defence; at its close Mr. Caruthers' motion was defeated by 65 votes to 42, giving the Government a majority of 23 votes. The majority is analysed by the journals on both sides in the usual fashion. The direct Government supporters number 49, the direct Opposition 51, the Labour party numbers 24, and its votes kept the Cabinet in existence. It is claimed that the result is to put the Government more completely under the thumb of the Labour party than ever; but this is hardly possible. The party of reform in New South Wales is weakened by its divisions. There are two independent "Reform leagues," and even a somewhat nebulous "country party" distinct from either. The French system of "groups," in brief, is making itself visible in the State politics of New South Wales.

Parliamentary Scandals As a rule Parliamentary life throughout Australasia is marked by a fine standard of sobriety and decorum, but the month has witnessed some Parliamentary scandals of an ugly type. In the New South Wales Assembly Mr. John Norton, whose gifts for offensive speech are sufficiently well known, was pelting hon. members on the other side of the House with characteristic epithets, when one member, Mr. Broughton, undertook to reply in kind. Whereupon Mr. John Norton crossed the Chamber and personally assaulted the offending member. Mr. Broughton was taken

unawares, and appears to have accepted the assault with a meekness which had the curious effect of hardening the House against him. Both offenders apologised; Mr. Norton was punished by being suspended till the House rose—a period of about twenty minutes—but poor Mr. Broughton's apologies were rejected, and he remains still in the outer limbo of the unforgiven. An almost uglier political scandal has occupied the Supreme Court of New South Wales. Mr. Daniel O'Connor, an ex-Minister of the Crown, contested the Phillip division as a supporter of the See Government; and Mr. Crick, a member of the Cabinet, paid his election expenses, by discounting Mr. O'Connor's bill. In the process of time Mr. O'Connor turned against the Government; Mr. Crick regarded this as mere shameless ingratitude, and publicly announced that the Cabinet had paid Mr. O'Connor's election expenses. He proceeded to sue Mr. O'Connor on an old promissory note dated 1900. When the case was heard Mr. Crick swore that the amount of the bill, £70, represented money lent; Mr. O'Connor swore that it was money given by the Cabinet towards his election expenses. Mr. Justice Pring declared, with a sigh, that there was perjury somewhere betwixt the two, but gave a verdict for Mr. Crick. On any theory the story is an ugly one, and marks a low state of political honour. The "man in the street" begins to ask whether there may not be other members of Parliament towards whose election expenses the Cabinet has subscribed, and over whose head the Cabinet brandishes the rod of a dishonoured promissory note.

Young Australia

The month has been marked by some startling utterances from the judicial bench on the subject of juvenile crime in Australia. Mr. Justice Hood, one of the strongest members of the Victorian bench, after trying a painful case of an assault on a little girl by a mere boy, said:

My experience in these cases is rapidly forcing me to the conclusion that a class of young people is growing up, of both sexes, little better than savages, so far as sexual relations are concerned. Girls I have seen here with neither virtue nor modesty, and boys with neither honour nor honesty, and they apparently fear the laws of neither God nor man.

Mr. Justice Murray, in Sydney, at the close of a case of fraud, made some comments almost as weighty as those of Mr. Justice Hood:

It seemed that we are becoming a nation of dishonesty and unfaithfulness. One can see the best employers in the State, who pay good wages, and show

every consideration to their employes, subjected to systematic robberies or conspiracies by their employes, to see how they can devise means to cheat their masters. This ingratitude and dishonesty are rife. One wonders what the country is coming to, and whether the race is degenerating. It almost seems that we can take lessons in honesty from Japan and other nations popularly regarded as our inferiors.

These are terrible words, and if they are a true picture of the drift of young life in Australia, they ought to alarm the public conscience. But just as a dentist is a bad judge of the general condition of human teeth—because he only sees the bad ones—so a judge is hardly the best authority for the general trend of society. He deals chiefly with its failures. Young life throughout Australia and New Zealand is a little less burdened—and perhaps, as a result, is a little less disciplined and braced—than corresponding life in other lands. But it is not one whit inferior in all the generous and fine qualities of youth. Yet our civilisation, like Beau Brummel, has its "failures," and these are, perhaps, found amongst the very young more frequently than is the case, say, in Great Britain. The restraints of family life amongst us are undoubtedly less strict than under other skies. Moreover, in all the Australian States the experiment of primary education divorced from moral teaching has been tried, and undoubtedly with disquieting results.

Women in Politics

Political woman has apparently found a voice. Miss Rose Scott, who has some fame as a lecturer in New South Wales, is visiting some of the other States where women are yet denied the state of franchise, and talks in a way which proves that if women do take to the political platform their male rivals will fare very badly. Miss Scott claims that a woman's vote is not to be the tame echo of her husband's. It must be a new and independent force in politics. She exhorts her sex "not to allow themselves in politics to be made the tool of any man's league." Women must have their own political ideals, and Miss Scott's are at least definite. For example, she told a Victorian audience there was no hope for that State till its present Upper House is abolished, and a duly submissive revising Chamber put in its stead! At one point Miss Scott's ethical views seem defective. "The mainspring of progress," she says, "is always the recognition of rights; women—and men, too—must insist on their rights." But a better ethical impulse surely puts emphasis on



"Westminster Gazette."]

NO SETTLED CONVICTIONS.—MR. BALFOUR AND THE WHIRLWIND.

Mr. Balfour: "He is extremely active, not to say mischievous; but as I have 'no settled convictions' it is not for me to interfere."

duties rather than on rights! On the whole, however, Miss Rose Scott talks with refreshing vigour and good sense, and it seems probable that she will stir the political sensibilities of her sex. In New Zealand the women's vote, as a separate political factor, first made itself decisively felt on the temperance question at the recent polls. In Australia that vote will, in like manner, make itself suddenly felt some day when a moral question emerges.

The Great Debate

On the great question of preferential trade Australia at the present moment has certainly not made up its mind. It watches the Titanic debate on the other side of the sea, on the whole, with uncomprehending eyes. A number of authorities, indeed, have undertaken, with more or less success, to interpret Australian sentiment, and in sundry rash cablegrams they have conveyed their guesses to the English press. But at present Australia has only looked at the question from what may be called the local-partisan standpoint. Free-trade organs discharge much angry rhetoric against Mr. Chamberlain because they think he has turned traitor to free-trade. Protectionist organs, on the other hand, bless him because they fondly imagine he has become a

sudden convert to the gospel of protection. Most people are awaiting the arrival of their opinions on the subject; at present they have none. To bind within one tariff the infinitely complex and varying productions and interests of all the provinces that make up the amazing British Empire is a feat which seems beyond the wit of man to accomplish. When such a tariff emerges, Australia, it may be shrewdly guessed, will judge it chiefly by the single test of how it will suit Australian interests. Free-trade within the Empire could not, for Australia, be realised without an amazing surrender of local protection; and even the local protectionists, who are now busy putting a nimbus on the brows of Mr. Chamberlain, would contemplate the proposal with quite changed eyes under such conditions. Australia and New Zealand will cheerfully take part in any "inquiry" it is proposed to undertake; but they will enter into that inquiry, and will emerge from it, uncommitted!

Painting the Planet White

Mr. Chamberlain's comments on the "white labour" clause in the Federal Postal Bill despatch have been published in full, and they make for most Australians very unpleasant reading:

His Majesty's Government have shown every sympathy with the efforts of the people of Australia to deal with the problem of immigration, but they have always objected, both as regards aliens and as regards British subjects, to specific legislative discrimination in favour of or against race and colour, and that objection applies with even greater force to the present case, in which the question is not of the rights of the white population of Australia against an influx of foreign immigrants, but merely of the employment of His Majesty's Indian subjects on a contract to be mainly performed in tropical or sub-tropical water.

Even if the service were one upon which His Majesty's Indian subjects had not hitherto been employed, it would destroy the faith of the people of India in the sanctity of the obligations undertaken towards them by the Crown if the Imperial Government should become in any degree whatever parties to a policy of excluding them from it, solely on the ground of colour. But where they have already been employed in the service for a long period of years, to proscribe them from it now would be to produce justifiable discontent among a large portion of His Majesty's subjects.

Mr. Chamberlain adds:

His Majesty's Government deeply regret that their feeling of obligation in this matter is not shared by the Parliament of the Commonwealth, and that in regard to a matter which cannot affect the conditions of employment in Australia, and in no way affects that purity of race which the people of Australia justly value, they should have considered it desirable to dissociate themselves so completely from the obligations and policy of the Empire.

Mr. Chamberlain, with characteristic keenness, has put his finger on the element in this clause which most offends common-sense. We may claim, perhaps, to paint the Australian continent white, by forbidding the foot of a coloured man to tread it; but can we claim to paint white the very seas on the other side of the planet because Australian letters must be carried across them? "A Tired Australian" says, elsewhere, that this clause "puts a fool's cap on the head of Australia before the eyes of the civilised world," and this can hardly be denied. The clause is a mere freak of impish humour. In that clause we do "dissociate ourselves completely from the obligations and policy of the Empire;" and we do it for the sake of the mere joy of kicking anybody under any sky who wears a skin of a different colour to ourselves.

Precedence The question of precedence in public functions has once more emerged, and it is almost amusing to notice the bitterness the question generates. Learned and bewigged judges are as sensitive on the matter as pious and lowly-minded divines ought to be, but, unfortunately, are not. The new table of precedence does not solve the ecclesiastical difficulty: it evades nine-tenths of it, and bungles



"Bulletin."]

THE CHURCH DIGNITARIES
PRECEDENCE QUESTION - A
POSSIBLE SOLUTION
Let 'em all go in a row. (N.B.)
—The stoutest dignitary is below for
"engineering reasons only."

the odd tenth. It brackets together "the Cardinal and the Primate," and treats the representatives of all the other Churches as non-existent. But the other Churches vigorously object to being, in this way, snuffed out of existence, and claim that the order of precedence amongst the representatives of Churches shall be determined by the numerical scale of the Churches themselves. This, they say, is a democratic principle, whereas the plan adopted in Federal functions represents no principle at all, and is highly undemocratic. New Zealand has its own table of precedence, and in its latest form Ministers of the Crown walk before the Chief Justice, while the puisne judges have to walk behind even the Speakers of the two Houses of Parliament. When men walk in procession, someone, of course, must walk behind. The necessity is distressing, but undeniable. It would be impossible for everyone to march abreast in social functions. The New Zealand Chief Justice, Sir Robert Stout, however, declares that the new table of precedence dishonours the judicial office; it takes away an honour conferred by the Sovereign without any justifying offence on the part of the holder of it. The terms of his patent office, Sir Robert Stout claims, have been violated, and, by way of protest, he "desires to resign his office so soon as arrangements are made for equitable compensation for loss of office." The dispute, no doubt, seems tragical to those actively engaged in it; to "the man in the street" it is unintelligible. It would be unkind to add that it seems not a little ridiculous. "The child," according to Wordsworth, "is father of the man;" and in this case a good deal of the child seems to survive even behind grey beards and beneath learned wigs.

Lost Population A curious leakage of population from the Australian States generally, and from Victoria in particular, still continues. During the first six months of 1903 the total emigration from Victoria amounted to 1,747 persons. There is a certain tiny inflow to set off against this, but the average loss to the State is nearly 300 a month. And these emigrants flying from Victoria represent exactly the class a new country most needs. They are young, energetic, and enterprising; men with strength in their arms, brains in their head, and money in their pockets.

The Secret of It What is the secret of this human leakage? A local paper interviewed some of the emigrants on board one of the great steamships departing for South Africa, and cross-examined them as to the reasons of their flight. Here are some of the explanations offered:

"Why am I going to South Africa?" said a man who bore the stamp of an artisan. "I am going to South Africa because I think that there I will find some scope for myself. Here I can earn a living, but only a bare living. There I may be able to do more. I may be able to get a business of my own. Here I can't. There is something wrong with this place. What it is I cannot say. Of course, the drought has done much to cripple us, but I think there is something more. The people seem to have lost their enterprise. Everyone hangs on to all the money he can get, and no one will spend a penny in building or anything else that he can help. I think the place is all right, and I'm sorry to leave it, but while the people in general think the ship is sinking and are scuttling from it like rats—well, I can't help myself. I'm in with the front rats, that's all."

"I am going to Africa," another said, "because I am sick of working day after day and week after week for a mere wage. A friend of mine who was in the war tells me there are life and excitement and 'chances' over there, and I'm going to have a shot for them."

A builder with lots of money was joining the throng "because no one in Victoria seemed to want to build now, everyone being content to potter along like timorous people, who had all the soul whipped out of them."

"Something is wrong" with Victoria; and, that, no doubt, is true. That curious paralysis of enterprise in what is, by blood and temperament, one of the most energetic communities in the world; that reluctance to undertake anything or start anything; that disposition to do anything with money—to hide it in a stocking, so to speak—instead of using it to start new enterprises, is undeniable. And it is the one of the evil results of that semi-socialistic legislation which has marked Australian politics of late. To misquote Tennyson—

The individual withers, and the State is more and more.

A Political Armageddon Preparations for the next Federal election are being made on an unusual scale, and the battle will be fought with extraordinary energy.

The federation of Australia was accepted at first in a mood of vague, but exultant, hopefulness. Thousands of citizens who worked hard to secure Federation, as soon as the result was achieved turned back to their private affairs, and left the Federation to run itself. Seats in the Federal Parliament were won cheaply, and not seldom by men who

would have had no chance of success in State Parliaments. Federation, when translated into actual parliamentary form, was expected to be a sort of beneficent fairy whose very breath would lighten all burdens and solve all difficulties. The reality, however, has startled Australia. The general mood about Federation has ceased to be enthusiastic; it has almost grown wrathful. Some personal causes have helped to produce this. Sir Edmund Barton, as Prime Minister, is a profound disappointment. Mr. Kingston, on the other hand, is an almost universal irritant. The general supremacy of the Labour party, registered in much of the legislation passed, seriously disquiets multitudes.

Opposing Forces

The Labour party is preparing for the next Federal fight in a spirit of hope, and most other classes in a spirit of fear; and both hope and fear have some real justification. If the Labour party can capture the next Federal Parliament as they have captured this, they may stamp the whole future of Australia with their ideas, and try the tremendous experiment of a social revolution on a scale never before witnessed by any section of the English-speaking race. They will make the State, if not the sole employer, at least the master of all other employers. All industries, whether in the city or the country, will be brought under the regime of the trades unions. So the Labour party are organising with both skill and energy in every State, and will fight every constituency. They hope, in particular, to capture that new, strange, and unmeasured force in Australian politics, the woman's vote.

The Other side

On the other hand the employers, as a class, know that their existence is practically at stake. New types of industrial enterprise may emerge under new socialistic conditions, but the old forms must perish. And the prospect of having the whole industry of Australia thrown into the Medea's cauldron of Mr. Kingston's new Bill kindles wild alarm. The whole contest at the next Federal elections will eddy round the Labour party and its programme. There will be no other issue. So the Employers' Associations in all the States are organising, and propose in the three States, Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland alone, to raise an election fund of £40,000. They declare that "they have no quarrel with the claim of the tradesman to his

right of combination through his union. Their prime object, next to the defeat of Labour-Socialistic politicians, is 'to encourage the investment of capital, and consequently the employment of labour and the development of the natural resources of the country.' Victory in the Federal elections, however, is to be won not by coins, but by arguments and by men. That side will win which can most powerfully stir the conscience, and convince the intelligence, of the general public.

Socialism

That the ultimate ideal of the Labour party is a social revolution, which will abolish all employers by making the State the sole employer, and destroy all private ownership of land, making the State the sole landlord, is perfectly clear. Mr. Tom Mann, who is paid a large salary by the Victorian labour unions as their organiser, proclaims this in almost every speech he makes. The objects of the Labour party, to quote his ingenious phrase, is "to destroy a system which enables one man to live on the industry of others." "The private ownership of land gives a comparative few an advantage over the rest of the community;" so it must be destroyed. Says Mr. Tom Mann:

The labour movement went beyond the hours of labour and the rates of pay—it aimed at changing the basis of the whole industrial system. They were in for a big fight. Those who talked about reconciling capital and labour knew nothing about the labour movement. Capital and labour would never be reconciled until the lion lay down with the lamb—with the lamb inside. They could not let it be understood too clearly that they were going boldly for socialism. This was to be secured by effective organisation and the exercise of the franchise in the knowledge that capitalism and labour must necessarily and always be opposed to each other.

Many reasonable men in the Labour party would disavow Mr. Tom Mann's extreme views; but in a social revolution, as in every other kind of revolution, the extremists win. Mr. Tom Mann would not confiscate either the farmers' land or the employers' capital. His more ingenious method is to pile taxes on the land till the unfortunate owner is driven to renounce it.

A Dream

Mr. Tom Mann's socialism is, of course, the vainest of dreams. All history condemns it. Reason itself is in quarrel with it. The ultimate ideal of socialism is to abolish the capitalist; yet since the new industrial regime is not to begin in one vast act of plunder, how could it be set in motion without bringing the

whole of Australia under a hundredfold heavier burden of debt than that it bears to-day? The State would have to buy out all existing manufactures, and to take over, with due compensation, all private lands. It must be assumed it would pay for these, and not steal them. To pay for them, it must float gigantic loans; and loans for such a purpose would only be secured at what might be called "Turkish" rates of interest. The interest on such loans would be a first charge on all the productions of the State, an earlier charge than even wages. Capital, that is, even under the new social heavens, must walk first, and Labour come meekly afterwards. Socialism would not abolish taxation; it would increase it a hundredfold. All this, of course, belongs to the alphabet of political economy; and political economy is only common-sense applied to social facts. It might be assumed that no Anglo-Saxon community, at least, that had not first suffered an entire bankruptcy of reason, would venture on such an experiment. But the evil feature of Australian politics is that the States are drifting into socialism without either intending it or seeing it. Mr. Tom Mann, in a sense, is rendering a quite unintended public service. He is making audible in the ears of the Labour party itself its own inarticulate ideals. And whatever other people may imagine, Mr. Tom Mann is persuaded that his ideals are going to succeed! And there is an uncomfortable possibility that at least some surprising experiments will be undertaken before they are defeated. Let it be noted, meanwhile, that the Victorian labour unions pay Mr. Tom Mann a very big salary to preach these very doctrines.

LONDON, June 1.

**The
Rainbow
Chasers**

The Americans, with that happy gift which distinguishes them, have invented the nickname of Rainbow Chasers for persons who waste their time in the pursuit of objects as hopelessly impossible as the pot of gold which children believe may be found at the foot of a rainbow. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour are the champion rainbow chasers of the hour. The ardour with which the Colonial Secretary sets off upon his final quest after the mythical treasure, dragging after him his sceptical chief, would be amusing if it were not so pathetic.

**The Root
of the
Delusion**

The British Empire, as it is, consists of forty millions of taxpayers in the United Kingdom, who, at their own cost, maintain a splendid navy and a terribly expensive army, with which they profess their readiness to protect, free of all cost, the various colonies and dependencies which have been founded by English settlers, soldiers, and traders all over the world. The Indian Empire we leave on one side for the moment, as Mr. Chamberlain never seems even to remember that it exists. In the various self-governing colonies there are some eleven millions of white-skinned men who, on condition of being allowed to govern themselves with freedom and independence, as absolute as if they were independent republics, are proud to form part of the British Empire, on the express and definite understanding that they are not to be taxed for the maintenance of that Empire, and that they are to be insured by it against any foreign attack. Under such an arrangement the British Empire has grown great and glorious. But at any time it would have been shivered into fragments if the Mother Country had insisted upon any of the conditions which are regarded as fundamental by every other Empire the world has ever seen. Hence all analogies drawn from the example of other Empires are dangerously misleading. Mr. Chamberlain has evidently never mastered this fundamental distinction. To him an Empire like Germany, which is a fiscal unit, is exactly on all fours with the British Empire, which is so far from being a fiscal unit that Canada and Australia would secede to-morrow if we were to attempt to compel them to admit British goods duty free. The fact is that the British Colonial Empire is not an Empire at all in the sense in which that word has hitherto been used. It is the loosest union of independent republics which the world has ever seen, and Mr. Chamberlain's passionate determination to convert it into an Empire which would be a military and naval unit, a taxpaying unit, and a fiscal unit, would only result, if he were not peremptorily shut up, in shattering the whole fabric to pieces.

**A
Significant
Object
Lesson**

As to the question so often repeated, "What are we to do if the Germans retaliate upon the Canadians for giving a preference to British goods?" the answer is plain. We can do nothing, and we ought to do nothing. The colonies insist upon regarding themselves as independent fiscal entities. They would re-

volt if we ordered them to subordinate their fiscal independence to that of the Empire at large, as German States merged their fiscal existence in the Imperial Zollverein. They cannot both have their cake and eat it. It is, perhaps, as well that Germany should have raised this question, because it illustrates in a small way the difficulty that would arise in a much more serious fashion in case we became embroiled in war, let us say, with France and Russia. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has frankly told us that in any European war in which Britain was involved, Canada would insist upon being free either to assist or to remain neutral. But it was pointed out at once, for Canada to stand aloof when Great Britain was at war would necessitate her secession from the Empire. In such a war neither France nor Russia could allow Canada to be neutral if it suited their naval or military commanders to occupy her territory and seize her fortresses. This, however, the Canadians do not see. They imagine that their partnership with Britain is a species of limited liability, from which they can draw all the profits, and, when the pinch comes, repudiate all responsibility for the losses. It is a mistake. And as Germany refuses to regard Canada as merely a section of the fiscal unit known as the British Empire, so other Powers would refuse to allow Canada to enjoy the advantages of neutrality in case of a war with England on any terms short of a declaration of independence.

A Reminiscence of Mr. Rhodes

The idea of using the preferential tariff as a means of uniting the Empire was, at one time, a very favourite idea of Mr. Rhodes; but his enthusiasm was dashed by the criticism of Lord Rothschild. One day, when Mr. Rhodes had been descanting upon the virtues of an Imperial Zollverein, Lord Rothschild remarked that the idea was only practicable if the United States came in too. If the British Empire and the United States were a fiscal unit they would be a world in themselves, and could erect a tariff wall against other nations, but the British Empire without the United States was not self-sufficient. When Mr. Rhodes repeated that conversation to me, he made no secret of the deep impression which Lord Rothschild's observation made upon him; and it was one of the considerations which led him to favour the idea of the absorption of the Empire in the Republic as the only method of obtaining the ideal upon which he had set his heart.



"Moon,"]

[Toronto.

The Impression of John Bull that One Gets from Reading the Yankee Financial Columns.

The Education Bill Fiasco

It must be admitted that Ministers had a very bad time of it last month on the Education question. Instead of leaving the London School Board alone, as they might have done, or of dealing with London education by a simple clause including the metropolis under the provisions of last year's Education Act, Ministers persisted upon taking a way of their own. They hate the London County Council even worse than they hate the London School Board, and if they had followed the lines of last year, they would have simply handed over the control of the education of London to the County Council. Against this London Toryism rose in revolt. Hence Ministers brought in a Bill which was fearfully and wonderfully made. The London County Council was to levy the education rate, and thereby incur all the odium which attaches to the taxing authority, while its representatives were to be in a minority on the Education Committee, the composition of which was to be fixed by the Act. The thirty-one Borough Councils of London were each to be represented on the Education Committee, and the management

of the schools, including the choice of sites, dismissal of teachers, etc., was to be vested in them. The London County Council and London School Board both condemned the Bill, and Ministers, finding that they had gone too far, offered as a compromise to cut down the number of representatives on the Borough Councils from thirty-one to twelve. Even then they were only saved from defeat by the action of the Irish Nationalists, twenty-four of whom rallied to the side of the Government. Had they voted the other way, Ministers would have been in a minority of seven; as it was, they carried their clause by a majority of forty-one. Such a majority, however, had not moral authority, as the Ministers, on the very morning of the Hyde Park demonstration against the Bill, announced through their organs that the clause carried with such difficulty was to be withdrawn—the Borough Councils were to have no representatives on the Education Committee. Even this surrender did not fill their cup of humiliation to the brim. The House had no sooner resumed the consideration of the Bill than Sir John Gorst and Dr. Macnamara and other members had no difficulty in proving that it was simply impossible to leave the management of the schools to the Borough Councils. After a long and excited discussion, Mr. Balfour hoisted the white flag. The London County Council succeeds to all the powers of the School Board, and the Ministerialists were left lamenting.

The Hyde Park Demonstration It is not often that a demonstration in Hyde Park produces any immediate effect upon public opinion. The demonstration against the Education Bill, which took place on Saturday, May 16, was one of those exceptional instances. One hundred and forty thousand people passed in procession through the Park gates, and the number within the Park is said to have been greater than the immense concourse which assembled there on the occasion of the late Queen's funeral. Even the "Times" was constrained to admit that it was "the largest, most earnest, most intelligent gathering that had been seen in the Park for twenty years." The muster was almost entirely composed of the representatives of Labour Organisations and of Nonconformist Churches. Many of the latter marched singing hymns through the streets, the ministers marching or riding at the head of their congregations. The general sentiment was a compound of regret over the destruction of the School Board, an angry protest against

the surrender to Priestcraft, and an intense hostility to the Government. So far as a mass meeting goes nothing could have been more decisive as a demonstration of the hostility excited by the policy of the recent Government.

The Conflict on the Continent The conflict between the forces of Liberalism and Clericalism which finds expression here in the organisation of Hyde Park demonstrations, and of Passive Resistance Leagues of ratepayers pledged to refuse payment of rates levied in support of denominational schools, finds quite other expression on the Continent. The French Republic having definitely declared war upon Clericalism, the German Emperor has been exerting himself, in order to profit by Clerical animosity thereby excited against France. He visited the Vatican in state at the beginning of last month, and is said to have informed the Pope that Germany would welcome all the religious Orders expelled from France to any part of the Empire, with the exception of Elsass-Lothringen. This offer, however gratefully received by the Pope, did not succeed in inducing Leo XIII. to transfer to Germany the post of Official Protector of Catholic Christians in the East. France, although she persecutes the religious Orders at home, still considers herself their champion abroad.



"Minneapolis Journal."
THE UNITED STATES PRESIDENTIAL ARENA.
The Political Eclipse.
It looks like a Total Eclipse of the entire constellation.

**A
Significant
Revival**

For several years since Mr. Bradlaugh's death comparatively little interest has been taken in the controversy as to the existence of God. There are signs, however, of some revival of interest in the questions which at one time preoccupied public attention. A series of cheap reprints of such books as Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe" have met with an extraordinary success; and such papers as the "Clarion" are discussing with ability questions which formerly were regarded as almost entirely the monopoly of the "National Reformer." On the other hand Lord Kelvin last month astonished everybody and infinitely disgusted some of his scientific friends by protesting against the statement of a Christian lecturer that "science neither affirmed nor denied creative power with regard to the origin of life." "For," said Lord Kelvin, "science positively affirmed the creative power. It was not in dead matter that they lived and moved and had their being, but in the creating and directive power which science compelled them to accept as an article of belief":

Modern biologists were coming once more to a firm acceptance of something—and that was a vital principle. They only knew God in His works, but they were absolutely forced by science to admit and to believe in that absolute confidence in a directive power, in an influence other than physical, dynamical, or electrical forces. There was nothing between absolute scientific belief in creative power and the acceptance of a theory of a fortuitous concourse of atoms. . . . In respect of the coming into existence, or the growth, or the continuation of the molecular combinations presented in the bodies of living things, scientific thought is compelled to accept the idea of creative power.

A wail of dismay went up from the opposite camp, Sir Thiselton Dyer declaring that "Lord Kelvin in effect wipes out by a stroke of the pen the whole position won for us by Darwin." This is absurd, no doubt, but these controversies may be welcomed as indicating that the man in the street is beginning to think seriously of the possibility that he may have had a Maker.

**Mr.
Carnegie on
Co-Partnership**

That Prince of Optimists, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has inscribed on his library, as a condensation of his belief, "All is well, for all is growing better," delivered a very remarkable inaugural Presidential Address to the Iron and Steel Institute last month in London. It was one of the most vigorous and earnest of appeals for co-partnership that has ever been addressed to employers of labour. Mr. Carnegie, who speaks

with the authority of a man of many millions, declared, in the strongest terms, his conviction that the prize of success in trade competition would rest with the employer who best made his workmen realise that they were co-partners with him in the production of wealth. His observations were listened to with profound attention, and so deep was the impression made upon the assembled ironmasters that they have decided to hold another meeting at Skibo for the purpose of discussing the question in detail with the great ironmaster.

**The Irish
Land Bill**

The Irish Land Bill was read a second time on May 7 by a majority of 443 to 26. No positive statement has been made as yet as to the willingness of the Government to accept amendments, but it is pretty generally understood that unless they will do away with the Minimum clause the Bill will not effect the settlement which is hoped for. The Irish members are faithful to their new allies, but it is evident that the approaching State visit of the King to Ireland will put a somewhat severe strain upon the alliance. It would be much better if the King would, upon his own motion, announce that he would much rather dispense with official addresses from municipalities and other public bodies; but that is past praying for. The result is that before the arrival of the King, Ireland will be distracted with a series of discussions, more or less turbulent, as to whether the patriotic Nationalist can join in an address of welcome to the Saxon Sovereign. Last month we had a foretaste of what is to come in the shape of a very stormy meeting in Dublin, at which Mrs. Macbride, formerly Miss Maud Gonne, figured as a leading actor, or actress. With the best intentions in the world, Mr. Redmond and his friends will find it impossible to induce the more fiery spirits to abstain from so tempting an opportunity of testifying to their detestation of alien rule.

**Royalty at
Work**

The visit of the King and Queen to Scotland passed off with great éclat. The Royal Court at Holyrood, the visit to the Castle, and the numerous functions at which royalty assisted went off without a hitch. In time to come, if as much attention is paid to Irish sentiment as has been paid to Scotch, the King's welcome at Dublin and Cork may even outvie in enthusiasm that of Edinburgh and Glasgow; but that time is not yet. Royalty last month was much in evidence. The Prince

and Princess of Wales opened the newly electrified tramways in the south of London, the King opened the Kew Bridge, and the Prince and Princess of Wales also opened the Passmore Edwards Sailors' Palace in the east of London. What with royal progresses abroad and royal functions at home, the kingship becomes less and less of a sinecure every day.



"John Bull."

H.M. THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

The news from Russia last month was very bad. The outbreak of Jew-baiting in Kishineff recalls the evil memories of the year 1882. It is asserted, with what truth we do not know, that M. de Plehve sympathises with the anti-Jewish propaganda conducted with fatal consequences in Southern Russia; he is even accused of having attempted to establish a similar propaganda in the St. Petersburg press. Whatever truth there may be in this story, there seems to be a general agreement that the Ministry of the Interior has been far from displaying that zeal in the suppression of the Jew-baiters which the Emperor desired. The Tsar, according to all accounts, was very indignant at this outbreak of savagery, and insisted upon dismissing both the Governor of Bessarabia and the Chief of Police in Kishineff. Father John, of Cronstadt, has also spoken out in a way that does credit to the Christianity in which he believes; but the whole affair has done much to strengthen the

hands of the enemies of Russia everywhere. In America the feeling excited by the news of the massacre at Kishineff has provoked an angry anti-Russian agitation which coincides, unfortunately, with the irritation expressed in many American papers as to the policy of Russia in Manchuria. Meanwhile the Russian Government stolidly proceeds on a task of coercion in Finland, and General Bobrikoff exercises without stint the arbitrary powers with which he is invested. "Exiled by Administrative Order" is a new thing in Finland, and one which does no credit to its authors. Almost the only good sign to be noted is the action of the Russian Government in expelling the "Times" correspondent from St. Petersburg. This in itself is an imbecility, but it is welcome as an indication that even the pachydermatous reactionaries who discredit the Emperor by the policy which they pursue in his name are not impervious to outside criticism.

No Improvement in the Balkans There is no better news from the Balkans. Prince Ferdinand hurried back to Sofia, and installed a new Ministry under the Premiership of M. Petroff, a pupil of Stambuloff's. This has had the effect of slackening for the moment the tension between Bulgaria and Turkey, and has averted the imminent danger of war between the Principality and its Suzerain. In Albania the Turks seem for the moment to have obtained the upper hand, and in Macedonia they are creating peace by the process of arresting and exiling thousands of the better-to-do Macedonians. War between the Turkish troops and the revolutionary committees goes on day by day and week by week. Petroleum and dynamite are used on both sides as weapons of war, and the Macedonian leaders are threatening to introduce the plague bacillus into Constantinople and Salonika. The whole region is a welter of bloodshed and misery.

The Congo Horrors The horrors in the Congo were, last month, brought before the attention of the House of Commons by Mr. Herbert Samuel, and, after a vigorous debate, in which Lord Cranbourne made a characteristically feeble speech, Mr. Balfour accepted the resolution calling upon the Government to communicate with the other signatories of the Berlin Act to see what can be done to put a stop to the evils existing in the Congo Free State. There was absolutely no attempt to reply to the damning indictment brought against the Concessionaire

system, and our Government now stands committed to securing international action to remedy the evils which ought never to have been allowed to spring up. We have referred to this question with greater fulness in the Character Sketch.

Our Troubles in Africa

From both East and West of Africa the news last month was distinctly disquieting. No one seems to know exactly what our troops are doing in Somaliland, where the Mullah and the Abyssinians appear for the moment to be fighting it out between themselves. The most disquieting intelligence, however, comes from Nigeria, where it seems as if we were likely to have to pay dearly for the somewhat theatrical success of Sir Frederick Lugard in seizing the city of Sokoto. The Sultan, it will be remembered, escaped. It is now announced that his followers have stolen the sacred white flag which the English had captured when they seized the town, and that with its aid the Sultan has rallied a considerable armed force, which is threatening our slender garrison. He has been defeated in one encounter, but our loss was heavy, and nothing would surprise us less than to hear that fresh reinforcements must be sent out in hot haste in order to rescue our garrisons.

Our Viceroy's

Lord Minto's term of office has been extended for twelve months in Canada, and there is a report that Lord Curzon is also to have his term of office extended for two years in India. It is sincerely to be trusted that there is no truth in the rumour which connects this latter report with a design on the part of the Indian Government upon the independence of Cashmere. There is another report, not less disquieting, which reaches us through the



(By permission of the proprietors of London "Punch.")

DOGBERRY IN SOMALILAND.

Dramatis Personæ:

Dogberry: Rt. Hon. St. J-hn Br-dr-ck.

Watchman: Sergeant of the King's African Rifles.

Dogberry: "You shall comprehend all vagram men; you are to bid any man stand."

Watchman: "How if a' will not stand?"

Dogberry: "Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave."

—"Much Ado," Act iii., Sc. 3.

"Official Pekin Gazette," published by the Chinese Government, to the effect that the British are about to send a military expedition to Tibet. Even if this only means the despatch of a Commissioner with a military escort, it may contain the germ of much trouble. We don't want another little war in the mysterious heart of Central Asia.



"Der Wahre Jacob."

The Great Powers: "Help! help! this huge fellow will smother us all."

LITERARY GOSSIP OF THE MONTH.

All literary London is ringing with the miserable Carlyle scandal bred of the posthumous work of James Anthony Froude, published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, under the title, "My Relations with Carlyle." The book professes to tell the intimate history of the relations of Carlyle and his wife, and concludes a great controversy. Mr. Froude's literary executors explain the motives which have led them to publish these facts, which were found "after his death in a despatch-box, with a copy of Mr. Carlyle's will and a few business papers. The notes are written in pencil, and so far as is known, Mr. Froude had shown them to no one." They have now seen the light because "the production of the 'New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle,' edited by Sir James Crichton-Browne, with the serious charges contained in introduction and foot-notes, appeared to us to demand its publication." Mr. Froude notes that Carlyle and his wife were not happily mated:

"Rumour said that she and Carlyle quarrelled often, and I could easily believe it. . . . Various hints were dropped in the circle which gathered at the house in Cheyne Row about the nature of the relations between them, that their marriage was not a real marriage, and was only companionship."

This pair of unhappy beings lived on these terms till death claimed Mrs. Carlyle. He was overcome with misery at her loss.

"He shut himself up in the house with her diaries and papers, and for the first time was compelled to look himself in the face and to see what his faults had been. The worst of those faults I have concealed hitherto. I can conceal them no longer. He found a remembrance in her diary of the blue marks which, in a fit of passion, he had once inflicted on her arms. As soon as he could collect himself he put together a memoir of her, in which with deliberate courage he inserted the incriminating passages (by me omitted) of her diary . . . and he added an injunction of his own that, however stern and tragic that record might be, it was never to be destroyed."

Thus by an act of sincerity which recalls Rousseau, he decided that the truth should be told. And what is the full truth? It is revealed in these passages:

"Jeraldine Jewsbury was Mrs. Carlyle's most intimate and confidential friend. Their correspondence, a large part of which Miss Jewsbury gave me . . . proves sufficiently how close the confidence was. . . . I had myself some external acquaintance with Miss Jewsbury. When she heard that Carlyle had selected me to write his biography, she came to me to say that she had something to tell me which I ought to know. I must have learnt that the whole state of things had been most unsatisfactory. The explanation of it was that 'Carlyle was one of those persons who ought never to have married.' Mrs. Carlyle had at first endeavoured to make the best of the position in which she found herself. But his extraordinary temper was in consequence of his organisation. As he grew older and more famous he had become more violent and overbearing. She had longed for children, and children were denied to her. This had been at the bottom of all the quarrels and all the unhappiness."

Froude had felt "all along that there must be some mystery of the kind."

"Indeed, as I have already said, there were floating suspicions long before in the circle of Cheyne Row. That Mrs. Carlyle had resented it was new to me. I had supposed that probably in the struggling and forlorn circumstances in which they began their married life they had agreed, being both of them singular persons, that they would do better without a family. Miss Jewsbury entirely dispelled this supposition. She said that Mrs. Carlyle never forgave the injury which she believed herself to have received. She had often resolved to leave Carlyle. He, of course, always admitted that she was at liberty to go if she pleased."

Miss Jewsbury further elucidated the strange relations of the Carlyles:

"She said to me that Carlyle was the nobler of the two. Her veneration for her teacher never flagged, in spite of all. . . . In her last illness, when she knew that she was dying, and when it is entirely inconceivable that she would have uttered any light or ill-considered gossip, she repeated all this to me with many curious details. I will mention one, as it shows that Carlyle did not know when he married what his constitution was. The morning after his wedding day he tore to pieces the flower garden at Comeley Bank in a fit of ungovernable fury."

On one occasion Mrs. Carlyle told him that she had almost made up her mind to leave him. His answer was, "Well, I do not know that I should have missed you; I was very busy just then with Cromwell."

A startling reply is to be made to Froude's book, "My Relations with Carlyle," the main points of which are to be met by sweeping contradictions. Sir James Crichton-Browne, whose remarks in a recent publication entitled "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," were largely responsible for the issue of these hitherto unpublished writings of Froude, declines to express his views or to enter into any controversy on the matter. In the "Contemporary Review" for July, however, Sir James will reply to the article, "The New Carlyle Letters, and Vindication of Froude," by Mr. Ronald McNeill, which appears in the current number of that periodical.

A gentleman who has long been intimate with members of the Carlyle family states that a complete reply is to be made. He said: "I can give an unqualified denial to the suggestion implied in the statement that Carlyle 'was a man who ought never to have married.' These notes of Froude's were in pencil, and their existence has long been known to members of the Carlyle family."

In the "American Critic," an article entitled "Uncertainties of Literature," written by Elliot Flower, gives some examples of the sorrows of authors and the wanderings of their copy in search of a market. Out of 53 MSS., each MS. had to be sent on its travels on an average slightly over five times before it could be placed. Nine were accepted at once, and 12 on a second trial; but at the other end of the scale, one was sent out 30 times before acceptance, one 18 times, and two 13 times.

The editor of the American "Bookman" has been asked to give a list of the ten worst books in the English language. He gives the following list of "The worst ten books in English that we have ever read through, confining ourselves to books whose authors might have been expected to do better." (1) "Philip," Thackeray; (2) "Joan of Arc," Mark Twain; (3) "Alton Locke," Kingsley; (4) "Scottish Chiefs," Porter; (5) "Aylwin," Watts Dunton; (6) "Daniel Deronda," Eliot; (7) "Lothair," Disraeli; (8) "Clarissa Harlowe," Richardson; (9) "The Blithedale Romance," Hawthorne; (10) "Hyperion," Longfellow.

Some excellent stories of sea-life are contained in the "Letters and Papers of Admiral Sir Thomas Byam." Here is one of Admiral Edwards, sometime Governor of Newfoundland, and known in the service as "Old Toby." A characteristic of the gallant admiral was a profound contempt for landmen. "It one day happened, during church service on board the Salisbury, the (person acting as) clerk of the parish gave out in due form, and with a thundering voice, the 100th Psalm, 'All people that on earth do dwell,' upon which Old Toby bounced from his seat, and roared out, 'Damn "All people that on earth do dwell!" Give us "The Lord is our Shepherd."'"

Two volumes on Sainte-Beuve, suggested, probably, by the centenary of the great critic's birth, are in preparation. One of them is by M. Leon Seche. The other will comprise the correspondence, extending over a period of more than thirty-two years, between Sainte-Beuve and M. and Madame Juste Olivier. Olivier was a Swiss poet who arranged Sainte-Beuve's famous course of lectures at Lausanne, and who afterwards resided in Paris. By a will dated 1844 Sainte-Beuve appointed him his literary executor, but this decision was subsequently revoked in consequence of a quarrel motivated by the critic's excessive attentions to the poet's wife.

Sir John F. Maurice is engaged in editing the unpublished diary of Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna. For many the name and fame of Moore are kept alive by Wolfe's well-known lines on "The Burial of Sir John Moore." Quite a controversy raged at one time over the authorship of the verses; they were even claimed for Byron, until it was satisfactorily demonstrated that Wolfe was the author, and that they had originally appeared in print in the columns of the "Newry Telegraph." In connection with Sir John Moore's tomb at Corunna, Borrow, in his "Bible in Spain," who pays a fine tribute to the heroic General, says that the Spaniards speak of it with a strange kind of awe. They fancy, he says, that immense treasures were buried with him, though for what purpose no one pretends to guess.

It seems that it was Robert Louis Stevenson's "unconsummated ambition" to write a life of Wellington. A correspondent of a London journal says: This reminds me of a conversation I once had with R. L. S. in Sydney, New South Wales. We touched upon the subject of politics. "A dirty game and a stupid one. Poker is preferable!" commented Stevenson. And later, "How can any man keep pure through such black strife?" "What about the Duke of Wellington?" I ventured. "Ah, now," said R. L. S., with that unforgettable charm of manner which was so peculiarly his, "do you know that you are running the risk of turning me into a most insufferable bore? The Duke

of Wellington is my especial hero, and I want to talk." And talk he did, to my great content, telling me story after story of the man:

"Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power."
"The best thing I ever heard about him," ended his would-be biographer, "was, 'He did his duty as naturally as a horse eats oats.'"

What are the ideas of publishers regarding the next book which shall sell its hundred thousand? It occurred to the "People's Friend" to make some inquiries on the subject, and it publishes a series of replies. One publisher, Mr. J. Eveleigh Nash, makes this statement: "It seems to me that the melodramatic story, with a strong love interest, always makes the widest appeal." Messrs. Hurst & Blackett think success now depends almost entirely on the merits of the novel itself. "Anything out of the common or above the ordinary run of novels as regards its literary merit is almost certain to find a public." Mr. Fisher Unwin's experience is that "novels of present-day life, especially Society novels, have the largest sale"; M. John Long holds that "a good Society novel with really clever dialogue always finds a market"; Messrs. Ward & Lock say "there always has been and always will be an enormous demand for well-told stories of either love, adventure, humour, or of domestic interest, and the demand for all these stories exists at the same time." Messrs. Chapman & Hall believe that "there never was a time when the budding novelist had a better opportunity than he has at present." "To satisfy the taste of readers to-day a very high standard has to be attained as regards spontaneity, originality, imagination, style, power of expression, and human sympathy," is the opinion of Messrs. Chatto & Windus. Among other opinions given are those of Messrs. Gay & Bird, who declare for "genuine humour blended with pathos"; and Messrs. James Nisbet & Co., who consider "the most saleable class of fiction to be Society novels with a strong element of bold adventure." The general conclusion to be drawn from the various publishers' statements would seem to be that almost any kind of good story, whether of love, of adventure, of domestic life, dealing with the past, the present, or even the future, is likely to succeed.

Max O'Rell, says "M.A.P.," died of lecturing. "The rage to go around the world, or perhaps to acquire a large fortune to make a comfortable old age for him and his—that dream of every Frenchman—made him go on tour after tour, through all England, through all Australia, through all the United States, over and over again. Nobody who has not gone through a lecturing tour, especially in America, that country of long distances, can have any idea of what labour it involves. I did it once for several months, and for years afterwards I felt as if I never would feel young again." Max O'Rell was a typical Frenchman in appearance—at least a typical Frenchman of the North. He was a tallish, thick-set man, with a yellow complexion, a pointed nose, a strong face. Through his pince-nez peered bright eyes—gay, observant, searching, humorous. I never heard a better after-dinner speaker. His wit flowed with the ease and fulness of an inexhaustible stream. He was a very pleasant man—easy-going, comradely, with a sense of his own right and gifts, but without any swagger or pretence.

Few men had a greater fund of amusing anecdote than Max O'Rell. Explaining once his timidity when

he first took up lecturing, Mr. O'Rell told a characteristic story of how everything went well till he reached a certain town in Scotland. "There, at the close of my lecture, I made my usual apology for 'murdering the Queen's English.' Then got up a brawny Scot, who in all but incomprehensible dialect declared that I spoke it as 'weel as he did himself.' After that, as you may suppose, I was more at ease." Another story he would tell sometimes served to illustrate the "Provincialism" of some of the Australian Colonists living in the distant bush remote from books and newspapers. He was visiting a small town of several hundred inhabitants, and while there met an old acquaintance. "Do you think you'll get a good audience for your friend?" asked the man, who was a town councillor, referring to my forthcoming visit. "Yes, I think so," my agent replied. "Well, all I know is," said the other, "that I've given lectures in this place many times myself, and I've never been able to get a good house."

Mr. Robert Barr, in the "Idler," supplies some facts concerning "Wee Macgregor" and its author, Mr. John Joy Bell. It was, it seems, Mr. Neil Munro, the novelist, who first suggested that the sketches, which originally appeared in a Glasgow evening paper, should be brought together in a book. Here, however, the usual difficulty met the young and unknown author. He offered the book to two publishers, and would have been satisfied by a modest £10 for its sale outright. Luckily both refused, and as Neil Munro and other friends urged the publication, the young man published it at his own expense. It was got out in a form which publishers recognise as little liable to produce a profit, namely, in paper covers at the price of 1s. As was the case with Hugh Conway's "Called Back," the printing presses had to run night and day to supply the demand. Mr. Bell is the son of one of the chief tobacco manufacturers of Scotland, and was born in 1871. After the usual course in Scottish schools he entered Glasgow University, where he studied chemistry. It never occurred to him to write until he was nearly twenty-five. While at the University he was attracted toward the literary life, and eventually left to become a newspaper man—first as sub-editor on the "Scots Pictorial."

A book giving an account of the recent tour of Lord Hawke's team in New Zealand and Australia is just appearing through Messrs. Longman. It has the title "Cricket Across the Seas," and is by Mr. P. F. Warner. He dedicates it—

"To the cricketers of New Zealand in the hope that the result of the tour may be to instil in them a strong and lasting enthusiasm for 'the king of games.'"

Quoting the words of an Australian poet, Mr. A. B. Paterson, Mr. Warner says of these pages of cricket:

"I shall not repine
If they give you one moment's delight,
Old comrades of mine."

It really looks, says the "Daily Chronicle," as if Mary Stuart had found her most redoubtable champion in Mr. Maurice Hewlett. The opening chapters of "The Queen's Quair" in the "Pall Mall Magazine" give us a living, breathing portrait of Mary as she was in the hopeful time when she landed at Leith, and when even John Knox was visibly moved by her youthful charm. Mr. Hewlett admits that her nose was too long, and her eyes too narrow, and her "sidelong look"

detestable. But he produces a notable budget of attractions notwithstanding, and already he makes us feel something of the glamour which has bewitched several centuries. It is a relief to find that Mr. Hewlett's prose has undergone a change.

A keen critic, himself a novelist and man of letters, says of George Meredith, "I am reading 'Evan Harrington,' in the original edition of 1861. I find that in the final edition, published by Constable, many admirable passages have been cut out, and a good deal of broad humour and fun has been lost. An interesting little paper might be made on a comparison of the two editions—the old Meredith pruning the younger. It is remarkable how completely 'modern' this book of 1861 reads—a book which might have been written to-day, whilst its successful contemporaries, 'Framley Parsonage,' 'The Silver Chord,' 'The Woman in White,' &c., are all as old-fashioned and uncouth as the crinolines, matador hats, and chenille hair nets of the early sixties."

Some of the books of the late Max O'Rell had an extraordinary popularity. They were, as is well known, originally written in French, and afterwards translated by his wife, who is an English lady. It is twenty years since his first volume, "John Bull and his Island," appeared.

The Berlin correspondent of the "Morning Advertiser" gives some details of the dead-set now being made against the Polish writer Henryk Sienkiewicz—the author of "Quo Vadis?"—by his compatriots. Not very long ago the twenty-fifth anniversary of the author's entrance into literature was celebrated by the entire Polish people, who signalled the occasion by presenting him with a magnificent castle surrounded by a park. Gala performances and banquets were organised in his honour, and the Polish youth dragged his carriage in triumph through the streets of Warsaw. Anyone who dared to question the genius of the author would at that time certainly have been maltreated. But all this is changed, and to-day the man and his work are the objects of violent polemics in the Polish press. A Warsaw newspaper, the "Kurier Teatralny," recently organised an inquiry into the new literary movement, and among a large number of authors Sienkiewicz was asked what, in his opinion, was the best Polish drama published during the last few years. Sienkiewicz confined himself to saying in effect that all the latest Polish literature was worth nothing, and that it chiefly dealt with pornography. This damaging statement, made in reference to a whole literary school, created an enormous sensation. The Liberal Press, and notably the weekly review called the "Głos" ("The Voice"), took the part of the young poets, at the head of which are writers of great talent such as Stanislas, Przybyszewski, and Brzozowski. On the other hand, the newspapers of the nobility and the clergy took the side of Sienkiewicz. The war was not confined to the pen. The various partisans even came to blows.

A new volume of verse by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, under the title, "The Five Nations," is announced. It will contain twenty-five entirely fresh poems, besides those from Mr. Kipling's pen which have appeared in periodicals since he wrote "The Seven Seas."

AMONGST THE POETRY OF THE MONTH.

The Privateers.

1540-80.

By May Byron.

King Harry ordained him many a vessel,
 Pinnaces tall and brave,
 Meet with pirate or Pope to wrestle
 For the sway of the plunging wave:
 They strained at their leash to southward,
 With vigilant eyes and ears,—
 They swept full cry 'neath an echoing sky.
 On the scent of the privateers.

But now those ships so gallantly builded
 Rot in the harbour slime:
 Sternpost carven and hatchboard gilded,
 They are mantled with rust and grime:
 While the ravening wolves of the Channel
 Scuttle and burn and slay,
 And prowl in hosts on our naked coasts,
 Licking their lips for prey.

Out of the havens of France and Flanders
 They loose their venomous horde,—
 Light-heeled craft with savage commanders,
 Reeking of fire and sword:
 The merchants of London city
 Go pallid and worn with fears,
 And the trader flees on the narrow seas
 From the clutch of the privateers.

The Western women they run for the whiting,
 They handle the net and sail,
 For the men of the West fare forth to fighting,
 Hot on the Spaniards' trail:
 Sons of the spume and spindrift,
 Mariners fierce and free,
 Shall they brook one hour that would baulk their
 power
 As true-born heirs of the sea?

"Sloop and brigantine, smack and schooner,
 Hurl them forth on the foam!
 Seize the vermin, or sink them sooner,
 Under the cliffs of home!
 We will thrust them back from our threshold,
 Monsieurs or Dons or Mynheers,—
 Letters of marque and a valorous barque
 For the Devonshire privateers!"

Daring all desperate hazard and jeopardy
 To race on a sleuth-hound track,
 To swoop as a hawk, or lurk as a leopard,
 They waylay, challenge, attack:
 Their scouts are swift in the offing,
 Unslacking for mists or gales,
 Lest a shadowy shape through the night escape
 While they strip to their fighting sails.

Shot through and through between wind and water,
 They grapple the galliots proud:
 In a roaring mellay of capture and slaughter,
 Their trumpets and drums are loud,—
 Till the yellow banner abases,
 To the volley of English cheers,—
 Till the Don's aboard to render his sword
 The prize of the privateers!

In the crash and thunder of Armageddon,
 When the battle is long and late,
 When the helmsmen reel and the scuppers redden,
 As we clinch with our final fate,

They shall flash o'er the swirling surges,
 New-born from the ancient war,—
 Where the smoke-drifts creep, where the searchlights
 leap,

They shall crowd on their quest once more.

"Your warships drift, and your crews diminish,
 Your guns are famished and dumb;
 But hither, for this is a fight to the finish,
 The sons of our sires, we come:
 With all that a man need covet,
 Reckless of failures or fears,—
 With letters of marque and mariners stark
 And the luck of the privateers!"

—"Blackwood."

What Have We Done To-Day?

By Nixon Waterman.

We shall do so much in the years to come,
 But what have we done to-day?
 We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
 But what did we give to-day?
 We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
 We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
 We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
 But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the after-while,
 But what have we been to-day?
 We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
 But what have we brought to-day?
 We shall give to truth a grander birth,
 And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
 We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
 But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the by-and-by,
 But what have we sown to-day?
 We shall build us mansions in the sky,
 But what have we built to-day?
 'Tis sweet in idle dream to bask,
 But here and now do we do our task?
 Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
 What have we done to-day?

—"McClure's Magazine."

"Give Me Not Love."

By Florence Earle Coates.

Give me not love which would enthrall
 A spirit panting to be free;
 But give me love which more than all
 Would find it sweet to soar with me!
 The bird that close to earth doth cling,
 May, darling, be content to sing,
 But full the sunlight shines afar—
 And there be heights where eagles are.

Give me not love which hour by hour,
 Like to the rose, doth pale its hue;
 But love still constant as the flower
 Which opens to each morn anew:
 Not love which, shadowed by the tomb,
 A little space doth languid bloom,
 But love which draws its deeper breath
 From altitudes that know not death.

—"Atlantic."

Man's Hidden Side.

By Nathan Haskell Dole.

The Moon, that earthward turns her radiant face
As if she would without reserve confide
Herself to us, conceals a secret side
Whereof no mortal ever hopes to trace
The dark-environed clue. It is a place
Where strange abysmal phantasms may abide,
Where Gloom's abhorrent progenies may hide
Emprisoned by the ebon walls of Space.
Each one of us, however gay and bright
To those that deem they know us we appear,
However frankly we may keep in sight
Our alternating phases through the year,
Have, like the Moon, a side that lies in night,
Unknown to those to whom we are most dear.

—“Lippincott's.”

Summons.

By Hildegard Hawthorne.

I feel it call me as no human voices
Have ever done:—the music deep and strong,
Born of the forest when the wind rejoices
With tumult of forgotten, ancient song.
Naught draws me like the smell of the marsh places
In the hot noontide, in the quivering noon,
When sunlight overflows the blue air spaces,
And motion fails into a magic swoon.
My spirit sweeps aloft with the great mountains
And finds in mighty storms a mystic calm.
I know the song sung by the hidden fountains,
I long for the deep valley's scented balm.

Deserts grown grey beneath the sun's long shining,
Creating loneliness from morn to morn.
Forgotten paths through dim, lush meadows twining;
Shores where the Sea forever moves forlorn.
Earth voices, sun and moon and shadow, calling;
Growth of the Spring and Summer's dreaming
peace;
Tempest and evening hush and soft snow falling—
Immortal voices! never will ye cease
To lead me by strange ways, half-comprehending—
Oh, half-rememb'ring what I do not know!
Beyond all Life and Beauty that hath ending
Unto that Mystery, whence yourselves ye flow.

—“Atlantic.”

A Book Review.

By George Hyde Preston.

In this strange book no hero walks,
And through this book no villain stalks.
And o'er no maiden's sunny head
Is any mother's blessing said.
This book contains no secret grim,
Nor ghosts that flit through turrets dim,
No wit enlivens any page,
No wrongs that stir the soul to rage,
It lauds no lovely heroine,
It has no lover her to win,
No deeds are told, or good or bad,—
No mention made of lass or lad,
No word is therein writ or said—
For 'tis a blank-book ruled in red.

—“Lippincott's.”

What Readers Say of the “Review of Reviews for Australasia.”

Many letters reach us bearing pleasant testimonies to the esteem in which this magazine is held. Thus a member of the Queensland Parliament writes: “I read and re-read three or four times ‘The Sorrows of Some Ill-used Words,’ by a ‘Tired Australian,’ and my whole household discussed it, and all agree it is one of the best and truest articles seen in any paper. All I can say is, if such ‘goings-on’ are to continue, then God help Australia and the industries therein.”

A New Zealand correspondent sends us a letter, telling how, in a New Zealand township, in connection with the local library, “a kind of census has been taken of what books and sorts are mostly inquired for. The ‘Review of Reviews’ stands at the head of the list, next is the ‘Windsor Magazine,’ and the usual English standard magazines.”

How to Make Country Life Attractive.

J. Hugh Davies urges the formation of Leagues designed to serve this end. He says: “In every country locality ten people may start a branch, and delegates from such branches form a District Society, say, within every shire; and again, delegates from such districts form the chief Executive in the capital centre. As a

result of further effort, in each convenient township or country centre there should be a commodious hall, proportioned to requirements, and furnished with a library and means for the social recreation and advancement of the people, including art, literature, and music, and means for instruction and discussion on social, industrial, and political ideals and aspirations. An important helpful stimulus to the literary and musical work of such institutions may be found in such annual musical and literary competitions as are now taking place in the Goulburn Valley, under the auspices of the Shepparton Musical and Literary Society. Also, in each such township or country centre there might be a public park fittingly adorned with nature's treasures for the further delightful recreation of the people. From the Government should be obtained special facilities, at as near as possible nominal fares, for country people periodically to visit the sea coast, capital city, and other places of special interest and benefit, followed, possibly, by the ultimate adoption of the zone system on our railways, and further special proportionate reduction in freights and fares for those settled on areas remote from the seaboard. In any and every way in which the Government may equitably help to settle and retain the people on the land, under satisfactory conditions, to develop natural resources, and extract wealth from the elements, aid should be freely sought and freely and heartily given, and in the best interests of the whole Commonwealth.”

THE HUMOUR OF THE MONTH.

An Englishman's Daily Round.

German humour is usually of very wooden—not to say leaden—character; but here, from the "Berliner Borsen Courier," is a picture of the typical and hurrying Englishman's daily round, which has in it some wit and a little truth:

8 a.m., Jump out of bed; 8.4, Bathe and shave; 8.15, Swallow breakfast and scan morning paper from end to end and say "Yes" and "No" four or five times to the wife; 8.21, Rush to the station; 8.25, Wait one minute for train, and swear at lack of punctuality on the line; 8.50, Rush into office, growl at three clerks who are three minutes late; 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m., Arrange important piece of business, telephone eight times, write forty letters, and see ten people; 12.34, Rush to restaurant; 12.36, Naturally obliged to wait fifty seconds for waiter, hastily swallow some cold meat, a piece of pudding, and a cup of hot coffee, thereby wasting 1 minute 30 seconds; 12.42, Back at office; 12.50 to 6 p.m., More business, telephone twelve times, see eighteen people, answer four telegrams, and write fifteen letters; 6.15, Rush to station and catch train as it begins to move; 6.45, Rush into dressing-room, change in three minutes; 7 p.m., Irritable, since dinner is two minutes late. One hour at table; terribly dull; very nervous; 8 p.m., Theatre; after second act leave wife in her stall and go to club; 9.40, Whist at club; 10.15, Whist slow, try bridge; 12 midnight, Home; meet wife on the steps, say good-night, jump into bed, snore.

Mr. Seddon in Song.

A poet in the London "Daily Chronicle" thus sings Mr. Seddon's latest enterprise:

HOPES AND FEARS.

[Mr. Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, is opening shops in England as Government depots for the sale of New Zealand meat at cost price.]

Hail, Dick! An angel in disguise
Were less attractive in our eyes
Than thou who know'st
What economic thoughts have spoiled,
In days gone by, the baked and boiled,
The stewed, the fricasseed, the broiled,
The hashed, the roast.

Hail, Richard! Let thy greater name
Be written on this scroll of Fame
In one great line!
For which is better, cheaper meat
Or duty re-imposed on wheat
Wherever Colonies compete,
Or Zollverein?

Hail, am I saying? Rather, reign,
Antipodean Chamberlain!
Who seizes now,
Of patriotic feeling full,
For one long Government pull
The cornucopias of the bull—
Or is it cow?

"O Richard, O mon roi," I sing,
As though thou wert already King,
And yet I fear
Our British farmer, fooled on wheat,
Your benefaction to defeat
Will tax (for he has votes) your meat,
And keep it dear.

The Joys of the Automobilist.

Mr. Simeon Ford is one of the new American humourists, and in the current number of "Success" he thus describes his experiences with an automobile:

Our streets have always been hard enough to navigate, heaven knows, but nowadays with the electric trolleys and the automobiles added, pedestrianism has degenerated into a mere succession of frenzied leaps and convulsive stops, and our progress to and fro is like that of the startled fawn, which

"Bounds from crag to crag,
Hearing the hunter's horn."

Shakespeare, who was up to date and a little ahead of it, said:

"No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns."

This eternal horn-blowing is a nuisance and a nerve-destroying crime, and is unnecessary and silly. I have noticed that the smaller the auto the bigger the horn. To hear one of these little tin wash-boilers, with a one-horse-power engine and a twelve-horse-power horn and a twenty-mule-power driver, coming down the avenue, you'd suppose that Gabriel with his trumpet had broken loose at last; and when you look up, expecting to see a trumpet, you see nothing but a two-spot.

I don't claim that every man who runs an auto is a jackass, but I do claim that every jackass runs an auto. I run one myself.

It was after much deliberation and thought that I decided to invest in an automobile. The salesman told me it was the coming mode of transportation and that the horse must go. I agreed with him. I bought a new horse last summer, warranted to possess all the equine virtues. The first time I drove him I met an auto, and the horse decided he must go, and I guess he's going yet. I stayed with him a while, but made up my mind that he was too swift a proposition for me to keep company with. I never could determine whether it is the appearance of the machine, or the smell, or the raiment of the driver, that gets into a horse's nerves, but I reckon it's the raiment. The spiritual description of the lily of the field applies to them pretty well: "They toil not, neither do they spin, but verily I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

The first machine I looked at was small, simple, and inexpensive. It had but one cylinder. The salesman said that was an advantage. He said a four-cylinder engine would get out of order four times as often. This machine had a handle on the side like a barrel organ.

He showed me how to make it go fast and slow and stop and start, and all the while the machine stood in the store. A child of ten years could run it, he assured me. "Now, if you want to get out of a tight place," he said, "get a sudden move on—so to speak—you just touch this lever called the accelerator."

He touched it, and with that something went wrong, and the handle I have alluded to flew around and smote him violently in the abdomen. When he came to I told him a child of ten might run the machine, but the child would have to have a very strong stomach.

The consensus of opinion seemed to be that the gasoline machine was the thing. There was power, simple and direct! It ran by a series of explosions. That appealed to me at once. That's the way my hotel on Park Avenue has been run during the past year—by a series of explosions of dynamite by the tunnel people, and a series of explosions of profanity on the part of myself and my few remaining boarders.

Every auto I thought of buying, all my friends assured me was no good, and in the light of subsequent experiences I guess they were right. Finally, on my own responsibility, I bought that lovely lobster-pink creation in which I may be seen most any pleasant day now running merrily through the Park or street, and anon sitting reposefully while my chauffeur, assisted by the populace, explores the vitals of the machine, looking for trouble. I remember when I was a boy I saw and admired at Barnum's museum a working model of an engine, all made of glass, but I never dreamed I should own one.

I am getting proud of my machine. I think it holds the record for having travelled fewer miles in a given time than any other yet devised. My engine will break when standing motionless on the barn floor, simply through the power of gravitation. It is operated by a skilled mechanic, and costs me as much per month as it would to run the "Corsair." But it has one merit. I never wander so far from my own fireside but that I can easily walk back. I have worn out six sets of hinges in the hood, peering at the engine to see what is busted.

I used to get up and help the chauffeur to look, until one day, when we were both hidden behind the hood, a sneak carried off my fur robes. Now I just sit back and listen to the jeers of the populace, and sigh to think of the happy times gone by when I used to travel on the street-cars and get to my destination on the same day.

Mark Antony in Modern Terms.

Mr. Chamberlain's proposal for changed fiscal relations throughout the Empire has brought on a controversial deluge; but Mr. Vicary Gibbs, in the "Westminster Gazette," happily parodies a well-known scene in "Julius Cæsar" as his contribution to the debate:

IN THE FORUM.

Scene—The Forum, Birmingham.

First Citizen:

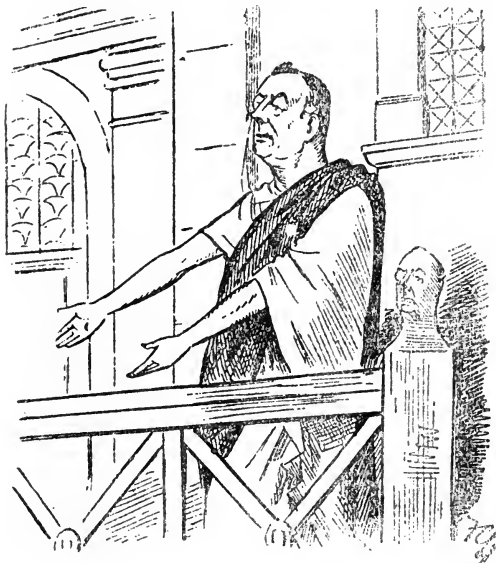
"Twere best he speak no harm of Cobden here.

Blastus:

My friend's own foreign commerce is decayed,
And though we needs must weep we would not save
The millions thus to Mother England lost.

For trade has died that Free-trade might prevail,
And Free-trade is an admirable plan.

In other hands the trade of England might
Stand square against the world, but now 'tis killed.
Oh, gentlemen, if I should wish to stir
Your minds our fiscal system to upset
I should do Asquith wrong and Fowler wrong,
Who you all know are honourable men,
Whose nostrums cripple England.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong your Trade, your Colonies, and you.



But here's a Leaflet headed L.U.A.
I found it in my closet; 'tis unsigned.
Let but the Commons hear the gist of it
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And tho' they care no whit for Canada,
Nor value high our Power Imperial,
Yet they would see self-interest writ so large,
It would inflame them, it would make them mad;
And they would cry—Have any Trade you will
Or Zollverein, so we be called Free-traders.

First Citizen:

Read us the Manifesto, read it, Blastus.

Blastus:

You will compel me, then, to read it, Friends.
It says that if you can but recognise
That Free-trade and Protection are the same,
That Preferential duties were the goal
Which Cobden aimed at—then to everyone,
To every English citizen it gives
On reaching 60, five and seventy drachmas.

First Citizen:

Most noble Blastus.

Second Citizen:

Oh, Royal Joseph.

Third Citizen:

You shall have power again at the Elections
To carry out the schemes that seem you good.

Blastus:

Oh, thanks, my countrymen, I'm not ambitious.

Exeunt Cit.

Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.

Surprising Items about Authors.

The passion for picking up gossip about the personal habits of famous writers is thus happily satirised in "Puck" by Will S. Adkins:

SOME INTERESTING INFORMATION.

While the reading public has recently been favoured with a great many anecdotes concerning its leading literary lights, still there seem to be some facts that are being concealed, or, at least, withheld. This may be an innocent and unintentional omission on the part of those who purvey to an edified populace information about literary folk.

We do not accuse. But we *do* hasten in our humble way to rectify this negligence; at once, instant and forthwith.

Miss Geraldine McGuff, the sixteen-year-old authoress of that immensely popular historical romance, "Sudden Death," always eats her oysters with a fork and without swallowing the shells. Miss McGuff does not wish to be considered freakish or peculiar in this respect, as the habit is entirely natural to her and she has been so constituted since her earliest days.

Miss McGuff never takes cream with her mixed pickles. She sometimes takes cream with her strawberries, but never with her mixed pickles. As occasion requires, she brushes her hair. She sheds tears when sufficiently sorrowful, and smiles when she is gay. Sometimes, when contemplating the wonderful success of her immensely popular historical romance, "Sudden Death," she has been known to laugh.

Authors of not quite so immensely popular historical romances are prone to hint that in such instances her cachinnation is of that variety, or species commonly designated as the "horse laugh."

The genial author of that charmingly quaint story of New England rural life, "Stewed Prunes; or, The Pie

that Father Used to Make," is indeed a remarkable man. He invariably sleeps on his back, or upon his right or left side, only varying these positions to recline upon the pit of his stomach. This may seem strange to those who are accustomed to repose in a sitting or standing posture; but Jeems Peleg Bilkins, the genial author in question, assures his readers that the custom is an excellent one. Indeed, it is largely to this habit that he attributes the success of his charmingly quaint story of New England rural life, "Stewed Prunes; or, The Pie that Father Used to Make."

Mr. Bilkins was recently caught in a rainstorm without an umbrella; that is, Mr. Bilkins was without the umbrella; and he observed that he got wet, just the same as any ordinary person. Mr. Bilkins was greatly amused by this experience. He wonders, should he ever visit New York, if he would be "gold-bricked."

Authors of other charmingly quaint stories of New England rural life are inclined to think not. They claim that a man is hardly likely to be taken in at his own game.

Mr. Tooth Barkington, the brilliant young western writer of the realistic school, is a constant source of alarm to his admiring friends. He is constantly being bitten by dogs, kicked by mules, elected to the legislature, or engaging himself in some equally hazardous enterprise, for Mr. Barkington believes that to correctly portray an event an author must undergo an actual experience of a like kind.

Mr. Barkington's personal habits are interesting in the extreme. He eats from time to time; that is, he partakes of food. He always wears a collar at a social function, and is seldom seen in public without shoes. Mr. Barkington is a great believer in "local colour."

His "Forty Thieves" was written in St. Louis; and his "Sleeping Beauty" came into being in the tranquil atmosphere of the City of Brotherly Love. Mr. Barkington's forthcoming novel is to be entitled "The Old Man of the Sea," and the local colour for this interesting story will be gathered in Lincoln, Neb.

Tooth Barkington is happily married to one wife. Mrs. Barkington thinks her husband the foremost living author, and the latter is a firm believer in the sound literary judgment of his spouse.

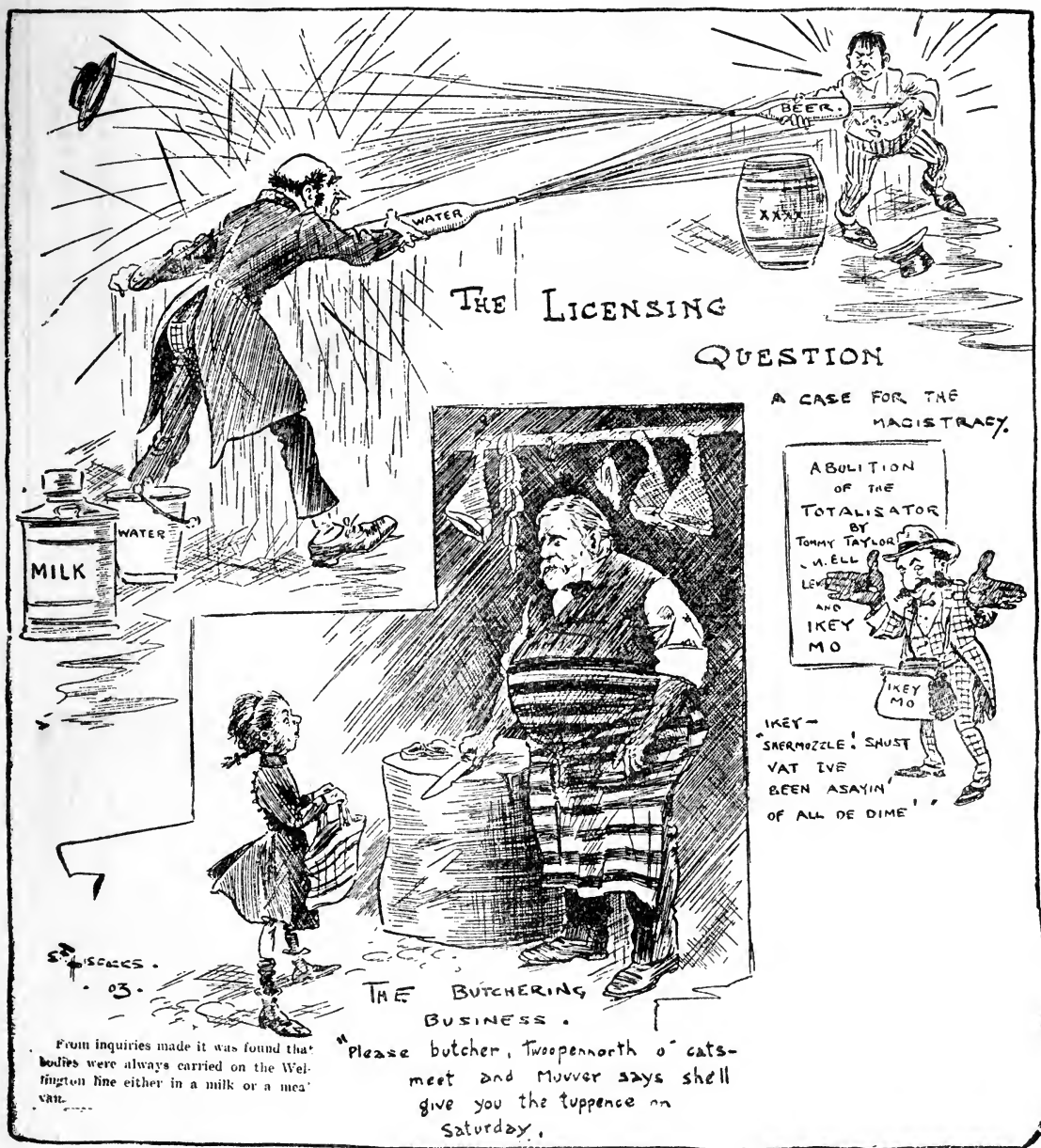
The Barkingtons have no children, but since Mr. Barkington's rapid rise to fame the edition of their uncles, aunts, mothers-in-law, grandfathers and cousins, more or less removed, has run into the 200th thousand.

Mr. J. M. Bulloch contributes to the "Lamp," a New York literary monthly, an interesting paper on the differences between Scottish and English writers. He points out that the characteristic creative literature of Scotland has in the main come from the soil, or from the wage-earning class, while in England it is the classes who have produced the best writers on the whole. He considers that the distinctive feature of the most characteristic Scots' literature is the quality of intimateness as exemplified in "Margaret Ogilvy" and the "Little White Bird." Though the Scotch in real life are extraordinarily reticent in the matter of their emotions, they are tender in their writings.

The American "Bookman" has tables of the best selling books and the most successful authors of the last eight years. The figures, of course, apply to

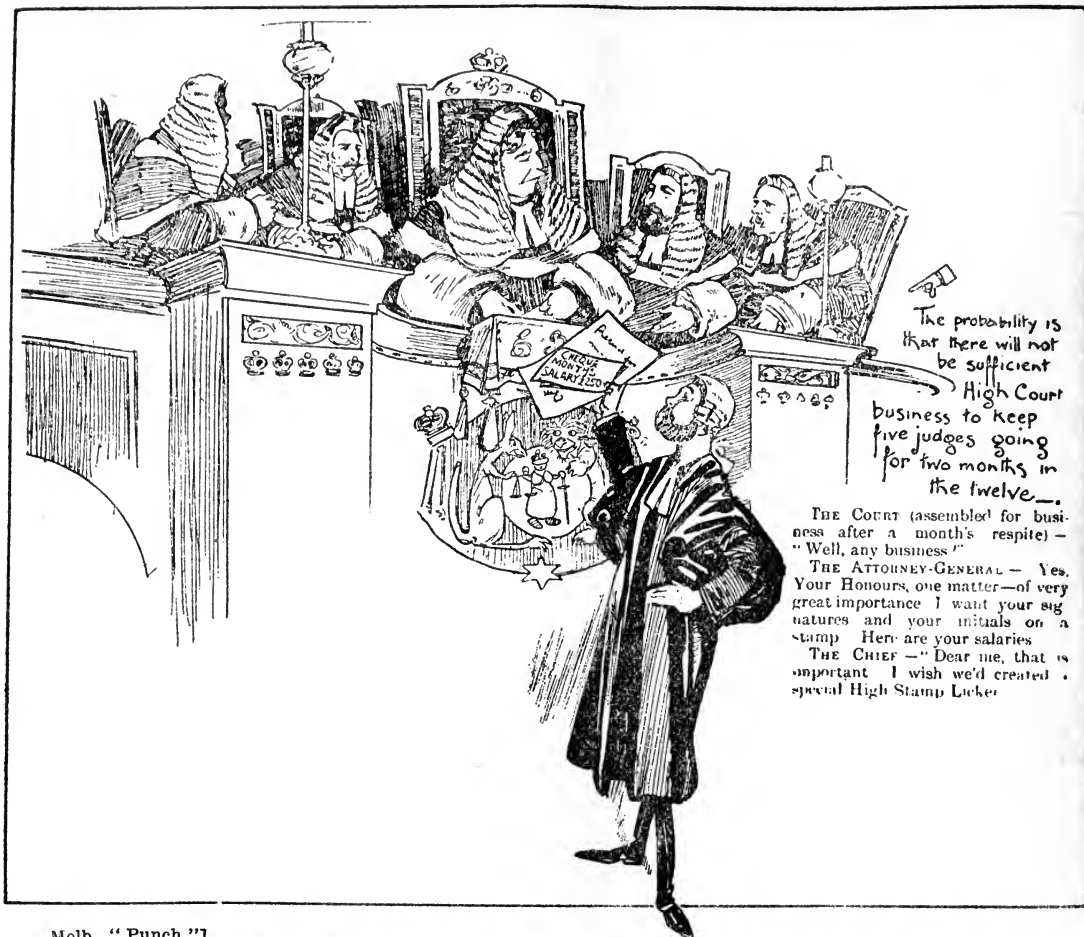
America only. The first ten books are, in order, "David Harum;" "The Crisis," by Winston Churchill; "Quo Vadis?" "To Have and to Hold," by Mary Johnston; "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush;" "Richard Carvel," by Winston Churchill; "The Right of Way," by Gilbert Parker; "The Virginian," by Owen Wister; "Eben Holden," by Irving Bacheller; and "Alice of Old Vincennes," by Maurice Thompson. The most successful authors in order of their sales have been Winston Churchill, Gilbert Parker, James Lane Allen, H. Sienkiewicz, Mary Johnston, E. N. Westcott, Ian Maclaren, Anthony Hope, Irving Bacheller, and Charles Major. Among the English names which appear lower in the list are Rudyard Kipling, Hall Caine, J. M. Barrie, Conan Doyle, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Henry Seton Merriman, and S. R. Crockett.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.

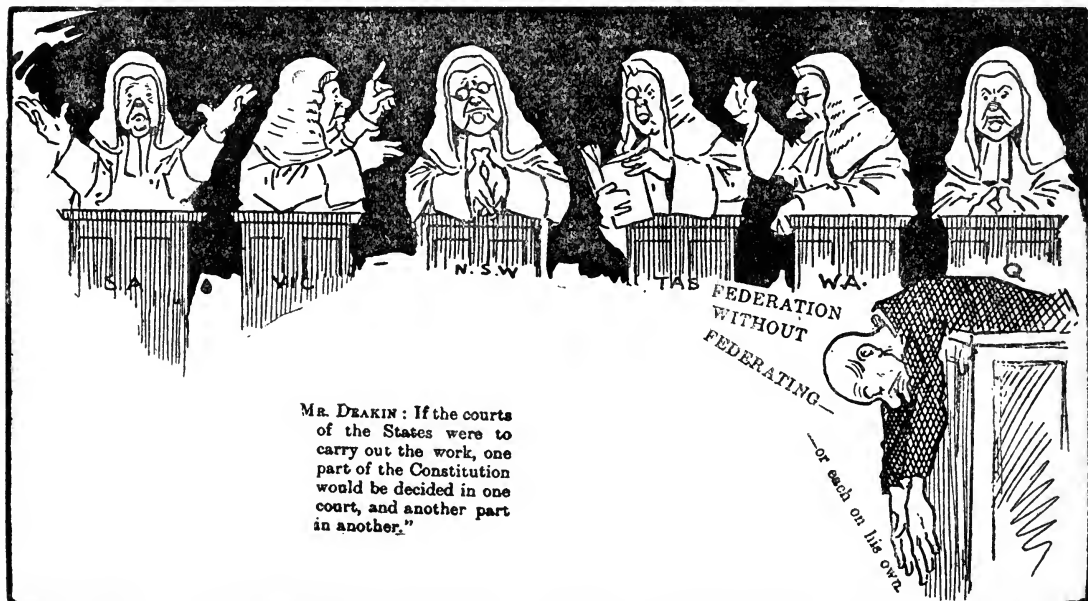


"N.Z. Graphic."1

NEW ZEALAND MATTERS.



Melb. "Punch."]



"Bulletin."]

THE FEDERAL HIGH COURT.



"Bulletin."]

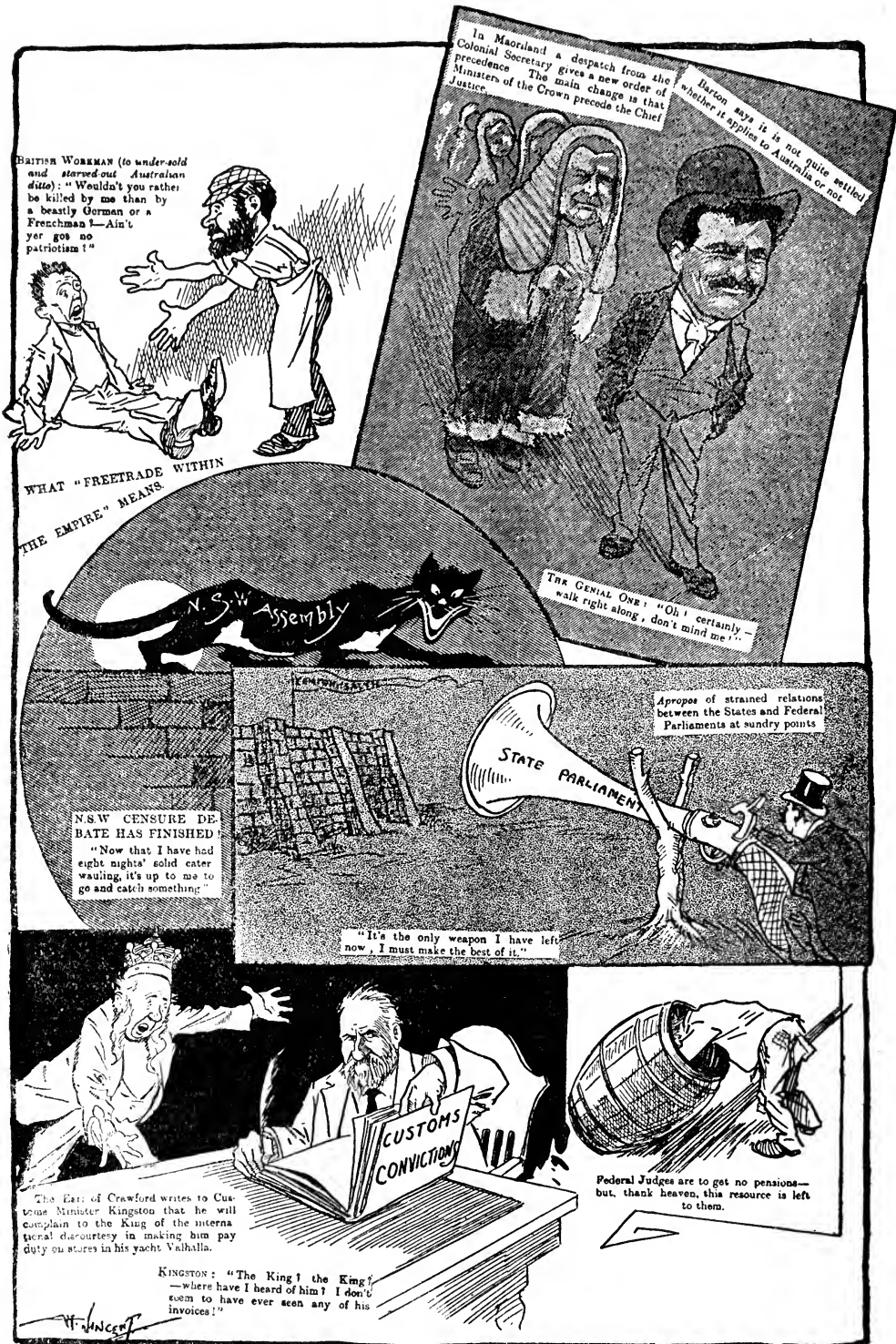
WOMEN ARE SO VERY PRACTICAL!

Cockie Unger: "Hooray, Maria, I see the Government is going to borrow another three million to 'velope the m'nificent natooral resources of the country."

Maria (who keeps a tally of these things): "How much does that make, Bill, that they've borrowyed?"

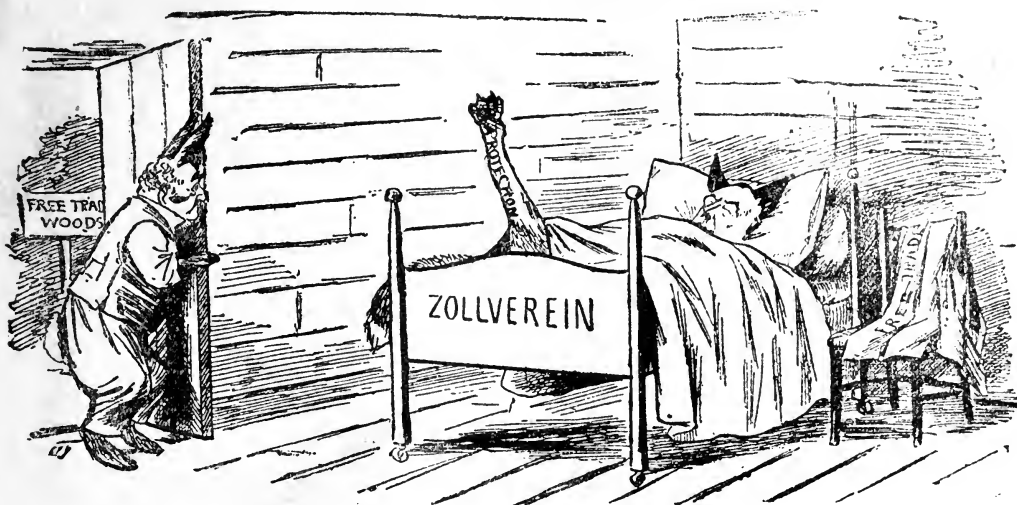
Cockie U.: "Well, 'bout two 'undred millions, I think."

Maria: "It don't seem to have developed us much, as yet!"



"Bulletin."]

FEDERAL AND OTHER MATTERS.



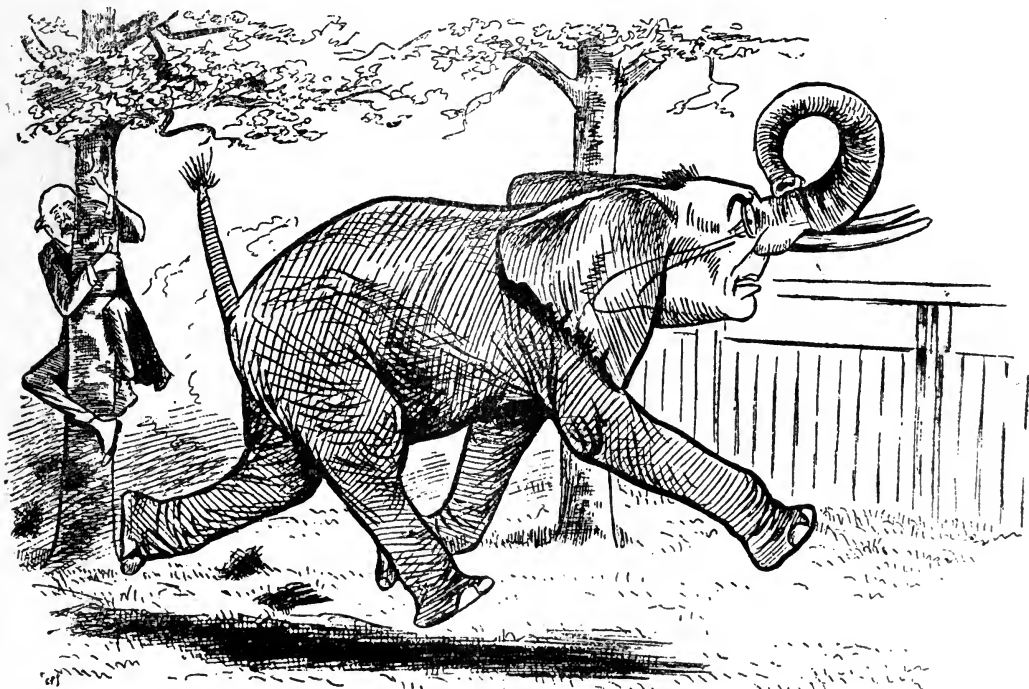
"Westminster Gazette."]

NOT DEAD YET.

Brer Rabbit, having been told that Brer Zollverein Fox is dead because he couldn't get any more corn-tax, goes to see for himself.

Brer Rabbit (looking in at the door): "Mighty funny. Brer Fox look like he dead, yit he don't do like he dead. Dead fokes hists der behine leg and hollers 'Wahoo!' w'en a man come ter see um."

Sho nuff, Brer Fox lif' up his foot en holler "Wahoo!" en Brer Rabbit he tear out de house like de dogs wuz atter 'im.



"Westminster Gazette."]

THE POLITICAL "JINGO."

Mr. Balfour (rather up a tree): "Good heavens! This is worse than Somaliland. He's getting dangerous! We shall have to send him away on a voyage again!"



COUNTRY CRICKET. THE WICKET QUESTION.

Little Simkins—having had, in the absence of one of his team, to keep wicket—comes to the conclusion that the wickets should certainly be much wider, and a good deal higher, too!

(By permission of the proprietors of London "Punch.")



ARMS OF PRECISION.

Volunteer Subaltern (as the enemy's scout continues to advance in spite of expenditure of much "blank" ammunition): "If that infernal Yeoman comes any nearer, shy stones at him, some of you!"

(By permission of the proprietors of London "Punch.")



"Westminster Gazette."]

THE BOY THAT WON'T.

The Other Boys: "He won't play with us as he used to. He's always walking off like that just when we're going to begin."



"Westminster Gazette."]

SHIVERING ON THE BRINK.

Arthur: "I hope he won't take me out of my depth. I don't half like it. It's awfully cold."
 The Duke: "Beastly nuisance havin' to undress."
 The Other Ministers: "Let's wait and see how they get on."



[Life.]

Love at First Sight.

[April 20.]

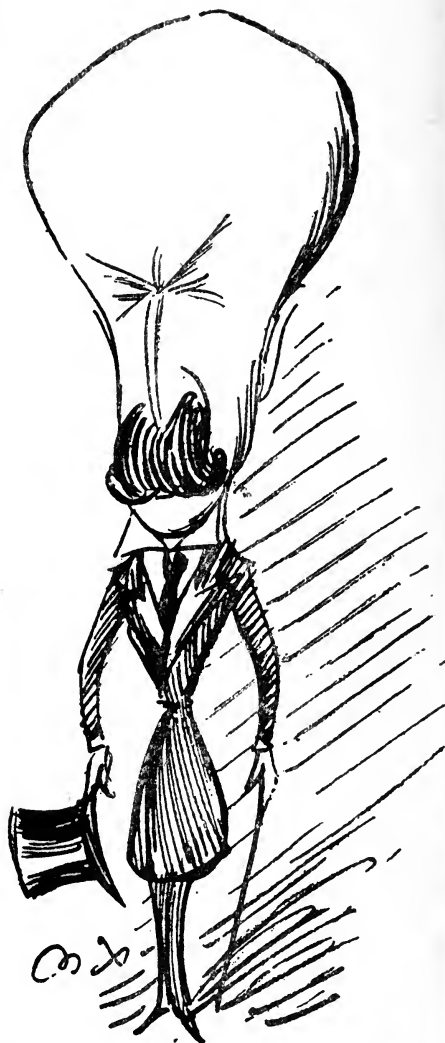


[Kladderatsch.]

The Hand of the Devil.

The situation in the Balkans.

[May 20.]



[John Bull.]

Serio-Comic Portraits.

[May 13.]

VII.—LORD LANSDOWNE.

"Owns about 242,000 acres, and can speak French."

ONE-LEGGED DEMOCRACY.

BY "A TIRED AUSTRALIAN."

If there is one thing about which all Australians and New Zealanders are cocksure, it is that the purest type of democracy the human race has ever known flourishes to-day beneath Australian skies. From the eminence of that delightful conviction we look down with mild pity upon the rest of mankind who have not yet reached our level of political beatitude. And we have, at least, some show of reason for the faith which is in us on this matter. We have the freedom of independent States without their risks. Our Parliamentary constitution is the latest, not to say the loftiest, word of political wisdom. Five out of the six points for which the Chartists in Great Britain fought in 1838 are with us crystallised into law, and form the constitution under which we live. It is true we have not yet got annual parliaments; but we have many political luxuries of which the unfortunate Chartists did not venture so much as to dream.

What is Democracy?

Yes! the latest and most highly developed form of democratic government is that under which happy Australians and New Zealanders live. But names and things do not always agree. A name in this imperfect world is sometimes only a mask which hides a fact in utter quarrel with the name that covers it. What are the essential characteristics of a democracy? The essence of a democracy consists of two things: First, as regards the State, it is the rule of the people as a whole, and not of any class or section of it; and second, as regards the individual, it ensures the largest measure of private freedom consistent with the welfare of the public as a whole.

Now, "A Tired Australian," for many delightful and complacent years, shared the belief of all his fellow-Australians that we were the freest people under the sun. But that delusion, alas! is *in articulo mortis*. It is past praying for. We keep the form of a democracy, we talk its language, we soothe ourselves with its rhetorical commonplaces. But, as a matter of sober and literal fact, personal freedom is narrowing amongst us until it threatens to be non-existent. We are developing what may be called a one-legged democracy. Democratic forms are employed to accomplish the most undemocratic results. The outstanding, undeniable feature of Australian politics is that under solemnly democratic forms the inversion of all democracy is achieved. The minority rules the majority. Private freedom everywhere suffers confiscation. The present drift has only to be continued for another decade and the Australian

or the New Zealander will enjoy a smaller area of personal freedom than any other human being outside of Russia. And as "A Tired Australian" contemplates such astonishing results achieved by such methods, is it strange that a certain emotion of astonished shame runs through his blood?

A Parliament Gone Wrong.

The rule of the minority is writ large in nearly all the Australian Parliaments. It looks out, in an eminent degree, visible to universal and grinning mankind, in the Commonwealth Parliament. The Labour ideal is "an independent party and a dependent Ministry;" and this ideal has certainly been realised in the first Federal Parliament. Labour members have captured it. They have used it to write their ideas on the statute-book. Their dominancy has been so absolute that, as the Labour members look back, they must, like Warren Hastings, be lost in wonder at their own moderation. Sir Edmund Barton, at their bidding, put a fool's cap on the head of Australia, in the shape of the immortal clause—intended to paint not merely Australia, but all the seas of the planet, white—which forbids Australian letters to be carried anywhere on board a ship that employs so much as a coloured cook. Having done that at the bidding of the Labour party, what is there that Sir Edmund Barton, with a drowsy nod, would not have done at its whisper? And the trouble is that Mr. George Reid would probably have played Sir Edmund Barton's part if the chance had come his way! No one can blame the Labour party for their success. They may be even complimented on their moderation. What other group of politicians, if they had the same opportunity, would not use it in the same fashion? But here is the plain fact, the paradox and scandal of sane politics, that in a House of seventy-five members a minority of twenty-three practically rules. This may be democracy; but it is of a very limping and one-legged type. The few rule the many; the minority stamps its will on the majority.

And Australasian legislation, filtered in this way through labour channels, has in every detail, and at every point, the vice of its origin. It effects, though it does not professedly aim at, the establishment of class rule; the rule of a class over the nation, of an organised minority over a disorganised majority. It legislates for the few at the cost of the many. While talking the language of freedom, it abolishes freedom. It is building up that most hateful of tyrannies, an oligarchy under the disguise of a democracy. The Labour

members would deny this energetically, and most of them with entire sincerity. They are honestly unconscious of the sort of tyranny they are creating. They believe themselves—with a simple faith which would be entertaining if it were not so tragical—to be **THE PEOPLE!** That insignificant section of the nation outside the limits of their class-horizon practically does not exist for them. *They* are the People! All rights begin with them and end with them!

The Pyramid on its Apex!

Take a few typical facts chosen almost at random. In New Zealand there are 55,000 registered workers, of whom only 17,000 are unionists; the non-unionists, that is, are in a majority of two to one, and by all the principles of democracy they ought to rule. But the very suggestion of this would set all Labour members shrieking. It would seem to them flat blasphemy! They would shudder at it, as the entire College of Cardinals would shudder if anyone proposed that the election of the new Pope should be referred to a committee of Orangemen! Yet, under a democratic sky the majority must take precedence of the minority! Now, under the New Zealand Arbitration Act the court has power to direct employers to employ a unionist in preference to a non-unionist, and it has done this in not a few cases. But Mr. Seddon has promised to bring in a Bill which will deprive the court of its freedom in this respect, and will *compel* all employers to give preference to unionists as against non-unionists! The majority of registered workers, in the exercise of their freedom, refuse to join the unions; as a punishment they are to be deprived of the chance of employment! The majority, that is, are robbed by law of their right to disagree with the minority; and democratic institutions are employed to accomplish so highly undemocratic a result!

An Inverted Religion.

And the bitter humour of the situation lies in the revelation this incident makes of the inner mind of the Labour party about all workers not included in the unions. They feel towards them as high-class Brahmins feel towards pariahs. They are scarcely to be regarded as human beings; they may be justly denied the common privileges of civilisation! A good unionist will, of course, refuse, if he can, to work with a non-unionist; he will also refuse to eat with him, to sleep under the same roof, to live in the same town with him. He feels towards him as a Spanish Inquisitor felt towards heretics; nay, in the case of a fellow-unionist who departs from the faith and leaves the union, he feels as that same inquisitor might have felt towards, say, a converted Jew who had relapsed. His mood of feeling in this matter has the fervours, and sometimes employs the language, of a

topsy-turvy religion. The hate of a unionist towards a free labourer outruns time. Here is the sort of poetry expended in Labour organs on the "blackleg":

THE BLACKLEG.

Oh, who would rob us of our bread,
Who cause our wives sad tears to shed.
And lay our children with the dead?
The Blackleg!

Who, when the pangs of death are near,
Is choked with hell's continual fear.
Without a friend to linger near?
The Blackleg!

Who, when the end arrives at last,
And all the shame and wrong are past,
Still finds himself in hell outcast,
In memory's blacklist posted fast?
The Blackleg!

And the "blackleg," thus cursed with bell, book and candle, and pursued with hate into eternity itself, is simply a free man in a free country, who claims the most rudimentary of all liberties, the liberty of selling his labour on what terms he pleases!

What is an "Industry"?

The undemocratic "democracy" of Labour-party ideals may be illustrated in another way. The resources of legislation are exhausted in measures designed to protect the workers in various industries; but what is the sense of the word "industry" in the vocabulary of the Labour party? The term is thus defined by the Victorian Trades' Union Conference on Conciliation and Arbitration:

Industry to mean business, trade, manufacture, undertaking, calling or employment, in which persons of any age, or of either sex, are employed for hire or reward; but is not to include employment in or in connection with the cultivation of the soil, or the grazing or feeding of horses, cattle, sheep, or swine, or employment in dairying operations for the production of milk, cream, butter, cheese, or any other product of milk, or employment in domestic service of any kind.

The negation here is nothing less than enormous. A farmer who clears the Gippsland forest, the pastoralist who fights a desperate battle with drought in Western Queensland, the dairy farmer who builds up the great butter industry—these are not "workers" in the Labour party sense. Their occupations are not "industries." They have no claim to the shelter of the law. They are industrial pariahs. The machinery of wages boards, of compulsory arbitration courts, leaves them out; it exists solely to spoon-feed a tiny cluster of what may be called city industries. Now, a definition of "industry" which excludes all the great natural products of the country—all that relate to wool, and wheat, and butter, etc.—is, of course, a mere jest. Yet this is the Labour party's definition of labour!

Of course, the jest would be a tragedy if that definition were enlarged, and all the great natural industries of the State were brought under the regime of Labour party ideals. Imagine a dairy, for example, treated as a factory, and the unhappy farmer forbidden to milk his cows before seven o'clock in the morning or after five o'clock in the afternoon! Imagine him restricted to one apprentice for every four adult workers, so that it would be illegal to teach his own children to milk a cow! No! it would kill the natural industries of the country to bring them under the rule of the labour unions, so they are very wisely and mercifully left out. But this only shows how essentially partial labour legislation is, and must be.

The Crime of Freedom!

How relentlessly private freedom is being confiscated in the name of liberty, and by methods of law, may be illustrated again from Western Australia. Mr. Justice Parker there, sitting as judge in the Arbitration Court, decided that the Act did not forbid piecework. His Honour said:

With respect to piecework, his predecessors in the office of president had held that the Act did not prohibit any workman engaged with an employer to work for him by piece. It would ill become him to take exception to the view so expressed. When one had a common law right—and it was an undoubted fact that, according to common law, every man had a right to contract as he thought proper—when man had a common law right like that, it was obvious that it required particular and express legislation to deprive him of that right.

Mr. Lobstein, the workers' nominee on the Court, strongly condemned the action of the Court in permitting unregulated piecework and freedom of contract. It was the duty of the Court when it allowed piecework, to specify in the award all the terms and conditions under which work should be executed, and the remuneration to be paid for each article or part thereof. The whole thing was a huge farce.

The Labour party in Western Australia pronounces Judge Parker's decision "absurd, and tending to bring the principle of compulsory arbitration into contempt." What these ingenious gentlemen want, in a word, is, in the name of freedom, to confiscate the freedom of other people; to deny the right of free contract to everybody outside their own union—or, for the matter of that, inside that union. "A Tired Australian" refuses to quote Madame Roland's "O Liberty," at this point; but he meditates with a sense of weariness more acute than ever on the eccentricities of human nature.

An Industrial Czar.

Mr. Kingston's Conciliation and Arbitration Bill is another example of the despotism which in the sacred name of freedom is being imposed on long-suffering Australia. The general sense of humour in the community must, indeed, be torpid if the emergence of Mr. Kingston as the apostle of "con-

ciliation"—conciliation to be clothed in all the sanctities of law—does not provoke a universal grin. Mr. Kingston's idea of conciliation suggests Mark Twain's Buck Fanshawe, who sallied out to enforce harmony with a screw-wrench, and sent half the company home on shutters in his zeal for peace.

But let us imagine what the Bill, if passed as Mr. Kingston has framed it, will actually accomplish. A court is to be set up of five persons—a judge of one of the State courts as chairman, and two representatives of the employers and two of employees. This court will have power to fix all the conditions of labour—the hours to be worked, the wages to be paid—in any industrial dispute referred to it. It has power, further, to declare that the terms fixed in one trade, and at one locality, shall be enforced in that particular trade throughout all Australia. Now, human nature being what it is, it is certain that the representatives of employers and of employees will be opposed to each other, and the decision will practically lie with the chairman. In Victoria there are seven wages boards in which a majority of seven-tenths is required to make a finding effective, and six of those boards are in a condition of permanent deadlock. Practically each party votes in solid platoons; only where the chairman has a casting vote can results be achieved. This will certainly be the case in the Federal tribunal. So that the Bill will practically create a sort of industrial Czar, who, by a single drop of ink on the tip of his pen, will be able to change the wages, the hours, and conditions of work in every department of the complex industries of Australasia! He will be a lawyer, and not a man of business, too; and yet he will be authorised to change the business conditions of all industries. There is no other example of such despotism to be found in the civilised world. And it is to be set up at the bidding of a minority in the Federal Parliament, and, in the august name of freedom, to be imposed on the majority!

This may be right. We all may be happier and better off when a benevolent and amateur Providence, clad in a wig, thus determines what wages every employer in Australia shall pay, whether he can afford it or not; and how many hours every labourer shall work, whether he likes it or not. But "A Tired Australian" protests that if all this is done in the name of freedom, we must throw all the old definitions of freedom overboard.

The Future of Australia.

What are the ultimate ideals towards which the Labour party is working, and working with every probability of success? It is towards the establishment of Socialism. Mr. Watson, the leader of the Federal Labour party, defines Socialism in nebulous and polite generalities, which

mean nothing. It is "the humane policy of State control"—merely this and nothing more. Mr. Tom Mann, who is employed—and generously paid—by the Victorian Labour party as its apostle, is much more definite. He advocates a Collectivist State, and he says:

By a Collectivist State I mean a State wherein the land, mines, minerals, and machinery are owned and controlled by the people in their corporate capacity in the common interest of all alike, a State wherein there will be no room for any private receiver of rent, interest, or profit; where the total work to be done will be rightly apportioned over the total number to do it; and therefore a State where all able-bodied persons will be called upon to do a share of work.

In one of his addresses, the heroic Tom becomes even more concrete in his ideals. He undertakes "the abolition of all private ownership of land;" he will do this by the ingenious method of "imposing taxes" which will make the unhappy landowner glad to get rid of his property.

The final goal of the Labour party is thus clear. Every employer of labour may be quite sure that it means to abolish *him*! He may be temporarily allowed to exist, but the noose is being fitted round his neck! The sole employer in the social paradise the Labour party will create is the State. And every farmer who owns the land on which he is growing wheat, or pasturing cows, may know that the aim of the Labour party is to drive him off his acres. His title-deeds are an unpardonable social offence! All private ownership of land is to be abolished. A social revolution, of course, is meant; but is it possible?

As "A Tired Australian" looks out on the political landscape, he sees clearly that it is very possible. The law which requires an employer to give preference to a unionist, as against a non-unionist, is, for the employer himself, a form of legalised suicide. It must drive all workers into the unions; and then the unions will have a voting power which at present they only pretend to have. Their tyranny over politicians like Sir Edmund Barton

and Mr. Reid will be yet more assured. Sir Edmund Barton, indeed, is exactly the politician who will do the work of the Labour party much more effectively than they could do it themselves. Under the present arrangement that party has power without responsibility, while poor Sir Edmund Barton has responsibility without power. His natural bent—his disposition to drift, to ask of the universe nothing but permission to sit down and do nothing—makes him exactly the Premier which the Labour party needs. He will drift on, doing exactly what the Labour party wishes, until some little eddy in the political stream shunts into some ornamental office. Sir Edmund Barton could doze on the Federal Bench, or in the Agent-General's office in London, just as happily and complacently as he nods—while other people legislate—in the Prime Minister's seat. And when Sir Edmund is left behind, some successor of similar genius will take his place.

Will It Come?

It is, of course, possible that the self-respect, the common sense, the energy which belongs to Australians by right of blood, may experience a sudden awakening; and, say, at the next general election, a House may be returned which will represent a true democracy—the rule of the people as a whole. At present the class rules the nation. Mr. Philp—poor deluded man!—complains in Brisbane that "the representatives of Queensland in the Federal Parliament do not seem to think they owe anything at all to the State." Of course not! They represent a class, not the State! No Labour member pretends to represent anything but his class.

Now, if it is the question of a class against the nation, it is also a question of the nation against a class. If that issue is once realised, the dominance of the Labour party will be over, and Australia will be what it pretends to be, but at present is not, a true democracy. Just now it is nothing but a one-legged democracy.

The novel by the late Mr. Samuel Butler, of "Erewhon" fame, which Mr. Grant Richards is issuing under the title, "The Way of the Flesh," was begun about the year 1872, and the author was engaged upon it intermittently until 1884.

The most interesting thing in Max Adeler's new book, "In Happy Hollow," says one critic, very cruelly, is the publishers' advertisement, which tells us that Max Adeler's "humorous books," written thirty years ago, have enjoyed a sale of "nearly two million copies." They have been even more popular in England than in the United States, and last year the English sales amounted to "about 150,000 copies." "In Happy Hollow" is a mere cave of dulness. It does, however, contain one flash of old irresistible fun. Mr. Spikes,

editor of the local paper, complains that his advertisers persist in paying him in kind instead of cash:

"This suit I have on cost me 1,500 lines on my third page. My shoes stand for a reading notice under the Dead and Married ads. That hat represents thirty-four lines of nonpareil type, e.o.d.t.f. (ever other day till forbid, you know), and the man owes me sixteen more hats, and is likely to owe me sixty. . . . I don't complain so much about hats and shoes and clothing, but what would you do if you had dozens of washboards and coal-scuttles and slate mantelpieces? I have 'em down in the back cellar behind the press-room, and three sets of harness, although I can't afford a horse. And chemical fire-extinguishers—I have eight of them in the cellar. Do you want any tombstones or fireproof safes?"

THE NEW CRICKET CAMPAIGN. ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA.

It is pleasant news to all Australians that a new and formidable English Eleven is about to visit Australia, and the great contests of old days are to be fought afresh, with new combatants and new skill. Part of the joy to Australians lies in the prospect of seeing the best cricketing skill of England once more on Australian turf; the other half will be found in the cheerful, if slightly unreasonable, certainty of thrashing the Englishmen, which every good Australian will entertain. The new team, however, will be of formidable strength; it comes to us with the sanction, and under the authority, of the most famous of the English clubs, the Marylebone Club itself, and it comes on very just and admirable conditions.

The All-England Eleven for 1903.

The story of how the new team has been formed, and the terms on which it comes, is kindly supplied for our readers by the highest authority:

"In 1900, the Melbourne Cricket Club induced the Marylebone C.C. to undertake the choice of selecting a representative team for Australia that season, but owing to the War it was impossible to get a good team. The proposed visit was put off until the following season, but again the Home authorities had to cable out that they were unable to get a side, so the Melbourne Club authorised Mr. A. C. MacLaren to bring out a team, which he did (in 1901-2 season). Mr. MacLaren was again deputed to bring out a team for this coming season, but he cabled in January, saying he could not bring a team until 1904. After Mr. P. F. Warner's visit in March last, with Lord Hawke's team, the Melbourne Club again cabled to the Marylebone C.C., asking them to revive the negotiations of 1901, and a reply was received by Major Wardill that it was unlikely, but Mr. Lacey, secretary of the Marylebone C.C., would consult the committee. The Honourable F. S. Jackson (Yorkshire) was first asked by the Marylebone Club to take the Captaincy, but unfortunately he was unable to come, and they then asked Mr. P. F. Warner to take the management of a side. On June 25 Major Wardill received a cable from the Marylebone C.C., that they agreed to send out a team on receiving invitations from the principal Associations of the Commonwealth, that matches are to be played according to their laws; that they should take half the gross gate receipts in big matches, with usual guarantees in others; that fixtures should be made subject to their approval on their arrival; that they should have three days'

rest before each test match; that only members should be admitted on the grounds without payment; and that Phillips should accompany the team as umpire.

Terms Agreed On.

"After informing the various associations of Victoria, New South Wales, South Australia, Western Australia, Queensland, and Tasmania, Major Wardill cabled to Mr. Lacey, secretary of the Marylebone Club, to the effect that the principal associations invite the team very cordially, and that matches should be played under M.C.C. laws, except that the follow-on rule here is 200 runs, in place of 150, as in England, and that as the big matches are to be played out, he recommended the higher figure. Also that the Associations do not favour any visiting umpires, and recommended that umpires for the big matches should be selected here, on the same conditions as were the umpires selected (for the test matches) by the Australians in England, last season. The visitors to take half the gross ground receipts, according to terms stated in his (Wardill's) letter of March, 1901, which were that the 'gross gates' was 'exclusive' of stands, thus putting the finances upon the same terms upon which Australian teams visit England. The visitors pay for their passages, hotels, rail, and travelling, while the local bodies provide the grounds, and all the expenses of the matches. A final cable was received from Mr. Lacey, on the 11th inst., agreeing to the Major's message, as to follow-on to be 200 runs optional to the leading side, and to the selection of the umpires in the manner proposed, and requesting him to make fixtures and arrangements, so that everything is now satisfactorily completed. The team will start from London, by the 'Orontes,' on September 25, arriving at Fremantle on October 29.

"The usual State matches will be played, and five test matches. There will not be much time for country matches if the visitors go for a short holiday to Tasmania.

"Under the entirely new conditions upon which the English Eleven (under the control of the Marylebone Club) visit Australia, it is to be hoped that representative teams will find it sufficiently remunerative to cover their expenses, at the least; while the various local bodies will no doubt reap a benefit from their share of the gate and stands. Very much depends upon the success of this initial visit as to whether the Maryle-

bone Club will continue to act in a like manner in the future. For that Club certainly will not take all the trouble of selecting teams, appointing managers, arranging visits, travelling, hotels, and the other various matters arising from the arrangements of teams, unless they receive a fair amount of 'kudos' attached to the success of their players. It is understood that the Marylebone Club does not propose to make any profit out of the visit.

The Team.

"The personnel of the team will not be known for some days; but evidently Mr. Warner has secured all the amateurs necessary for the team; and, as the M.C.C. have the control of almost all the best professionals of England, they will be able to bring out the strongest lot that ever came to Australia. Some of the men, such as Braund (now one of the best all-round players), Tyldesley (one of the finest bats and fieldsmen), probably Lockwood and Barnes amongst the bowlers, and some of the celebrated Yorkshire county team professionals, will be all that are required to make up a representative side. Amongst the amateurs, Mr. Warner will no doubt make every effort to secure Mr. MacLaren (as captain). Messrs. R. E. Foster, C. B. Fry, Lionel Palairet, E. M. Dowson, G. L. Jessop, C. J. Burnup, T. L. Taylor will no doubt all be asked, and, if K. S. Ranjitsinhji takes it into his head, he might certainly come. At any rate, it may be assured that the very strongest available talent will be secured. A new wicketkeeper has arisen since the Australians were at home, playing with the Surrey C.C., named H. Strudwick. He has played this season, up to June 8, in seven matches, and secured, caught and stumped (behind the wickets) twenty-five of the opponents. Some comparison can be made with the performances of Kelly, the Australian stumper, who caught twenty-three, and stumped twelve, during the last Australian tour in England (in thirty-three innings).

"How the Australians will fare against the pick of England, on Australian wickets, without the services of Mr. H. Trumble, their premier bowler, remains to be seen. No new bowler of note has come along to take his place. Mr. J. Darling will also be missed from the Australian ranks; but there is no lack of good batsmen to fill that vacancy.

"As no doubt each Association of the State where the match is played will claim the privilege of choosing the Australian side for the test matches, there will be great divergencies of opinion as to the merits of the players. The Associations will naturally give their own players a preference over those from other States, and there is the danger of the best side never being in the field together."

The Present Condition of Cricket.

Australian cricket, as the foregoing paragraphs remind us, has undergone many changes since the last English team visited us. Some great players have trodden the turf for the last time, and it is yet uncertain whether their places can be filled. But English cricket, too, has undergone marked changes. At the present moment, English batting power is at its highest point, and "centuries" are being made in unending procession. Big scores, however, may mean, not that the batting is specially good, but that the bowling has gone off. In part, no doubt, this is the case with English cricket. England has developed a new and phenomenal wicketkeeper, before whose feats the fame of Blackham is supposed to turn pale; but the experts are complaining that English fielding has gone off.

The London "Daily Mail" discusses—with some amusing illustrations, which we reproduce—the present state of the art of fielding in English cricket, and the qualities, in this respect, of some of the players likely to be in the new team. Says our contemporary:

"It seems to be generally admitted that the fielding of our first-class cricketers is not what it should be. Many experts argue that in spite of the rough grounds that the old-time cricketers had to play on they were much better fielders. Their ground fielding was very much more reliable, and as far as catches are concerned, they were eminently superior.

"Abel, who compiled twelve centuries in a season, mentioned that he would have only made one if all the chances he offered had been accepted. That good fielding is possible, crowds or no crowds, is demonstrated by a number of brilliant players. Mr. Jessop, of Gloucestershire, for instance, delights spectators almost as much by his scintil-



Mr. Jessop showing the young idea how to field.



A fine bit of fielding by Gregory—a leading exponent of the art of throwing in.

lating work at 'cover' as he does by his dashing innings. He stands with his body poised on the soles of his feet, and hands ready. He looks as if he expects every ball to come to him and as if he meant to go to it. This alertness is typical of the fine fielder. Unfortunately, it is conspicuous by its absence in some county teams. Mr. Jessop is also an excellent thrower-in. His returns are like lightning in their rapidity, yet accuracy is never sacrificed. The man who attempts a short run when Mr. Jessop is in the neighbourhood of the ball is, to put it lightly, a foolish person.

Famous Fields.

"Throwing-in is a fine art with the Australians, and they can give points to the Englishmen in this important department of fielding. Gregory, who, like Mr. Jessop, stands at cover-point, is a splendid thrower, and the wicketkeeper must be indeed



Vine is famous for the amount of ground he covers. He goes for everything at full speed, and seldom misses the ball.

a duffer who fails to run his man out when 'Sid' Gregory has returned the ball. Among the old country's fielders who throw in well there is none better than the young professional Vine, of Sussex. He is to be found in the long field, and his throws are always smart and direct. But perhaps Vine is more famous for the amount of ground he covers than for anything else. Cricket does not provide anything more exhilarating than an afternoon of Vine's fielding. He apparently has never heard of the words fatigue or impossible. He goes for everything, and with such speed and so much method that you seldom see a ball pass him. 'May as well give up trying to score in the country,' a great batsman is reported to have said after he had spent a hot afternoon in trying to get the ball to the long-on boundary.

"W. G. Quaife is another cover-point who possesses safe hands and a very nimble pair of feet. He resembles 'Sid' Gregory somewhat in his style



"Quaife is another cover-point who possesses safe hands and a very nimble pair of feet."

of returning the ball, and with Lilley acting behind the stumps it is advisable for batsmen to be particularly careful when the ball goes to 'cover,' and the team fielding is Warwickshire.

"The Yorkshire eleven maintain as high a standard in their fielding as they do in the other departments of the game, and each man is very good in the position which Lord Hawke assigns to him. Perhaps Denton is most often conspicuously brilliant, but then he fields at 'cover,' and this has many opportunities. The Hon. F. S. Jackson, Rhodes, and Hirst are all very good.

"When talking of good fielding it is impossible not to mention Braund; in fact, it is difficult to talk about cricket for long in these days without



"An effective combination of gymnastics and conjuring" by that clever young cricketer Braund.

the name of that clever young cricketer cropping up.

"The finest slip the world has ever seen, by general consent, was George Lohmann. His fielding was an effective combination of gymnastics and conjuring, and Braund's fielding is strongly reminiscent of Lohmann's. He stands apparently a still study in brown and white in the slips; the ball comes anywhere within three yards, and his hand shoots out and it stays there. Undoubtedly Braund is a comforting man to have in the slips. Mr. MacLaren, the Lancashire captain, does many good things in the long field. He has a great knowledge of the game, and appears to know where a ball is to be hit almost by intuition. His throwing is also excellent. The universities have produced many good fielders, and, as a general rule, the fielding of a 'varsity side is better than that of a county team. A good bat is not allowed to slack because he has scored a century. Mr. Burnup, the Kentish captain, is excellent in the 'country,' and Prince Ranjitsinhji and Mr. C. B. Fry are both good in their respective positions at point and in the long field."

The Business Side of Cricket.

Mr. Warner, who is to be the business manager, or the captain—perhaps both—of the English Eleven, is, at the present moment, perhaps, the greatest living authority on cricket. He not only plays the game, he understands its literature, its history, and its finance; and in the "Westminster Gazette" he discusses, in a curiously interesting fashion, the business side of cricket, the payments earned by professional cricketers both on the English grounds and on their Australian visits.

"Every cricketer," he says, "will recollect the strike on the eve of the test match between England and Australia, at the Oval, in August, 1896. £10 had been the usual fee to each professional cricketer engaged in these games, but about a fortnight previous to the fixture, the Surrey Com-

mittee received a letter signed by Abel, Richardson, Hayward, William Gunn, and the late George Lohmann, demanding £20 as their remuneration for the match. The demand put forward by Lohmann and his friends was at once refused, the Surrey Committee refusing to be dictated to. A few days before the match, Abel, Hayward, and Richardson wrote a letter of apology to the Committee, but Lohmann declined to act with the others, and William Gunn did not recede from the position he had originally taken up. Abel, Richardson, and Hayward played in the match, but neither Gunn nor Lohmann was selected. Admitting that it was not quite the right moment at which to raise the question, there is little doubt that the fee then paid to a professional cricketer who had been asked to form one of the England eleven, was very inadequate, and that this view was pretty generally accepted was proved by the fact that, since that occasion, £20 per man has been the remuneration, and no one who knows what an amount of strain and fatigue such a match entails would venture to say that the sum is excessive.

"The whole question of the payment of professional cricketers is a difficult one. Under the system in vogue to-day, Hirst, Rhodes, and Abel—I take three names at random—receive exactly the same sum as Jones, who is considered worthy of a first trial in a county match as a professional cricketer. Cricket, indeed, is the only profession in the world where the leaders receive the same fee as the man who has yet to make his name. There are no K.C.'s in the world of cricket—and no consequent scale of fees for leader and junior. Rhodes, let us say, who has fought and won many a case for his side, receives no more than Jones, hitherto 'a briefless junior.'

English Methods.

"Matters are, however, to some extent equalised by the reward over and above the usual fee for the match, in the shape of an extra sovereign for every fifty runs. In this connection there is a good story told about a famous professional batsman. After making some 300 runs in a county match, he asked his committee to give him £7, on the basis of £1 for every fifty runs. The committee replied that they could not see their way to giving him as much as £7, but that they would be only too delighted to give him £5, whereupon the professional good-humouredly remarked that financially it was not much use his ever making more than 250 runs. Yorkshire gives no 'talent money,' as that phrase is usually understood, each professional being marked according to his work in a particular match. Thus, if a man made thirty runs at a critical time, or

even a smaller score in a closely contested match, under certain conditions these runs might be as valuable to the county as a century, and it would thus deserve an equal reward. A fine bowling feat—as, for instance, the dismissal of Ranjitsinhji or C. B. Fry for a small score—or a brilliant catch, or a smart bit of wicket-keeping, might be similarly rewarded. Each mark represents five shillings, and the system has been found to work so well that it has recently been adopted by the Middlesex authorities.

“The usual payment to a professional cricketer is £5 for a home match and £6 for an out match. He receives this sum whether the match lasts the three days allotted to it or not, but out of this he has to pay his railway and hotel expenses. If his side wins, an extra sovereign is generally given him, and, so highly do we esteem the prowess of Yorkshire and Surrey that the Middlesex executive award a victory over these counties with, on occasions, as much as £5 to each professional. In addition to this, those men who are lucky enough to be engaged on the ground staff at Lord's receive 6s. 8d. a day, or £2 a week, though, if they are playing away from Lord's, 6s. 8d. is deducted for each day's absence. Supposing, for example, that Middlesex won two matches in a week at Lord's, Jack Hearne or Trott might well receive £16 for their six days' work; for, in addition to this retaining fee of £2, they would receive £5 for each match, £1 for winning, and possibly £1 through their 'marks,' for good batting, bowling, or fielding.

“Should a professional be lucky enough to be picked for the Players v. the Gentlemen, either at Lord's or the Oval, he receives £10 for the

match. On the whole, then, a professional may be said to fare exceedingly well from the first of May to the middle of September. But what of the winter months?

What Professionals Get.

“With the spread of cricket throughout the world, hardly a winter now passes without a team of some sort going abroad, and should professionals be required, the fortunate ones who are asked to go can look forward to being exceptionally well paid. The two professionals who went out to New Zealand and Australia with Lord Hawke's team received, in addition to all their expenses except their wine bills, a sum of £135, while the professionals in the eleven which the Yorkshire captain took to the Cape, in the winter of 1898-1899, received, in addition, again, to all their expenses except their wine, £180; while £300, besides expenses, and in one or two cases as much as £400, is usually paid to a professional going out with an English team to Australia.

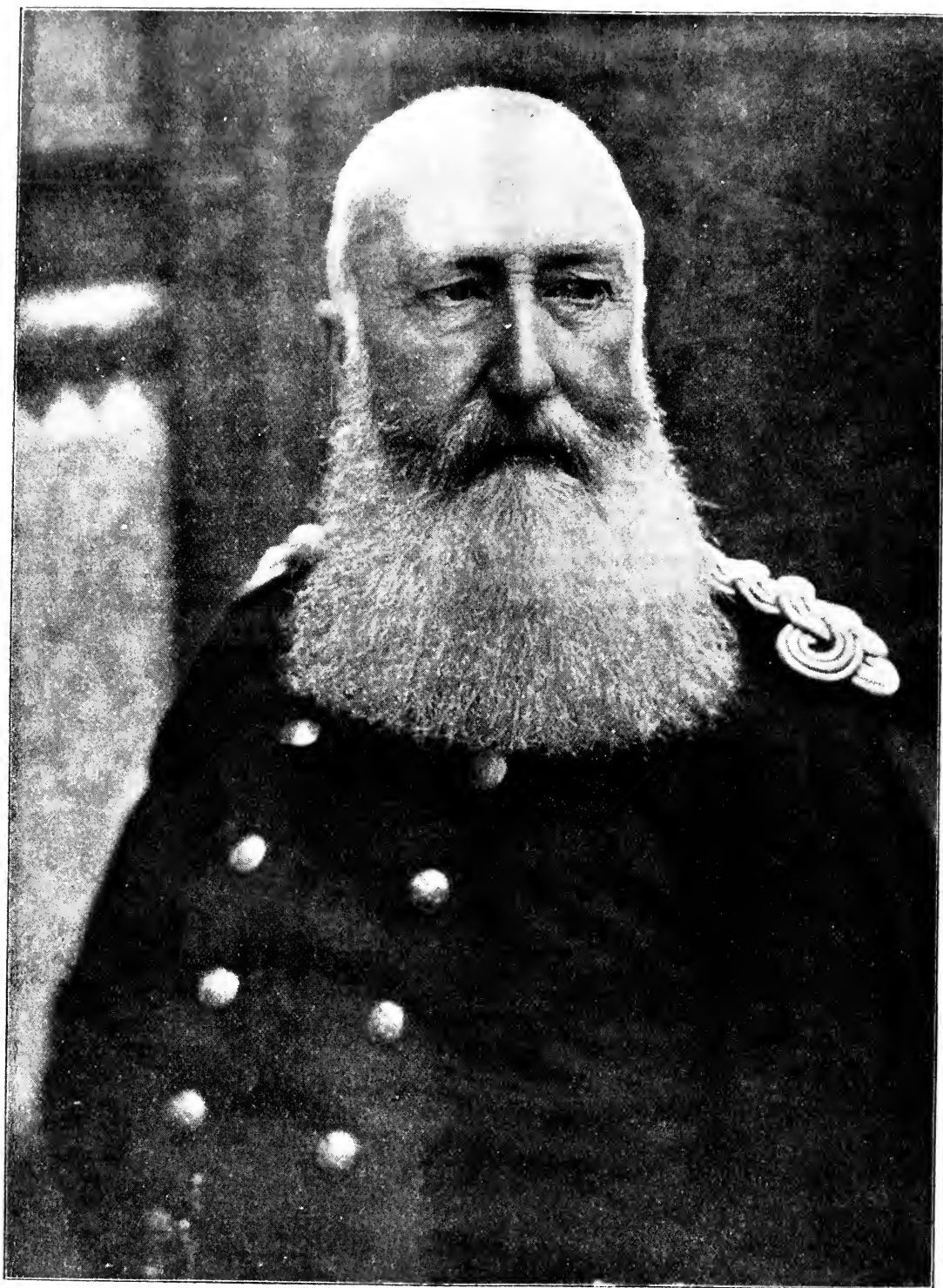
“The great professional cricketer can also look forward to one benefit, and possibly two, if he happens to be a member of the ground staff at Lord's; but, quite apart from bad weather, or the collapse of one of the opposing sides, the proceeds arising from benefit matches vary largely in accordance with the ground on which the matches are played. At Old Trafford, Sheffield, or Leeds, as much as £2,000 has been taken at a benefit match. Mold, Sugg, and Peel received something like this amount; while Jack Hearne—who at least has done as great service for both England and his county as either Mold, Sugg, or Peel—obtained just about half that sum from his benefit match at Lord's two or three seasons ago.”

That very harmless example of official literature, the “*Almanach Hachette*,” the French equivalent to “*Whitaker*,” has been confiscated by the Russian press censor because it contains a comparative table of the incomes of the leading European monarchs. The list in question is an illustrated page, giving the photographs of the leading European rulers, with their incomes per minute. The Czar of Russia is first on the list, and his income is given at £16 4s. a minute. If the almanac's data be true, the Czar draws from his countless millions of subjects—

£16 4s. a minute.
£972 an hour.
£23,328 a day.
£8,514,720 a year.

Much unintended humour is sometimes created by a misplaced comma. The “*British Medical Journal*,” in a recent number, had an interesting account of a dairy visited during an investigation into “The Milk Supply

of Large Towns.” One of the incidents was described as follows: “The driver having finished milking, his cow offered to take me into an adjoining room, where the milk was cooled.” In its following issue the “*British Medical Journal*” commented upon the freak of the “devil” who had thus with the aid of a comma created a bovine successor to Balaam's ass, and gave two amusing instances of the powers of misplaced punctuation. In the one, a well-known Nonconformist divine, wishing to disclaim any ambition to appear in the black coat and white tie, or stock, of orthodoxy, was credited with a public declaration that he would “wear no clothes, to distinguish him from his fellow-Christians.” In the other, a Canadian firm having placed a new patent nursing-bottle on the market, accompanied it with these recommendations, for the guidance of anxious mothers. “When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed, and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled.”



LEOPOLD II., KING OF THE BELGIANS.
(Photograph by Russell & Sons.)

CHARACTER SKETCH.

LEOPOLD, EMPEROR OF THE CONGO.

BY W. T. STEAD.

It is the rule in these character sketches always to describe the subject as he appears to himself at his best, and not as he appears to his enemies at his worst; but it is impossible for me, in this case, to do either. The resources of the English language are inadequate to describe Emperor Leopold as he appears to himself at his best moments. An artist who could dip his brush in the radiance of the setting sun might possibly portray the angelical figure of the haloed monarch who conceals his wings beneath his epaulettes, and lingers for a while in the midst of an ungrateful world. On the other hand, the blackest ink would fail to depict the same man as he appears to his enemies at his worst. If we look over the efforts of the medieval artists when they exhausted the resources of their imagination in picturing the enemy of mankind, with horns, hoofs, and tail complete, we can get some far-away, faint resemblance of the monarch who was to have made the Congo Free State a paradise, and who has converted it into a hell.

In this brief article, therefore, I shall neither attempt to describe him at his best nor at his worst, but merely put together briefly, in plain, unvarnished fashion, some of the leading facts concerning the sovereign who, as the result of the debate in the House of Commons, on Mr. Herbert Samuel's motion, now stands impeached before the bar of Christendom for his high crimes and misdemeanours against humanity, and more especially for his violation, wholesale and retail, of the provisions of the International Act drawn up at Berlin in the year 1884-85.

In this sketch I shall not deal in the least with Leopold II., the King of the Belgians. Belgium is a little State, prosperous, industrious, pacific, whose inhabitants, by sheer dint of hard work and applied intelligence, have been able to build up almost as large a trade per head as any of the world-swaggering empires who have annexed and colonised continents. As a constitutional monarch I have nothing to say about Leopold II., King of the Belgians. In this sketch I wish to deal with him solely as the founder of an immense empire in Central Africa—an enterprise which, I am willing to admit, was begun at first with a very laudable ambition. Unfortunately, it has now come to be associated with all the horrors of a new slave

trade, and has as its chief corner-stone the most cynical of international obligations to be recorded in the history of our time.

As Duke of Brabant.

Louis Philippe Marie Victor, to give him his full title, is the son of King Leopold I. and of Princess Louise, the daughter of Louis Philippe, the citizen king of the French who had to skip from his kingdom in 1848. From his father he inherited great political acumen, and a tradition of intimacy with the English Court which has continued till the present day. So close was this intimacy that he made it his invariable rule, as long as our late Queen lived, to write a letter to her every week—a letter to which she seldom replied, but which she always read with that keen interest with which she always followed the movement of international affairs. As he was born in 1835, he is now sixty-eight years of age. His wife, who died last year, was the daughter of the late Archduke Joseph of Austria; he married her when only eighteen, and spent the first years of his married life in travelling through Italy, Austria, Palestine, and Greece. He was created Duke of Brabant when only eleven years old, and served in the army, rising from the rank of sub-lieutenant to that of lieutenant-general. He became a member of the Belgian Senate on obtaining his majority, and early distinguished himself by the keen interest with which he followed all debates relating to the development of Belgian trade and industry.

A Man of Travel.

From the time he was twenty-five till he was thirty he spent most of his time abroad, and has probably travelled more widely than any other crowned head in Europe. In 1860 he went to Constantinople; in 1862 he went to Spain and Morocco. When he was barely twenty he had first touched upon Africa, when he visited Egypt on his way to Palestine. In 1862 he went again to Egypt, and travelled through Algiers and Tunis. In 1864 he took further flight, and spent nearly two years in British India and China. Very soon after his return his father died, in December, 1865, and he became Leopold II., the King of the Belgians. Four years later he lost his only son, Crown Prince Leopold.

In 1874 he founded a yearly prize of £5,000 for the best work on a given subject, announced five years in advance. But Belgium, even although he varied in the due discharge of his duties as constitutional monarch by his visits to Paris, where he early established a certain reputation, did not satisfy his ambition. No one who has met the King, and certainly no one who has ever done business with him, can doubt that he is a man of very great capacity, especially in the driving of hard bargains, and looking after the main chance.

His Early Ambition.

His eager spirit chafed against the comparatively narrow limits allotted him by the kingdom which he inherited, and at the beginning of the last quarter of the nineteenth century he conceived the idea of carving out a great empire for himself in the heart of Central Africa.

M. Descamps, in the very interesting and important work, "New Africa," which was published in English last month by Sampson Low & Co., reminds us of what most people, even in Belgium, had forgotten—that even before his accession to the throne, Leopold, as Duke of Brabant, had repeatedly reminded the Senate that "Belgium has not sufficiently remembered that the sea washes one of her boundaries." He was an advocate of the expansion of Belgium long before Seeley wrote his "Expansion of England," or the Germans had discovered that their future lay upon the sea. In 1860 he declared, "I believe that the moment is come for us to extend our territories. I think that we must lose no time under penalty of seeing the few remaining good positions seized upon by more enterprising nations than our own." Again, in 1861 he exclaimed, "Imitate your neighbours; extend beyond the sea whenever an opportunity is offered. You will there find precious outlets for your products, food for your commerce . . . and a still better position in the great European family."

For many years no one suspected the possibilities, financial and political, which lay dormant behind the exterior of a man of pleasure. Leopold was believed to be much more addicted to the coulissses of the opera than to the operating rooms of the Bourse, and his name was popularly associated with scandals which were the talk of Europe.

His Conservatory Church.

Leopold II. was very cautious and circumspect, anxious to maintain his position, and to provide himself with the necessary wherewithal to indulge his tastes, most of which were expensive even when they were innocent. Among his innocent extravagances is a hobby for collecting rare plants and flowers from all parts of the world. His

glass-houses in the palace of Laecken are famous throughout Europe. In connection with these glass-houses may be mentioned a curious fact which illustrates one side of his character not usually in evidence before the public. In the very heart of the vast acreage that is covered with conservatories, orchid and palm houses of all shapes, stands a church, the like of which is to be found nowhere else. It is circular in form, surmounted by a dome of glass, supported by twenty granite columns, in the intervals of which stand statues of the Twelve Apostles. The plain stone altar stands among a mass of palms and flowers. Above the altar hangs a large cross, which is fitted up with electric lights. The whole church, at the evening service, can be brilliantly lit up. The gallery for the orchestra is lavishly decorated with growing flowers. Here the King goes to mass with the Royal household, whose devotions are not disturbed, although occasionally enlivened, by the singing of the numerous birds which flit to and fro above the worshippers. The King sits in front before the whole congregation. Sermons he does not tolerate, but he attends mass like a good Catholic.

The Conquistador of the Congo.

That picture of Leopold kneeling before the altar embosomed in tropical foliage, while the birds join their music to that of the choir, lingers in the memory, if only because of the sharp contrast which it offers to the companion picture of Leopold as Sovereign of the Congo. Similar contrasts are familiar enough in the blood-stained history of the conquistadors when men of the stamp of Cortes and Pizarro rivalled the fervour of their piety by the ruthlessness of their rapacity. For, unless an almost unbroken procession of credible witnesses have conspired to lie, King Leopold is, in his imperial capacity, one of the most sinister and terrible of all the figures to be met with even in connection with the blood-stained annals of the Dark Continent.

His Fall from Grace.

There are some who believe Leopold marked the heart of the Dark Continent for his prey when he received the reports of the West African explorers, who spoke of the riches of the territory drained by the Congo. The instinct of the vulture, they say, was aroused within him; and he deliberately set about the enterprise which has resulted in his netting enormous financial gains. For my part, I shrink from crediting him with the foresight or the hypocrisy which such a supposition implies. It is more reasonable to believe that he went into the Congo adventure from a desire to assert himself in a wider field than the narrow limits of his little kingdom. It is not

impossible that he may have been prompted thereby by the natural feelings of benevolence which are never entirely extinct in the human heart. Whatever the motives which led him first to embark upon his Congo adventure, even if they were of the highest, they exposed him to temptations which he has been unable to resist.

The Man Who Made Hell Pay.

Yielding to them, at first perhaps unconscious as to where a false step would lead him, he has plunged onward on a path which led him ever downward until, at the present moment, he stands responsible for having established, in the name of civilisation, a veritable Empire of Hell in the heart of Africa. But he has made Hell pay; and a rapid survey of the methods by which he has achieved this result brings into relief the enormous advantages which a crown gives to a money king. It is well for financiers pure and simple that royalty so seldom enters into competition with them at their own business. Altogether, the King is said to have invested a sum of not more than 6,500,000 dols. in founding and exploiting his African Empire. The Empire as a political organisation, has not yet produced a surplus. But the deficit is a mere bagatelle compared with the enormous profits which the King is said to draw from his African domains.

The Loot of a Continent.

From a financial point of view the success of King Leopold is without precedent; but the King is not content. His profits at present arise exclusively from the loot of the ivory of a continent, and the exaction by merciless atrocity of the india-rubber which is required to furnish the cycle and motor trade with tires. But quite recently, inspired, it is said, by a conversation with an American citizen of Irish birth, Mr. Walsh, of Colorado, he has conceived the idea that the highlands of the Congo may be as rich in gold as the mountains of the Western slope of the American continent. It is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Walsh may be right. The Americanisation of the Congo might yet be a means of delivering it from the marauding scourge of the cannibals whom King Leopold arms and employs as tax-collectors of his Empire.

The Profits on Rubber.

Pending the success of Mr. Walsh and the engineers who are shortly to be prospecting for gold in the Congo, King Leopold makes his money out of india-rubber. Mr. Vandervelde, a Socialist leader, recently declared in the Brussels Senate that the King of the Belgians was the greatest india-rubber merchant in the world, and charged him with employing methods for collecting that rubber which result in untold horrors. The col-

lection, he said, is left in the hands of white adventurers who have lost their sanity, and whose sense of morality, never strong, grows weaker and weaker every day. The foundation-stone of the profits made by King Leopold lies in the fact that he has a standing army of about 15,000 men, most of whom are admittedly cannibals, with whose aid he is able to collect rubber from the natives, who sell it at two cents a pound. This rubber sells at Antwerp at from sixty to seventy-five cents a pound. The margin of profit is therefore very considerable. As the State sells about 2,000 tons of rubber every year at Antwerp, some conception may be formed of the King's profits. But here it is necessary to make a distinction. King Leopold, like many other Kings, is felt where he is not seen, and pockets money through agencies for which he is not officially or publicly responsible.

The Avowed Purpose of the New State.

The constitution of the Congo State dates from the year 1876, when King Leopold astonished everyone by summoning a conference of delegates from Belgium, Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Russia. The object of the conference was to consider the best means to be devised in order to open up Central Africa to European civilisation. The King was profuse in his declarations of disinterestedness. "Is it necessary for me to say," he asked, plaintively, "that in inviting you to Brussels I have not been actuated by egoism? No, gentlemen; if Belgium is a small kingdom, Belgium is happy and contented with her lot." It was pure philanthropy, in short, and the King intimated that he was willing to spend his money freely in the great work of saving the natives of the Congo from exploitation by unscrupulous adventurers, and at the same time for guaranteeing to all the world the interior of Central Africa as a Free Trade market in which they would all have a fair field and no favour. An International Association was formed for the exploration and civilisation of Central Africa, with King Leopold as president. The association was international in name, but Belgian in reality.

The Origin of the Congo State.

For the first two years very little was done; but when Mr. Stanley arrived from his exploration of the Congo, the King saw an opportunity for giving practical effect to the designs over which he had been brooding since the formation of the association. His first idea seems to have been to create an independent confederacy of free negroes, with himself as president. He was careful to deny that he contemplated turning it into a Belgian colony. Far be it from him to dream of such an evil ambition. What he wanted was the establishment of a powerful negro kingdom. The

title was then changed from "International Association" to the "International Congo Association."

This Association sent out its first expedition in 1877. Sir Henry M. Stanley's explorations led to a second conference at Brussels, in 1878, which resulted in the formation of another association, called *Le Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo*. This committee sent out Sir H. M. Stanley in 1879. He returned to Europe in 1882, and was sent out on his second expedition at the end of that year. In 1883 he succeeded in so far establishing the authority of the *Association Internationale du Congo* which had absorbed both the Association of 1877 and the Committee of 1878, that on April 22, 1884, the United States Government, from its sympathy with the humane and benevolent professions of the International Association of the Congo, "recognised the flag of the International African Association as the flag of a friendly Government."

The English Government favoured the extension of the Portuguese authority to the southern bank of the Congo. To this both Germany and France objected, and after negotiations an International Conference was held in Berlin. Its first sitting

was held November 15, 1884; the tenth and last on January 26, 1885.

What the Berlin Conference did.

At this Conference fourteen Powers were represented: Germany, France, Great Britain, Portugal, Spain, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Sweden and Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Turkey, and the United States of America. To these was added at the final sitting the newly-recognised International Association of the Congo.

From this Conference issued the Berlin Act of 1884-5, which remains to this day as the Great Charter of the Congo Free State. Its general purport has been well summarised by Mr. Demetrius C. Boulger, who is an enthusiastic and almost semi-official eulogist of the King's policy. He writes in his book, "The Congo State":

"Europe did not say to the King or his representatives, 'You have done so well in Central Africa, you have established so clear a title to its possession, that we assign you the Congo region as your fair share in the partition of Africa, and leave you to govern it as you deem fit.' The Powers, I say, did nothing of the kind. They acquiesced in what had been done, and they sanctioned the creation of the State, but they laid down the strictest regulations for its conduct, and they defined the work it was to accomplish. It was to introduce civilisation into the vast region it had to administer, not as a mere phrase, but as a substantial reality represented by free trade, the postal union, and the extirpation of the slave trade at its very source."

This paragraph from Mr. Boulger's semi-official work is the best answer to the mendacious pretence published in the "*Journal de Bruxelles*" on May 26, that "owing to the initiative of King Leopold, a settled form of government existed in the Congo Basin before the Berlin Conference, which merely gave its official recognition to what was already an accomplished fact," and therefore the King had already a right to administer his own possessions according to his sovereign will and pleasure. This is sheer impudence, unworthy of serious reply.

Guarantees for Free Trade.

It is sufficient to note Prince Bismarck's declaration on closing the Conference. He said:

"The resolutions that we are on the point of sanctioning secure the commerce of all nations free access to the centre of the African continent. The guarantees which will be provided for freedom of trade in the Congo Basin . . . are of a nature to offer to the commerce and the industry of all nations the conditions most favourable to their development and security."

"Guarantees" is not a word that would be used if the resolutions of a Conference depended for their efficacy upon the sovereign will and pleasure of King Leopold.

In view of the contention of the King and his official scribes that



Photo by]

[Gunter, Brussels.

PRINCE ALBERT OF BELGIUM.
Heir Apparent to the Belgian Throne.

"The freedom of commerce stipulated in the Berlin Act does not imply an abandonment of the right inherent in sovereignty to administer its own possessions: in other words, a State has full liberty to exploit or cause to be exploited, any part of the public domain should it be found expedient to do so."

it may be as well to quote the provisions of the Berlin Act on the subject:

Articles of the Berlin Act.

"Article 1.—The trade of all nations shall enjoy complete freedom. (1) In all the regions forming the basin of the Congo and its outlets. . . .

"Article 4.—Merchandise imported into these regions shall remain free from import and transit dues. The Powers reserve to themselves to determine after the lapse of twenty years whether this freedom of import shall be retained or not.

"Article 5.—No Power which exercises or shall exercise sovereign rights in the above-mentioned regions shall be allowed to grant therein a monopoly or favour of any kind in matters of trade (*en matiere commerciale*). Foreigners, without distinction, shall enjoy protection of their persons and property, as well as the right of acquiring and transferring movable and immovable possessions; and national rights and treatment in the exercise of their professions."

Not only have these express stipulations been violated, but, as the Rabinek case shows, any foreigner who ventures to trade in the districts in which the King has created a monopoly, granted to the concessionaire company, who give him 50 per cent. of their profits, is promptly arrested, ill-treated, and done to death.

The Pretext of Sovereignty.

And quite right too, argues the "Journal de Bruxelles," because the King, being sovereign, has an indisputable right as sovereign to ignore every provision in the international Charter to which he had given his adhesion, and to trample out all foreign trade in the regions which were formally consecrated for ever to Free Trade. That I am not exaggerating is clear from this quotation:

"In its legal aspect the sovereignty of the basin of the Congo has been duly recognised by the Powers. Now, one of the indisputable attributes of all sovereignty is, as has been well said by M. Descamps, the right to regulate the judicial position of all property within its territorial limits, to fix the legal titles to the acquisition of such property, to settle the mode and conditions of transfer, as well as to determine the limits of these operations as may be dictated by the necessities of the public weal. The Sovereign is the supreme legislator and executor from this point of view. If he desires to dispose of land which is unoccupied or without other claimant to ownership, he has the incontestable right to do so."

What is the use of decreeing that the door shall for ever remain open if this impudent claim of the right of the ruler to shut it is declared to be an "indisputable attribute of his sovereignty"? And where is the sense of declaring a territory free to the trade of all nations if it is the absolute right of the King to declare that everything in

which trade can be done is his own personal property, which no one has any right to buy and sell save himself and his partners?

Throwing off the Mask.

Five months after the Berlin Conference closed the King issued the famous decree which is the foundation of his fortunes. By this he asserted rights of proprietorship over all vacant lands throughout the whole million square miles forming the Congo State. The first steps taken were in the direction of asserting for the State a right to all lands not actually "occupied" by natives, or any other person's private property. This was first distinctly asserted in an ordinance dated June 30, 1887. The second was to decree, on August 5, 1888, the formation of the force publique, supplemented by the creation of an irregular militia. These two measures led by steady developments into the existing system under which the State, or its Concessionaire Companies, claims to be absolute owner of all the products of the soil in the whole of the Congo basin, a claim which is enforced by a system of forced labour, maintained by terrorism, arson, and murder. The whole system rests upon the use of military terrorism to enforce compulsory labour in the exploitation of a system of monopoly which is directly counter to the express provisions of the Berlin Act. Then, by a series of subsequent decrees,



Photo by]

[Geruzet Freres.

BARON VON EETVELDE.
Secretary of State for the Congo Free State.

all lands were declared to be vacant except those upon which the natives were actually sitting in their villages or cultivating as farms. It was asserted that by this means 800,000 square miles became the property of the State, being known as the *domaine prive*, which became a great field for the exploitation of Africa.

War with the Arabs, and After.

The King's first great war was that which he waged against the half-caste Arabs of the Upper Congo. They had a monopoly of the ivory trade in that region, and being slave-traders they were fair game. The King enlisted, armed, and drilled his cannibals, with whose aid and that of the slaves made over to him by the conquered tribes, he cleared out the Arabs, and got the ivory trade into his own hands. This operation lasted two years, from 1892 to 1894. Before that campaign had been begun the King had applied to the Powers in 1885 to release him from the obligation not to impose import duties, on the ground that the expense of putting down slave-trading had exhausted his resources. The representatives of the Powers met again in Brussels in 1889-1890 and permitted him to impose a duty of ten per cent. *ad valorem* upon all imports into the Congo. There was no doubt that up to this time the King had often been hard pressed for money. He had either invested himself or secured the investment of £500,000 before the recognition of the Congo as an International State. This, according to Mr. Stanley, he had given free of return, without any hope of return further than a mere sentimental satisfaction.

The Relation Between Belgium and the Congo.

In 1889, four years after the Berlin Act, which is the charter of the Congo State, he made a will bequeathing to the Belgian nation all his sovereign rights in the State, and all the advantages attached to that sovereignty. In return for this Belgium advanced £200,000 at once to the Congo State, and promised a subsidy of £40,000 a year for the next ten years without interest. The King on his part promised that he would borrow no more money, and that at the end of ten years Belgium should be free to take over the State. Notwithstanding this promise the King, being in straits in 1895, borrowed £20,000 from the Bank of Antwerp. The King from his privy purse subsidised the Congo State to the extent of £40,000 a year. Notwithstanding all these subsidies and loans the Congo State has never down to the present day been able to make both ends meet. The deficit, however, was small, and it was abundantly met by the profits which the King made by exploiting the ivory and rubber of his *domaine prive*.

How the King Worked the Oracle.

The King was much too shrewd to go into the business in his own name. He only collected taxes in kind, which he did by the aid of his agents, who employed the armed forces of the State in compelling the natives to bring in a stipulated quantity of rubber and ivory. He issued a series of decrees carefully calculated to place the native population and all its belongings absolutely at his disposition. The natives were forbidden, in 1891, to kill any elephants unless they brought their tusks to the officers of the Congo State; in 1892 they were forbidden to collect any rubber unless they brought it to the officers of the Congo State; and all merchants receiving either rubber or ivory from the natives were denounced as receivers of stolen goods. By this means the State which had abjured all monopolies established a monopoly of the strictest kind.

In the collection of the rubber the greatest atrocities were habitually committed. The King's agents were officially instructed to devote all their energy to the harvesting of rubber and to proceed as far as possible by persuasion rather than by force. The methods of "persuasion" in many cases were said to have been more worthy of Bashi-Bazouks in Turkey than of the representatives of a civilised and Christian association acting under the direct orders of the most Christian King, Leopold II. But grave as were the cruelties charged against the commissaires and direct agents of the State, they were thrown into the shade by the atrocities which are alleged against the agents of the commercial companies to which the King farmed out the exploitation of his *domaine prive*.

Evidence on these points thrives in abundance, but it is somewhat discredited by the fact that it comes in the most cases from ex-officials who, according to the employes of the King, having been dismissed, avenge themselves by calumniating their former employer. It is, however, difficult to believe that they would calumniate themselves even to spite the King.

The Jigger of Central Africa.

It is hardly a sufficient answer to such accusations to say that the system which produces these atrocities has been, financially, most successful. No one pretends that the Congo State pays a dividend or avoids a deficit. But the companies which it has started and in whose shares it holds a fifty per cent. interest have been extraordinarily successful. It is in the creation of these companies that the financial genius of the King has been so conspicuous. The Congo State is like that well-known but most detested insect, the jigger, which burrows beneath the toe-nails. The jigger itself would do little harm. But the jigger no

sooner makes its way through the skin than it proceeds to lay hundreds of eggs, from which are hatched one of the most pain-producing of animated mechanisms, which if not checked will destroy the whole toe. King Leopold is the Jigger of Central Africa; the joint-stock companies to which he has farmed out the domaine prive are his eggs. It is they who do the mischief. They suck the life-blood of the natives. He exacts only fifty per cent. of their takings.

The Concessionaire Companies.

These eggs of the Belgian Jigger are five in number, in four of which the Congo State either holds shares, or is entitled to fifty per cent. of the profits. In the fifth the Congo State is entitled to two-thirds of the profits.

These companies have been enormously successful. The Antwerp Society has a capital of £68,000, divided into 3,400 £20 shares, of which the State—that is to say, the King—possesses 1,700. Its net profits for four years (1897-1900) averaged no less than £72,000, a profit of more than 100 per cent. It is not surprising, therefore, that the value of the £20 share in 1900 had risen to £540. Had the King sold out his 1,700 shares in these years he would have made a profit of over £800,000. But the Antwerp Company is but one of the five. The market value in 1901 of the King's shares in the Abir Company stood at £1,000,000. Notwithstanding the profits made by the companies to whom he has farmed out the right to exploit the riches of the domaine prive, he succeeded in inducing the Belgian Government in 1901 to renew for another ten years its mortgage of £1,000,000. The proposal made that the territories of the Congo State should become the property of Belgium was indignantly rejected by the King, who threatened to ruin the State unless he were relieved from the pledge he had voluntarily given ten years before. The State, therefore, continues in his hands, and the companies are going on farming its resources, and will go on as long as they can exact any rubber or ivory from the people for whose protection they are supposed to exist.

How the Dividends are "Earned."

According to the statements of many officers and missionaries the natives are regarded by the agents of the companies, and to a less degree by the representatives of the King, as taxable cattle and rubber collectors. The *modus operandi* by which they are induced to bring in the stipulated quantum of rubber is very simple. A village is ordered to produce so many baskets of rubber. If on delivery the baskets are not up to the requisite weight, or if only half the natives attend with rubber, a punitive force is sent out to burn down

the village, and teach the defaulters to be more punctual, by inflicting capital punishment upon all who can be found within range of the King's rifles. As the troops employed in thus enforcing discipline and collecting taxes are to a large extent recruited from the cannibal tribes, they usually better their instructions.

But even when all allowances are made for natural prejudice and trade rivalry it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the Congo State has been much more successful as a financial enterprise than as an institution for civilising Central Africa.

The King's Profits.

The King has invested, first and last, about £1,000,000 in floating and subsidising the parent enterprise. Upon this sum he has not received a penny dividend. But under the cover of this benevolent investment of a million sterling professedly spent to secure the open door to open up Africa to the free trade of all nations, he has created monopolies covering a million square miles of territory, reserving to himself a minimum of fifty per cent. of their profits. As the market value of the shares of these monopolies, according to the Stock Exchange quotations of 1900, was, in two out of the five companies thus formed, over £3,600,000, the operation from the point of view of the financier must be pronounced a brilliant success. King Leopold is not a world-wide operator. He sticks to his own little patch of a million square miles. But in that small corner of the world he has won his crown as one of the most ruthless and successful of the Money Kings of the modern world.

An Expert in Unctuous Rectitude.

Emperor Leopold is a wily bird. No one knows better than he how to exploit either public sentiment in Europe or the india-rubber fields in Central Africa. Himself a cynic, he is ever posing as a philanthropist. No one is more expert in the distinctively English quality of unctuous rectitude. He never does wrong without making protestations of pharisaic perfection. If he establishes the new slavery with one hand, with the other he subscribes to anti-slavery societies. He receives eulogistic addresses from Baptist missionaries in Brussels at the very moment that his agents are despatching cannibal hordes throughout the Congo regions in order to compel the unhappy natives to bring in rubber—on penalty of death. The Emperor of the Congo may have levies whose officers exact due tale of smoked hands, and whose commissariat department replenishes its larder with the bodies of the slaughtered victims of his cannibal soldiers, but he is scrupulous to use a proportion of his wealth in the service of art, phil-

anthropy, and religion. This acts both as a salve to his conscience and as a blind to the public.

Personal Impressions.

I only met the King once in a private interview of an hour's duration at Brussels. He was very angry with me for having, as he said, taken General Gordon from him in order to send him to Khartoum, and complained afterwards to M. de Laveleye, who introduced me, that I had "made him perspire." He impressed me as an able, untrustworthy, irascible, but resolute man, who did not like to be contradicted, or even to be argued with. In those days—it was in 1884—we all accepted him at his own valuation. Nineteen years ago there was no talk of dividends on the Congo. The King was opening up Central Africa. If not "for the sake of his health," as the Americans say, then certainly for the welfare of the natives and the good of the world. It was not for years afterwards that the cloven foot appeared, and an enterprise, originally projected on idealist lines, became transformed into a sordid and ruthless engine for the creation of a new slavery in order to extort gigantic dividends. Mr. Rhodes, who met the Congo King many years later, told me, on his return from Brussels, that he was the hardest man to deal with whom he had ever met. "He is a regular Jew," said Mr. Rhodes, and he intimated that you could easier get blood from a stone than any concession from King Leopold. He was the more impressed with the hardness of the grandson of the broker King because of the contrast between him and the Kaiser, who had been as generous and gracious as Leopold was the reverse.

The Accused at the Bar.

It is impossible not to feel a certain degree of compassion for the unfortunate Sovereign who

now stands solemnly impeached before the Tribunal of Civilisation for having been guilty of one of the most shameless breaches of trust of which even a crowned head has ever been guilty. If there were such things as criminal prosecutions in international affairs, then assuredly a true bill would be found against the Sovereign who obtained, not a paltry sum of money, but a whole Empire by false pretences.

On May 20 the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Herbert Samuel, and with the assent of Mr. Balfour, unanimously passed the following resolution:

"That the Government of the Congo Free State having, at its inception, guaranteed to the Powers that its native subjects should be governed with humanity, and that no trading monopoly or privilege should be permitted within its dominions, this House requests His Majesty's Government to confer with the other Powers, signatories of the Berlin General Act, by virtue of which the Congo Free State exists, in order that measures may be adopted to abate the evils prevalent in that State."

The evils prevalent in the Congo State are, therefore, now unanimously declared by the House of Commons to be so grave as to call for international action.

A Case for the Hague Tribunal.

The question as to the kind of action that should now be taken is still left open. It is to be hoped that, as the Powers unanimously declared at the Hague that disputes as to the interpretation of International Conventions are specially fit and proper subjects for arbitration, the question as to whether the closing of the Open Door in Central Africa is a violation of the Berlin Act will be referred to the Hague Court of Arbitration for adjudication.

The Ultimate Motive of Ruskin.

Mr. W. G. Collingwood, companion of John Ruskin on several of his tours, writes in "Good Words" on Ruskin's cash-book, as he calls his travel note-book. His intimacy with the master gives a special importance to this verdict:

"Without keeping constantly before one's mind his passionate love of scenery, it is impossible to put a right estimate on much that he has written. There are comparatively few people whose chief pleasure is in taking a walk and looking at the country, without any notion of sport or games to eke out the interest. It is true that he sketched and wrote, but his pleasure was in seeing. It was his admiration of Nature that had brought him to admire Art in his youth, and I think it is not too much to say that Art was always a secondary thing to him personally. The desire to see Art healthily and nobly practised made him study the life of a craftsman and the craftsman's surround-

ings, spiritual and material. The material needs of Victorian society pressed upon him 'Unto this Last' and 'St. George'; the spiritual needs drove him back upon ancient religious ideals, 'The Queen of the Air' and 'St. Benedict.' All these various strands of thought were closely woven together in his life, but from the beginning to the end the love for natural scenery was the core of the cable."

Lieut.-Colonel Pollock, editor of the "United Service Magazine," discusses in "Macmillan's" for June the question of the Colonies and Imperial Defence. He urges that we should confine ourselves to inviting the Colonies to say what they are prepared to do. We may, he says, rely on obtaining free-will contributions which will gradually increase to formidable proportions, but if we insist on an irreducible minimum, we shall probably get nothing.

"TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT."

FROM THE ENGLISH "REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

(This story was begun in the February number of the "Review of Reviews," and is continued month by month.)

How they Celebrated Easter in Kishineff.

The Grizzled Gordon, forsaking the editorial office, had made a spring trip to the near East. Some years ago he had made the round trip from the northward, starting at St. Petersburg and crossing Russia southward to Sebastopol. This time he began at the other end. A delightful cruise on a friend's yacht brought him through the Bosphorus to Odessa. From that Liverpool of the Euxine he purposed making his way up slowly along the eastern frontier so as to reach St. Petersburg during the celebration of the bi-centenary of the time when Peter the Great opened that window through which Muscovy was able to look out on Europe.

Naturally an optimist, and possessing an immovable conviction in the benevolent intentions of the Tsar, the editor looked forward with much satisfaction to the prospect of participating in the civic celebration which bound together the reigns of Peter the Great and Nicholas the Good. He heard mutterings of discontent among the Liberals whom he met in Odessa, and listened with a smile to the sullen growl of the old Tories as to the need of making an example. The formula was so familiar. Gordon thought of Ireland and the twenty years of resolute government culminating in Mr. Wyndham's Land Bill. But he had hardly started on his trip northward from Odessa before he felt there was something electric in the air. There was a sense of unrest. Something was going to happen. What—no one appeared to know.

At a wayside station most of his fellow-travellers got out. One, however, remained in the carriage. He was a dark-haired, consumptive looking young man, with hectic cheek and burning eyes. Gordon got into conversation with him. Finding that his fellow-traveller was an Englishman, the young fellow spoke freely.

He was a Jew, he said, and he was going to Kishineff to join the girl whom he hoped to marry at midsummer. There had been reports of Jew-baiting, and he wished to be by her side to protect her if trouble arose.

"Jew-baiting!" said Gordon. "Surely that is impossible at this time of day."

"Hush," said the other, as the guard, accompanied by a gendarme, entered the carriage. They passed, however, without observation.

When the door banged behind them the Jew began to speak in a low, eager whisper.

"Why do you say that?" he asked.

"Why," said Gordon, "the Tsar is the most humane of men. He detests Jew-baiting. It is not as it was in 1882."

The Jew smiled bitterly. "The Tsar!" he said. "The man in the moon!"

"Is he not autocrat, then?" said Gordon. "And a kinder man never trod God's earth!"

"Maybe," said the Jew. "The better the man, the more he is to be pitied. But what can even the ablest captain do when his ship is in a whirlpool! And in Southern Russia we are all in a whirlpool."

"Can nothing, then, be done?" asked the Englishman.

"What is always done in such cases," replied his companion. "They will throw Jonah overboard, and Jonah is always the Jew!"

The man spoke with infinite sadness but intense conviction. "Always the Jew," he said, "the scapegoat who bears upon his head the sins of the people."

He sat moodily looking out of the window, nor did he break his silence until the train drew up at the railway station of Kishineff. It was the eve of Easter, and the station was crowded. As Gordon was preparing to descend, he heard a glad cry of joy, and saw his melancholy companion making signals to a buxom young Jewess with the bosom and complexion of Hebe, who with laughing face was signalling to her lover. "'Tis Rebekah," said the young man, as he jumped down the steps and hastened in her direction. The crowd swallowed them up, but Gordon, as he drove to his hotel, was still thinking with admiration of the radiant beauty and queenly figure of the girl.

Next day was the Russian Easter. The first sweet fresh splendour of the spring was in the air. Over all the town rose the soft melody of the church bells. "Christ has risen!" was the salute which greeted him as he entered the breakfast room, which was decorated as for a festival. Out in the street he saw stalwart moujiks falling upon each other's necks and kissing each other as they exchanged the Easter salute, "Christ has risen!" It was the festival of the Resurrection, and every leaf which expanded green in the morning sunlight and every dove that cooed and mur-

mured on the eaves bore testimony to the return of spring.

"Christ is risen!" said a comfortable-looking merchant as he entered the room. "But those dogs of Jews——"

"Have you seen the 'Bessarabetz'?" said another portly citizen. "They've been killing Christian children again. It is time something was done."

"Christ is risen!" grunted a fat priest as he sat down to his second breakfast. "And, brothers, He has not risen in vain if all that I hear is true."

"When is the Jew-baiting to begin?" said the first merchant, stirring his coffee.

"It is not quite fixed," said the priest. "But I hear there is great alarm among the Jews. There was a deputation to the Governor last night asking for protection."

"What swine," said the second merchant. "And they got it, I suppose—for a price."

"No," said the other, "the price was too high. Besides, they say the Vice-Governor is behind the 'Bessarabetz,' and a great friend of the editor Kruschewan. The police will do nothing. And quite right, too," concluded the priest. "Why should Christian blood flow for the sake of the infidel dogs who crucified Christ, and who mingle the blood of our children in their idolatrous sacrifices?"

Gordon, sitting at a table apart, heard every word. The conversation becoming general, he devoted himself to the local papers to which they had referred. They were full of the vilest abuse of the Jews. Thieves, bloodsuckers, idolaters, atheists, dogs, swine—every epithet of contumely was flung at their heads. Their extirpation was preached as a patriotic and Christian duty.

"It would seem my Jew friend was right," said Gordon to himself. "It seems as if Jonah is to be sacrificed. But poor Rebekah!"

After breakfast Gordon went out into the town. The Jews were not much in evidence. It was Easter Day, consecrated to Veal and Christianity, gluttony and bell-ringing. "Christ is risen! Christ is risen!"

Gordon had turned down Alexander Street, when suddenly behind him he heard the crash of broken windows, followed by a savage burst of laughter. Turning round, he saw a small crowd of undersized young ruffians, amongst whom were some elderly men, apparently in authority. They had been flinging stones through the windows of a Jewish store. They seemed more bent upon destruction than plunder. The sound of the breaking glass seemed to thrill them with delight. Their numbers increased, and after smashing every window in the first store they moved on, and began methodically to mete out the same

treatment to the next. "Where are the police?" thought Gordon. "If this is not stopped there'll be the devil to pay."

No one was interfering. A few policemen looked on as if amused. Gordon went up to one and asked, "What is the matter?"

"Only some dogs of Jews getting what they deserved," he replied.

Gordon was alarmed. Returning to his hotel, he telephoned to the Chief of Police. The only answer was that the town was perfectly quiet, and that they had no information of any riot. In the hotel at supper everyone was talking of the lesson the Jews were having. "And to-morrow," said the priest, "it will be still better."

Gordon drafted a telegram to the Minister of the Interior, stating what he had seen, and warning him what would happen unless severe measures were taken to punish the rioters. The telegram was returned to him, unsent, with a plain hint that he would get into trouble if he meddled with what did not concern him.

Full of misgivings, Gordon went to bed, fearing what the morrow would bring forth. Easter Monday dawned, and Kishineff had not breakfasted before the work of destruction began again. This time all Kishineff turned out to watch the Jew-baiters at their work. Everybody who was anybody, from the ladies of the noblesse to the school-boys enjoying their Easter holidays, officers, officials, all the well-to-do people, assembled to laugh and cheer the crowd which was now busily engaged in gutting the Jewish shops. The windows were broken, the contents of the shops were flung into the streets, now and then the frenzied owner of the despoiled premises would be chivied down the street amid a chorus of execrations. Towards noonday the temper of the crowd grew more savage. Gordon saw more than one Jew struck down and flung beneath the wheels of the tramcars, which continued to ply back and forward through the scene of the pillage. By two o'clock all the small Jewish shops in two-thirds of the town were gutted. Now and again a young Russian woman had cried out in protest, but for the most part the well-to-do crowd watched with amused delight the harrying of the Jew.

The crowd of Jew-baiters, inflamed with vodka, now turned their attention to the poorer quarters, where the Jews cowered like rabbits in their burrows, fearing for their lives. Drawn by a kind of fascination Gordon followed the savage crew, and soon saw the lust of murder blossom upon the festival of plunder. Lust of bloodshed and lust of other kinds; for the Jewish maidens were fair, and the Christian blood was aflame. Now and then wild cries rang through the narrow street as a girl, her dress half-torn from her body, was

carried shoulder high to a side alley, followed by a rush of drunken men. Houses were set on fire; their inmates were clubbed as they fled from the blaze and the smoke.

The Jew-baiters, when not busy with the shrieking girls, who screamed and fought like tigresses for their honour, were busy in stripping the Jewish quarter of all it contained. Armed with axes, iron bars, huge stones, knives—anything and everything that they could lay their hands upon—they struck and slew. Nor did even death suffice to slake their passion. Maddened with the sight of blood, they would rip up their victims, and stuff the abdomen with feathers from the pillows which were emptied. Others would gouge out their eyes, and sometimes literally tear a child in twain.

Now and then a Jew baby would be flung out of the window to fall with a sickening thud upon the stones. Gordon shuddered, but in presence of the maddened crowd it was impossible to do anything, even to protest. And all the while the police looked on, and the Tchinovniks smoked and laughed, and joked with their wives as if they were watching an amusing play.

A sudden roar of delight directed attention to the synagogue, which had been broken into and plundered. The sacred rolls of the Law were flung from hand to hand, and torn to shreds amid the savage glee of the Christian crowd.

There was a momentary lull in the frenzy of the crowd. They were defiling the synagogue, and avenging on Moses the crime of Calvary. Gordon, heart-sick, turned away, and made towards the hotel. As he passed a malodorous alley in the Jews' quarter, as yet unvisited by the mob, he saw his acquaintance of yesterday. His eyes were bloodshot; his coat was torn. He looked like a wild beast at bay. Recognising Gordon, he asked in a hoarse whisper: "Are they coming?"

"Who knows," said Gordon; "they are looting the synagogue. Where is Rebekah?"

Before the words were out of his mouth, an impish gamin appeared at the foot of the alley crying, "Here she is, brothers—in there, in there."

A dozen young fellows, half-naked, and more than half-drunk, ran up the alley. They scowled at Gordon, but allowed him to pass unharmed. The Jew had disappeared.

"In there, I tell you," screamed the boy. "I saw her go in there. Did you not see him?"

The rioters paused a moment. Then bursting in the low grimy door, they groped in the darkness for their prey. For a time they were foiled. The place seemed empty. Striking a light, they found a trapdoor. With exultant cries they raised it, and following the passage into which it led.

they came upon Rebekah and her betrothed at the end of the long burrow.

The foremost ruffian, disregarding the man, flung himself upon the girl. Another moment and he fell heavily to the ground, stabbed to the heart by the Jew at bay. The passage was narrow, and at first the fate of their leader did not dawn upon those behind. The sheer weight of their bodies pressing forward drove their victims to the wall. Another fierce thrust was all that the Jew could give. The next moment a heavy hand crushed his windpipe. His skull was smashed against the stone wall, he dropped lifeless at the feet of Rebekah, who, with no weapons but her hands, fought like a wild cat against her assailants.

A torch carried by one of the men cast a dim light over a horrible scene. Rebekah, maddened by the death of her lover, despairing of life, resolute to die rather than suffer outrage, tore out the eye of one of her assailants, and ripped open the cheek of another. In the confined space, behind the rampart of dead, Rebekah was at least safe from anything worse than death.

"Bring the hell-cat out," cried one of the men, and instantly she was seized and dragged to the trap-door. She struggled hard. Garment after garment gave way as she fought with the energy of despair, biting, kicking, scratching, but all in vain.

At last the door was reached, one last, desperate struggle, and, choked with an iron hand, she swooned away. Senseless and naked, they passed her up into the alley. The westering rays of the setting sun shed a pall of gold over her comely limbs, all bruised and bleeding.

It was but for a moment. The man nearest seized her by the throat. "No you don't," cried the ruffian whose eye was half out of its socket. "See how she served me. Give way, I say, it's my right." The other, deaf and blind, and maddened with blood and passion, paid no heed.

Rebekah, opening her eyes from her swoon, realised her plight, and uttered a cry that made even the ladies who were watching the pillage in the distant street shudder as they heard it. But in vain would the lamb have struggled in the jaws of the wolf had not the wolves fought among themselves.

They cursed, they struck, and then, suddenly, the man whose eye she had torn out, finding he was being worsted in the fray, drew out his long knife and stabbed her to the heart.

"Take your girl!" he said, with a horrible oath, and fled, pursued by his comrades, intent on vengeance.

When, some hours afterwards, the ambulances came round, they found the body of the beautiful

Jewess stark and cold in the midst of a pool of blood. They left her there, for the dying and the wounded claimed precedence of the dead. Women and girls who had not escaped by merciful death from the last extremity of shame were carried to the hospital to die. Forty or fifty corpses, more or less mutilated, were collected, four hundred wounded wretches were taken to the hospital. The Jewish quarter resembled a sacked town.

Then when the ruffians had been glutted with blood and plunder and lust, the Governor, who had stood silently by while rapine did its work, gave the word, and instantly all disorder disappeared. There were 12,000 troops in the town ready to repress a revolutionary outbreak. It was deemed good policy to allow the mob to break their teeth on the Jews, who, after all, were a set of blackguards who deserved all they got. The Archdeacon refused to plead for them, and even revived the fury of the mob by saying he believed they used Christian blood in making paschal bread. The Russian editor gloated over the success of his evil work. But Gordon, sick at heart, and maddened by the sight he had witnessed, succeeded in getting off to the Tsar a report of the way in which his officials had betrayed their trust.

There was a terrible scene in the palace when the Tsar realised the crime that had been permitted, if not actually prompted, by his representatives. Father John declared against those who had organised an obscene festival of murder in honour of Satan at Eastertide. He dismissed the Governor, despite the protest of his Ministers. But there he stopped.

For the Governor of Ufa was assassinated as he was walking in the park—a Governor who some weeks before had used violence in repressing the mob. "To be assassinated if you are severe, to be dismissed if you are lenient, how can the government of the Empire be carried on?"

"It is difficult," said Gordon, as he bade his Russian hosts farewell.

"But it will be impossible unless there is a clean sweep made of Plehve, Bobrikoff, Obolensky, and all that crew. After all, is it worth while being a Tsar if he cannot keep his own officials from letting hell loose in Kishineff?"

In Hyde Park with the Demonstrators.

"There are times," said Mildred's cousin Adeline, "when my whole big, boundless, pulsing world turns stodgy, and contracts to the size of a marble."

"The London season reveals the treadmill under our satin slippers," said Lady Augusta, just back

from a long wander in the South. "But then Society at play isn't life."

"I never made that mistake," said Adeline. "Society at play is far too deadly."

Adeline and Lady Augusta were lunching together this particular Saturday morning, and with them was Daisy Gordon, looking a little older than when we saw her last. She had been seeing the world with Lady Augusta as chaperone, taking what Augusta herself called a short cut to realities.

"A woman's mood is never so deep that there isn't a man at the bottom," said Lady Augusta, staring thoughtfully at Adeline, who was evidently a little out of sorts to-day. "Tell me, where and how is William getting on with your cousin Mildred? I know nothing of what has happened lately, except that she is still Mildred."

"And I," said Adeline, "I know even less. I don't know anything about Mildred; I don't even know about myself. I seem to be a hundred creatures in about as many minutes, and the world hasn't food for all the creatures that I am."

"I wonder you don't turn religious," said Lady Augusta, half-mocking.

"Not I," said Adeline. "Religion is out of date. I've just been reading Haeckel's 'The Riddle of the Universe,' and it seems to me, from what he says, that religion is relegated to a back seat by the big men who know what they sprang from and whither they pass."

"There you're all wrong," said Lady Augusta. "They think they came from primeval slush, but where they are going to none of them has an idea."

"If religion is dead," said Daisy Gordon, "there will be a great array of ghosts in the Park this afternoon at the demonstration to protest against the Education Bill."

"And that reminds me, time is passing. Why, it's nearly four. If we are to see the procession in its glory we must be off."

As they went down the stairs Augusta said to Adeline:

"Which of the hundred creatures that you are planned this barbaric expedition this afternoon?"

And Adeline replied:

"Perhaps the first, the primeval one. Who knows?"

They encountered the procession in Piccadilly, where their carriage was stopped to let the endless stream of men marching and women in wagnettes pass by on their way to the Park.

What a medley it seemed to them, with bray of brazen band mingling with old hymn tunes. These tunes affected Adeline strangely. Impressionable as she was, she thrilled responsive to their solemn

note, rising above the roar of the mighty city of folly and fashion. They reminded her of the simple earnest things of life that have survived the storm and stress of scorn, and ridicule, and neglect, and lift their heads again like field flowers when the rain and wind have ceased to bend them towards the earth.

"What a crush!" said Daisy. "Will they ever get into the Park?"

"They say it will be worse than on Queen Victoria's funeral. And to think they've all come to make it the funeral of the Education Bill," said Augusta. "That is to say, if they are all coming merely to utter their protest against the Government. I wonder how many of them ever had any education to speak of?"

"They never went to finishing-schools like you and me, Augusta," said Adeline, who was all aflame with a fresh enthusiasm, "but they seem to be keener about the education of their children than we should be. And, after all, the most of them seem quite as intelligent as the people we meet in Society. They might easily be that though," she added. "It is a wonderfully thoughtful and 'uncrowd-like' crowd. See how quiet and serious the women are, and the men, though so tired with their long march through the hot afternoon from distant churches and chapels, seem grim and serious."

"The Dissenters are out in force," said Daisy. But they are not all Dissenters. There are heaps of working men who never "go anywhere." As she spoke a strident brass band played the "Marseillaise," and great banners that had done duty many a time before were borne forward. But the strange sound of the hymn seemed to transform Piccadilly, the haunt of brocaded vice and flaunting folly. Piccadilly had become, for to-day, the highway for serious souls, bent on redressing what they believed to be a grievous wrong.

At the Park the ladies left their carriage and went in through Marble Arch, across the grass to the vast concourse spread far and wide on the green stretches, under the shimmering summer sky. Out of the masses here and there rose a waggon crowded with black-coated figures. These were the platforms where the speakers were distributed who would presently call on the great multitudes to testify their disapproval of the Education Bill by one great unanimous "Ay."

A pale-faced woman in black with three little girls and one small boy hanging on her arms, and about her skirts, stood just in front of the spot where our trio established themselves. Her face was sad, thin, and worn with a hard battle for life. Her clothes and those of her children were of the poorest quality, but neat in the extreme. Something about her face, and the affectionate

way her children clustered about her, caught Adeline's attention.

"Fancy a poor thing like that coming with her little ones to take part in an Educational movement," she whispered to Daisy. They discussed her, and wondered if she had merely come out for an airing. And then they heard the little boy say, "Mother, we don't want to go to school where priests come, do we?" And to their surprise they heard the mother's reply, a laborious explanation, a little muddled in places, and spoken in an absolutely illiterate style, but so fierce with all its gentleness, so forcible with all its illiteracy, that Daisy and Adeline stared at each other in amazement.

"And when the bugle sounds, and the gentleman says 'Those in favour of a protest signify by sayin' 'Ay,'" you must all just sing out at the tops of your voices 'Ay'; and then you will all have the chance of the best learnin' and you won't run no dangers of havin' a priest to teach your Bible to you."

Adeline edged herself forward a little till she was side by side with the little group.

"Have you come from far?" she said in a friendly voice, with a sympathetic ring in it.

"All the way from Broadway, Deptford," was the reply. "We left at half-past one. I walked all the way nearly, and the children took it in turns to ride in the waggonette. I had to lose a day's charrin', but I determined as I'd come and bring my children to help our little bit for the sakes of their futures, which depends so much on how they're learned at school. I haven't been learned much myself, but that's all the more reason why I'm here with them to-day."

"Look!" said the woman to her children, "there's the Reverend Mr. Meyer. He's thrown himself into this hard, has that good man. Shout out 'Hooray,' all of you."

Against the softening sky, from which the afternoon light was fading now a little, was silhouetted a keen profile. The crowd about this platform cheered at the sight of the carven face of the preacher with a lock of hair blown about his forehead as he vehemently addressed his listeners and denounced the Education Bill with a passion that was all the more effective for its tinge of irony, its note of humour.

Speaker after speaker uttered his protest. The multitude listened in profound silence, broken only by the sounds of the inevitable vendors offering programmes for a penny. So dense was the crowd that it was impossible to move from platform to platform and pick out favourite speakers. Dr. Clifford was over there to the right, the centre of great enthusiasm. But everyone was enthusiastic. There were fewer clergymen in the crowd than might have been expected. One or two were

on the platform. The King drove through the Park in a closed carriage to see things for himself. What a spectacle the Park presented; what a change from the gay, frivolous Park of the morning, where riches and beauty had rolled along in all the glamour and glitter of wealth and fashion, proud fair ladies smothering their desperate ennui, that often amounted to actual despair, under curved smiles and flowered trimmed hats and billowy chiffoned parasols, aimless pleasure-seeking men on horseback or in their motor-cars, all wearied with the great deception that never quite succeeded in deceiving themselves or anybody else. All these had vanished now. The roll of carriages, the toot and rattle of the motor, the fair, bored faces with their lovely toilets imitating flowers and spring—all were gone. The Park had changed from a garden of frivolous souls to a wide wilderness filled with a vast multitude gathered under God's sky to pronounce a comprehensive malediction upon the Government that hated the people's schools.

On every side stretched the people. Young and old, male and female, all seemed equally represented. Their long march through the hot city streets left traces of weariness on their faces, and their clothes bore signs of dust and heat. But all were keen, all were serious, and some were almost savage in their wrath.

Overhead stretched a smiling, sunny sky. Backwards and forwards beneath it swayed the great multitude. Away in the distance stretched the gay, green trees, all in their pride of leaf. It was as fair a setting as the old city could offer her sons and daughters when they chose to gather together, as to-day.

Half-past six came. A surge went through the gatherings like a wind-wave over a field of wheat.

"Listen, listen, you children," said the pale-faced woman. "The bugle's going to go. Then they'll ask for our protest. Then you'll call out 'Ay' at the tops of your voices, mind."

From the improvised waggon-platform came Mr. Meyer's voice, putting the resolution to those

about him. All over the place the other chairmen were putting the same resolution at the same moment.

"Now, now," cried the woman. And then what a mighty sound burst from the throats of those innumerable men and women. For a long minute the great shout rolled and gathered and rose upwards into the sunlit air. It almost seemed as if it would never, never die away, so many voices were there to swell the sound of it and carry it onwards—even on to Westminster.

How those four children shouted! Sensitive Augusta put her fingers in her ears. Daisy and Adeline were convulsed with laughter.

"I believe they carry a brass band inside them," said Augusta.

And then came the voice again from the platform; this time it called on anyone not in favour of the protest to say "No," and here followed a slight pause.

Suddenly four shrill young voices lifted themselves at Adeline's side, and to their mother's inconceivable dismay shouted "No," with a vigour only to be equalled by the vigour with which they had a moment since cried "Ay."

That was the only "No" that rose from all the multitude, and as Adeline gently explained to the chagrined mother, it was intended to be the greatest "Ay" of all.

"After all," said Adeline, as they drove from the Park, "these poor, dear, stupid little chits were only doing as the Government has done. They said 'Ay' lustily this week, when the question was put as to the representation of the Borough Councils, and this morning the 'Times' says they are going to say 'No.'"

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," you know," said Augusta.

"But I do wish," said her friend, "that Mr. Balfour would not prove himself to be such a child in matters of this kind; he makes all his friends look so foolish."

The "Leisure Hour" for June touches two poles in the educational world. The editor describes the hoary University of Durham, harboured in the ancient Durham Castle, and nestling under the shade of Durham Cathedral. Mr. F. M. Holmes sketches the London Polytechnics in Regent Street, in Battersea, in Southwark, and elsewhere, amid the feverish roar of London's central life.

The German young man is described by the Rev. J. H. Rushbrook, in the "Young Man," as fundamentally the votary of discipline. The regularity, exactness,

and unrelenting severity of the military organisation has entered into the very soul of the people. The German transforms himself into a drilled specialist for any end he has set before himself. In this strenuous and systematic application lies the open secret of German progress. He is expansively Imperialist, goes less to church than the English, is not a teetotalter, is learning his sports from England, is universally courteous, but has contracted the vices peculiar to barrack life to an extent dangerous both to the national life and the national character.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

The Starry Universe.

M. Camille Flammarion writes in "Knowledge," with all his accustomed clearness and charm, a criticism on Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace's recent article on "Man's Place in the Universe." The French scientist rejects the arguments of the English scientist.

The Place of the Earth.

We are within the Milky Way, since this encloses us under the form of a great circle, but we are neither exactly in its medial plane, nor exactly at its centre. Moreover, the Milky Way is not a uniform and organized sidereal system of which our sun is a preponderating star. The Milky Way is made up of an agglomeration of clusters of stars disposed pretty nearly in the same fairly wide plane.

The telescope has disclosed a great number of clusters of stars and of nebulae—about six thousand. But if we place on a chart, representing the two celestial hemispheres, these clusters and nebulae, a fact is made clear worthy of the greatest attention. It is that most of the clusters are gathered into the plane of the Milky Way, and that most of the gaseous nebulae are collected, on the contrary, away from this plane, and near the poles of the Milky Way.

Not only does our sun not mark the centre of our universe more than our neighbours in space do, but it has no greater weight than they. Alpha Centauri is a splendid binary system and its mass is more than twice the sun's. We do not know what planets may circulate round one or other of these two stars, whose mutual revolution is nearly a century. It is not surprising that we cannot see them, since if our sun were at their distance Jupiter would be a star of the 24th magnitude, separated by 4 sec. from the sun, which would itself be of but the second rank. Seen from the distance of stars of the first magnitude, themselves very diverse, our sun would appear but of the third, fourth, fifth or sixth rank, and might be even invisible from Rigel or Canopus, which have no measurable parallax. The mass of Sirius is equal to that of four suns. Vega is seventy times as bright, and Canopus surpasses the sun in brightness by more than ten thousand times. Dr. Wallace's theory might be excusable for an inhabitant of the systems of Sirius or Capella or Antares, but not for a dweller in our own modest hamlet. If there were a central sun, and if that central sun were ours, the illusion might be granted. But there is nothing of the kind. The solar system is a monarchy with the sun for autocrat. Our sidereal universe is a republic, a federation without a dominating authority.

The Host of the Stars.

According to the calculation of Lord Kelvin, the amount of the proper motions of the stars indicates that the number of the suns of our sidereal universe does not seem to exceed one thousand millions. The force of gravitation of these suns, taken in the mean to be similar to our own, would produce the velocities observed of twenty to one hundred kilometres per second. A number ten times greater could only have

been deduced if those movements were much more rapid. Granted this milliard of stars, it in no wise proves that it alone exists in the infinite, and that beyond an immense void there may not be a second milliard, nor a third, nor a fourth, nor more. Whatever may be its extension, our Milky Way is but a point in the infinite.

It would even now appear that we know of stars which do not belong to our sidereal system. We might cite with Newcomb, the star 1830, Groombridge, the swiftest of those whose motion has been determined, its speed exceeding 300,000 metres per second. The attractive force of the milliard of stars of which we have just spoken would not appear sufficient (except under special circumstances) to produce such a velocity, and many astronomers think that this star has come from the beyond, and traverses our universe like a projectile. This star is not the only one in such a case.

Measureless Space.

Infinity encompasses us on all sides, life asserts itself, universal and eternal, our existence is but a fleeting moment, the vibration of an atom in a ray of the sun, and our planet is but an island floating in the celestial archipelago, to which no thought will ever place any bounds. Never lose sight of the fact that space is infinite, that there is in the void neither height nor depth, nor right nor left; and in time neither beginning nor end. We must understand that our conceptions are relative to our imperfect and transitory impressions, and that the only reality is the Absolute.

The careful study of our planet shows that the forces of Nature have life as their supreme end.

Yes, life is universal, and eternal, for time is one of its factors. Yesterday the moon, to-day the earth, to-morrow Jupiter. In space there are both cradles and tombs. The red carbon stars will soon be dead; the hydrogen stars like Vega and Sirius are the stars of the future; Procyon, Capella, Arcturus, are the stars of the present. Aldebaran seems to be already an autumn fruit. Let us open the eyes of our understanding, and let us look beyond ourselves in the infinite expanse at life and intelligence in all its degrees in endless evolution.

"Blackwood" has in it many articles pleasant to read, but few of a kind to quote. "Musings without Method" are surprisingly free from aggressive criticism. It is a succession of eulogy with scarcely a passing discord to relieve the harmony. "A staff-officer" is very wroth with the way in which the War Office has treated the Militia and the Volunteers, which in consequence are rapidly diminishing. To save these auxiliary forces, and at the same time to avoid conscription, he would constitute them the second and third lines of defence respectively. Reminiscences of notable persons seen by a writer at Harrow in the early sixties afford a pleasant cluster of gossip. Sir Henry Cotton describes a terrible earthquake which he witnessed at Shillong in Assam in 1897.

How Doctors are Made and Paid.

In the "Cornhill" for June is a very instructive article on the medical profession and its chances.

How to Enter the Profession.

The control of legal admission to the profession is shared between the twelve universities and the nine professional corporations of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and a "General Medical Council," which is mainly constituted of their representatives. To obtain admission to the "Medical Register," or roll of the profession which is kept by the General Medical Council—that is to say, to become a legally qualified medical practitioner—it is necessary to obtain a degree or diploma, or a combination of several, implying proficiency in the three branches of medicine, surgery, and midwifery. Degrees in medicine and surgery can only be obtained from the universities; diplomas, possessing equal legal validity, are granted by the corporations, which are partly linked in each division of the kingdom for the purpose of granting qualifications in complete form. The entire system of examination for degrees and diplomas is under the inspection of, and subject to an ill-defined control by, the General Medical Council, and the results are more uniform than might have been expected from such a loose and cumbersome piece of public machinery.

The selection of a medical school out of the five and thirty existing in the three kingdoms is too large and too delicate a subject to enter on in this place. The medical curriculum proper embraces two well-defined parts: the first couple of years being given to Anatomy and Physiology, the remainder to the scientific and practical study of disease and its treatment. A large number take the first part at Oxford or Cambridge, proceeding to London or some other populous centre for the remainder; and this is unquestionably the most advantageous course for those who can afford it, for both the degrees and the associations of the old universities are of great value to a professional man. In London each of the great general hospitals supports a complete medical school of its own, though vigorous efforts are being made to concentrate the teaching of Anatomy and Physiology and the preliminary sciences under the University of London. In Scotland and Ireland the universities have from the first kept their hands on medical study more effectually than in England, and the Scotch or Irish candidate generally commences as a matter of course by matriculating in a university.

The cost of a medical education falls under three heads—school fees, examination fees, and incidental expenses. The last may be briefly dismissed; the necessary text-books and the few pieces of apparatus the student has to buy are easily covered by five-and-twenty pounds. Examination fees vary from £15 to forty guineas, the latter being the fees for the conjoined diplomas of the London Colleges, the highest of all. School fees also vary considerably. At the best London schools the curriculum for the college diplomas costs about £160, that for the London University degree about £190. In Scotland and Ireland and in the provincial schools the charges are less. In one case the complete curriculum can be had for as little as eighty guineas. The expenses of a medical student at Oxford or Cambridge are practically those of any other undergraduate.

Opening for a Young Doctor.

For a capable man without much capital, who is not immediately contemplating matrimony, there are few

better openings than the naval and military services. Admission to them is by competitive examination; candidates must be already qualified practitioners, and not over 28 years of age. The selected candidates receive commissions as lieutenants in the Royal Army Medical Corps, which are confirmed to them after a few months' special training in the Army Medical School and at the depot of the Corps at Aldershot. The pay of a lieutenant, which begins from the time his commission is issued, is 14s. a day. Promotion to each successive rank up to that of lieutenant-colonel is gained by qualifying examination, and carries an increase of pay. A lieutenant-colonel's pay is 30s. a day, besides allowances, and he may be promoted to the further grades of colonel, with £2, and surgeon-general, with £3 a day of pay. The remuneration in the service, it is true, does not err on the side of liberality; it is not easy to marry while in the junior ranks, and the Army officer has to be ready to take his turns of service abroad; but, on the other hand, the life is a varied and interesting one, the career carries a pension or allowance on retirement, there are prizes of value in the shape of staff appointments, and officers are eligible for titular honours in recognition of special merit.

The regulations of the Naval service are in most substantial respects similar to those of the Army. The successive ranks are those of surgeon, Staff surgeon, Fleet surgeon, deputy inspector-general, and inspector-general, the pay rising from £255 10s. to £1,300 a year, besides allowances. Pensions or retiring allowances are granted after eight years' service and upwards.

A more ambitious career is offered by the Indian Medical Service, and the competition for it is generally a rather severe one. The rate of pay is a little higher than in the British Army, beginning at 350 rupees per mensem, and rising to 2,700 rupees per mensem, besides allowances and prospect of pension.

Queen Victoria and the Dead.

One of the most interesting of the articles in the June "Strand" is the account of a visit paid to Queen Victoria by Mdle. Helene Vacaresco. As maid of honour, Mdle. Vacaresco accompanied the Queen of Roumania to Balmoral. The conversation with Queen Victoria on one occasion turned on music, and Her Majesty said:

"I have till quite lately played on the piano, and even practised whenever I found time enough to do so. . . . Now I am rather ashamed to play, I am such an old woman. One day one of my youngest granddaughters caught me practising, and laughed outright. 'Why, grandmamma, how can *you* practise now, and what for?' Her remark struck me. . . . I left off playing for some time. But then, you see, my dear husband taught me to love all things beautiful and good—I learnt to seek them for his sake—now I return to them often in memory of him."

Queen Victoria added: "You cannot guess to *what* extent my life is interwoven with the life of the dead. I only feel alive when in close communion with the dead."

"The Wearing of the Green."

A young Irish lady vocalist was at Balmoral on the same occasion, and the Queen suddenly said, "I want to hear 'The Wearing of the Green.'" The title,

says Mdle. Vacaresco, bore no signification to her ears, but an uncomfortable murmur floated through the auditors, and there were heard a few whispered words, such as "Oh, no, impossible . . . here . . ." However, the Queen repeated her request, "Sing that song, please; I wish to hear it very much indeed. Will you do it for me?" "Yes, madam," answered the Irish girl, and the song was sung. "We were then," says Mdle. Vacaresco, "one and all wrapped in the same thought, What would we say after the young girl had ceased? Who would dare to break the silence this time? What would follow?"

A Queen's Compliment.

Then an incident unexpected and charming took place. The Queen of Roumania knelt by the side of Queen Victoria, and, taking both her hands between her own, said:

"What a very great Queen you must be, and how sure of the affection of your subjects, to be able to hear such a song sung in your presence! In fact, were you not really a great Queen, no one would ever have dared to obey you to-day."

"But the song is splendid," said Queen Victoria, "and I wanted you to hear it. Besides, I am very fond of the Irish, you may be sure of that," and, turning towards the young girl, "I thank you with all my heart, my dear. You have given me great pleasure, and been the occasion of my receiving, from the Queen of Roumania, a compliment which I shall never forget."

Queen Victoria was very anxious to hear all about Roumania from her visitors, and said she wanted the Roumanians to know that she admired "Carmen Sylva" exceedingly.

The Cost of a Nation.

A number of interesting figures about the finances of the United States, and the way in which revenue is raised and disbursed, are given by Mr. Frank Bryant in the June "Success."

The Output of Currency.

"Three thousand people are kept busy under the shadow of the Washington Monument keeping the country supplied with new paper money, postage stamps, and internal-revenue stamps. The present daily output of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing is one hundred and thirty-six thousand sheets of silver and gold certificates and United States notes, twenty-five thousand to fifty thousand sheets of national bank currency, two hundred and fifteen thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand sheets of internal-revenue stamps, and fifteen to twenty million postage stamps. In 1890 there were thirty-seven million pieces of Government paper issued, of the average value of six dollars and sixty-one cents; last year the quantity had been trebled, and the average value had fallen to four dollars. The average value is now only three dollars and sixty-two cents. The actual increase in the paper currency, last year, was seventy-six million dollars. The number of coins struck at the mints was one hundred and ninety-one millions, of the value of ninety-five million dollars, of which sixty-two million dollars were gold.

The Cost of Running the United States Government.

"This year, the expenditures will be about six hundred and fifty-one million dollars, including one hundred and thirty-two million dollars for the postal service, which is nearly self-sustaining. The revenues

will amount to about six hundred and ninety-four million dollars, leaving a surplus of forty-three million dollars. Last year's surplus was ninety-one million dollars, of which some seventy millions were used in the redemption of Government securities. The heaviest item in our national expenditure is the pension account, which now amounts to one hundred and thirty-eight millions dollars a year, or nearly four hundred thousand dollars a day. On the army, this year, we shall spend one hundred and thirty million dollars; on the navy, eighty-five millions. The civil establishment will cost one hundred and twenty-six millions. To the Indians we shall give thirteen millions. The interest on the public debt will be twenty-seven million dollars."

How the Money is Spent.

"It is interesting to note how some of the six hundred and fifty million dollars is spent. The House of Representatives costs us three million dollars a year, and the Senate, one million four hundred thousand dollars, while the public printing office uses more than six millions. The executive office calls for only one hundred and twelve thousand dollars, a bagatelle compared with the four millions England gives the Royal Family. On foreign intercourse, we spent two million seven hundred thousand dollars, but consular fees and other receipts cut this figure to a million less. In the Treasury Department, the customs service costs, including the revenue-cutter service, nine millions; the collection of the internal revenue, four million six hundred thousand dollars. The pay of the army is thirty-seven million dollars; the quartermaster's department uses thirty-two million dollars; guns cost eleven million dollars; the expenditure on rivers, harbours, and forts, sixteen million dollars; the pay of the navy is fifteen million dollars; the cost of new vessels, twenty million dollars."

The Sources of Public Income.

"Nearly all the public income is collected from two sources—customs and internal revenue. This year, the customs duties will amount to three hundred million dollars, and the internal-revenue taxes to two hundred and twenty-two million dollars. From a score of miscellaneous sources, forty million dollars more will be collected, the principal item being some ten million dollars of profit on the coinage of silver. Two great corps of revenue-collectors, maintained at an annual cost of nearly fifteen million dollars, gather the moneys due the Government from Key West to Bering Sea. Special agents scour the country for smugglers, moonshiners, and other evaders of the revenue laws, and hardly a year goes by without at least one Government officer losing his life in running down moonshiners.

The Cost of Collection.

"To collect the customs costs eight million dollars a year; to gather the internal revenue, four million six hundred thousand dollars; or, to collect a dollar of customs costs a trifle more than three cents, while the cost of collecting a dollar of internal revenue is a little less than one and three-quarter cents. The great customs port is New York, which turns into the Treasury duties amounting to one hundred and seventy million dollars a year, not far from a third of the entire expenditure of the Government outside the postal service. The collection of customs at New York employs twenty-two hundred persons, and the cost of collecting a dollar is one and nine-tenths cents."

The Art of Authorship.

Some time ago Mr. George Bainton was fortunate enough to obtain the opinion of several authors on the art of writing. "Great Thoughts" for June gives some examples of the advice great writers give as to their own art:

J. A. Froude.

"I have never thought about style at any time of my life. I have tried merely to express what I had to say with as much simplicity and as little affectation as I could command. . . . As a rule, when I go over what I have written I find myself striking out superfluous epithets, reducing superlatives into positives, bringing subjunctive moods into indicative, and in most instances passing my pen through every passage which had seemed, while I was writing it, to be particularly fine. If you sincerely desire to write nothing but what you really know or think, and to say that as clearly and as briefly as you can, style will come as a matter of course: ornament for ornament's sake is always to be avoided. There is a rhythm in prose as well as in verse; but you must trust your ear for that."

George Meredith.

"Impress upon your readers the power of the right use of emphasis, and of the music that there is in prose, and how to vary it. One secret is to be full of meaning, warm with the matter to be delivered. The best training in early life is verse. That serves for the management of our Saxon tongue; and may excuse the verse of Addison, in consideration of what he did, side by side with La Bruyere, to produce his pellucid prose. . . . Explain that we have, besides a Saxon, a Latin tongue in our English, and indicate where each is to be employed, and the subjects which may unite them; as, for example, in the wonderful sweep of a sentence of Gibbon, from whose forge Macaulay got his inferior hammer. Warn against excessive antithesis—a trick for pamphleteers. Bid your young people study the best French masters. I think it preferable—especially in these days of quantity—to be largely epigrammatic rather than exuberant in diction; therefore I would recommend the committing to memory of passages of Juvenal. And let the description of a battle by Caesar and one by Kinglake be contrasted for an instance of the pregnant brevity which pricks imagination and the wide discursiveness which exhausts it. Between these two, leaning to the former, lies the golden mean."

Thomas Hardy, William Black, and Wilkie Collins.

Any studied rules I could not possibly give (wrote Mr. Thomas Hardy) for I know of none that are of practical utility. A writer's style is according to his temperament, and my impression is that if he has anything to say which is of value, and words to say it with, the style will come of itself.

Mr. William Black believed in studying the masters of the English tongue.

In such a matter (he wrote) I shouldn't imagine that the experience of any one person would be of much use to anybody else. If young people want to acquire the art of writing English simply and naturally, they may safely be recommended the masters of the tongue—Tennyson and Thackeray, for choice—and also incessant practice. But if their ambition this way is connected with a wish to enter the already overcrowded ranks of the literary profession, then it would be the truest kindness to advise them to stay where they are.

Another novelist, who has passed away, Mr. Wilkie Collins, said that from the moment when he wrote a "Life" of his father his hardest work was the work which he devoted to the improvement of his style.

I can claim no merit for this (he continues). When I first saw my writing presented to me in a printer's proof, I discovered that I was incapable of letting a carelessly-constructed sentence escape me without an effort to improve it. The process by which my style of writing is produced may be easily described. The day's work having been written, with such corrections as occur to me at the time, is subject to a first revision on the next day, and is then handed to my copyist. The copyist's manuscript undergoes a second revision, and is then sent to the printer. The proof passes through a third process of correction, and is sent back to have the alterations embodied in what is called "the revise." The "revise" is carefully looked over for the fourth time before I allow it to go to press, and to preserve what I have written to my readers.

"*Virginibus Puerisque.*"

A Plea for Literature for "Adults."

Mr. H. G. Wells, whose articles on "Mankind in the Making" continue to supply an inexhaustible fund of ideas and suggestions, contributes to the "Fortnightly" for June his eighth paper under the title of "The Cultivation of the Imagination"—a more correct title, he admits, would be "Sex and the Imagination"—and he deals with this very difficult subject in a very original way. As he is dealing with mankind in the making he addresses himself to the question as to what has to be done in order to instruct our young people in the mysteries of life. He points out that at the present moment, what with the unlimited license of the press and of hoardings, the sexual consciousness of a great proportion of our young people is awakened by the imparting of knowledge in the basest and vulgarest of colouring, knowledge without the antiseptic quality of heroic interpretation—debased, suggestive, diseased, and contagious knowledge. Mr. Wells thinks that in a sanely-ordered State something should be done to suppress the first introduction of knowledge as to the facts of sex to the youthful mind as affairs of nodding and winking, of artful innuendo and scuffles in the dark.

The Worst Form of Education.

The halfpenny or penny comic papers, the bill-stickers, the pantomime writers, and the music-hall artist all combine to introduce knowledge of this kind in the very worst possible way. Mr. Wells declares himself unhesitatingly on the side of the Puritans in so far as they advocate the expurgation of bookstalls, hoardings, and general publicity. But he would, on the other hand, have no restrictions placed on the circulation of literature for adults. Fortunately, very few young people have money to spend on books, hence if it were made a criminal offence to publish periodicals or books containing adult matter or adult illustrations at a low price, the effect would be to shut out and bar a torrent of formulating, debasing suggestion. He would apply the same rule to theatres.

No Horrifying Surprises.

His conclusion is as follows:

"Let us leave nothing doubtful upon one point; the suppression of stimulus must not mean the suppression of knowledge. There are things that young people should know, and know clearly and fully, before they

are involved in the central drama of life, in the serious business of love. There should be no horrifying surprises. Sane, clear, matter-of-fact books, setting forth clearly the broad facts of health and life, the existence of certain dangers, should come their way. In this matter, books, I would insist, have a supreme value. The printed word may be such a quiet counsellor. It is so impersonal.

"Restriction alone is not half this business. It is inherent in the purpose of things that these young people should awaken sexually, and in some manner and somewhere that awakening must come. To ensure they do not awaken too soon or in a fetid atmosphere among ugly surroundings is not enough. They cannot awaken a void. An ignorance kept beyond nature may corrupt into ugly secrecies, into morose and sinister seclusions, worse than the evils we have suppressed. Let them awaken as their day comes, in a sweet, large room."

A New Source of Heat: Radium

Since the discovery of radium, in 1898, the chemists and physicists have been kept busy trying to account for its wonderful properties, among which have been noted its power of giving out light perpetually without any exciting cause, its emission of rays that penetrate solids like the X-ray, its faculty of acting on sensitised plates, and of causing air to conduct electricity. As if these were not sufficient distinctions for this remarkable substance, it has been found, within the past few months, that radium emits heat. This discovery was announced by MM. Curie and Laborde at a meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, held in March. Some of the difficulties attending the experiments are set forth by Dr. Henry Carrington Bolton in the "Popular Science Monthly" for May.

It is safe to say that very few people who have read about radium in the scientific journals and elsewhere have any conception of the rarity of the material. Dr. Bolton thinks that a teaspoon would probably hold all the pure radium as yet prepared; its price would amount to thousands of pounds. This fact has, of course, been a serious bar to experiments. "Tons of minerals," says Dr. Bolton, "have been submitted to laborious processes in the chemical laboratory to obtain a few grams of the precious material; and at the end of the task the conscientious scientist can only claim that the product is such and such a salt, containing a small, unknown percentage of radium." When we are told that a very small sample of the material is valued at about £5, we can readily understand that experimentation with radium has been a costly, as well as a laborious, undertaking. The wonder is that so much has been learned about the properties of this new body in so short a time.

As explained by Dr. Bolton, the discovery by Curie and Laborde that radium emits heat was the result of two experiments. "By a thermo-electric method they ascertained that a specimen of barium chloride containing one-sixth of its weight of radium chloride indicated a temperature 1.5 deg. C. (2.7 deg. F.) higher than a sample of pure barium chloride; the temperature was determined by comparing the heat emitted with that excited in a wire of known resistance by an electric current of known intensity. In the second experiment, they employed a Bunsen calorimeter. The experimenters found that one gram of active barium chloride emits about fourteen small calories per hour. The specimen contained only about one-sixth its weight

of radium chloride, but on testing 0.08 gram of purer material they obtained identical results, from which it can be calculated that one gram of radium would emit 100 small calories per hour, or one atom-gram (225 grams) would emit, each hour, 22,500 calories, an amount comparable with the heat disengaged by the combustion in oxygen of one atom-gram of hydrogen.

Heat Without Combustion.

"The continuous emission of such a large quantity of heat cannot be explained by any chemical action, and must be due to some modification of the atom itself; if so, such a change must be very slow. As a matter of fact, Demarcay observed no change in the spectrum of radium examined at intervals of five months.

"An English writer, commenting on the figures given by M. Curie, says that a radium salt in a pure state would melt more than its own weight of ice every hour; and half a pound of radium salt would evolve in one hour an amount of heat equal to that produced by burning one-third of a cubic foot of hydrogen gas. And the extraordinary part of this is that the evolution of heat goes on without combustion, without chemical change of any kind, without alteration of its molecular structure, and continuously, leaving the salt, at the end of months of activity, just as potent as in the beginning. Yet this state of things must have a cause, for it must not be imagined that perpetual motion has been at last attained."

Dr. Bolton closes his interesting paper with these questions:

"Do the other rare bodies, polonium, actinium, and thorium, that behave in many respects like radium, also share its most recently discovered power of emitting heat? Will not scientists be compelled to revise some of the theories of physics that they regard at present as cardinal? And what are the conditions in the earth beneath our feet, when inert matter manifests energy to such an amazing extent without a known cause? The future opened to students and to philosophers is fraught with mysteries the solution of which will be eagerly awaited by the rest of the world."

The Mountains of the Atlantic.

Some very interesting facts concerning the configuration of the submerged Atlantic continent are given in the June "Strand." The Laura Ethel Mountain is the uttermost peak of one of the most celebrated of the submarine elevations in the Atlantic. It was discovered in 1878, and figures on all recent charts. Adjacent soundings showed a depth of 2,000 fathoms, so that the discovery of a depth of only thirty-six fathoms created much surprise. It has been repeatedly explored by the sounding-line, until now, after a quarter of a century of acquaintanceship, its contour and characteristic are almost as well known as many peaks of the Alps or Andes.

Mount Chaucer.

Mount Chaucer was revealed to oceanographers in 1870. It is situated in latitude 42 deg. 50 min., longitude 28 deg. 50 min., and its crest is only forty-eight fathoms from the surface. The honour of being the first discovered mountain in the Atlantic belongs to Sainthill, in latitude 42 deg. 50 min., longitude 42 deg. 20 min. It became known to science in 1832; that its existence was unguessed until three-quarters of a cen-

tury ago is strong testimony to the extreme novelty of oceanography. It is not less than 10,000 feet high, and its summit is one hundred fathoms from the surface.

An Interesting Group.

An interesting group of submarine mountains, 6,000 feet high, considerably more lofty than the Snowdon range, has recently been found in latitude 43 deg., longitude 22 deg. 30 min. To these have been given the name of the Edward the Seventh Range, the peaks being named after members of the Royal Family. Mount Tillotson Bright, in latitude 45 deg. 10 min., longitude 27 deg. 50 min., is a considerable elevation, 2,400 ft. high, in the North Atlantic. In latitude 45 deg., longitude 48 deg., there would be found, should the ocean be drained dry, a lofty range of hills and mountains. The peaks of some of them come dangerously near the surface. Mount Placentia, in latitude 45 deg., longitude 54 deg., lacks but five fathoms of being an island.

The Depths of Ocean.

The deepest indentation into the earth's crust is probably in the Pacific, but there are some cavernous depths now well defined in the Atlantic. Of the latter ocean four miles and a half may be taken to be the greatest depth. The average depth of the whole ocean may be taken as about two English miles. Contrary to former opinion, recent research has clearly proved that the greater depths do not lie in the middle of the ocean, but in the neighbourhood of the dry land. The latest ascertained depth of the waters covering the earth is thus stated by Prince Albert of Monaco, following Professor Krummel, to be the average in fathoms: Atlantic, 2,012; Indian, 1,828; Pacific, 2,125; Antarctic, 1,804; Arctic, 844; Mediterranean, 732.

Ant Life.

A most interesting article on ant life appears in "Harper's Magazine" for June, describing principally the life of the queen ant. There is need for an immense number of ant eggs, for there is great loss of life in an ordinary ant-hill. All sorts of enemies lurk in the way to devour them. The feet of passing beasts and human beings crush multitudes. These frequent losses have to be made up by the fertility of the queen ant, and it becomes necessary for her to devote herself wholly to increasing the colony. Foraging for supplies is abandoned. Household work, domestic service, nursery duty, are gradually given up, and the workers of the growing community take those tasks upon themselves. The queen is restricted to the function of motherhood.

The ant queen's subjection to her subjects is not reached without resistance on the part of her emmet majesty. But resistance is useless, and she becomes, in the end, subject to the powerful house which she has reared around her. She is confined closely to the interior of the formicary, and wherever she goes, through chambers and halls, is attended by a circle of workers known as "courtiers"—a name that has a large and dignified sound. But the courtiers are simply a bodyguard; and their chief office is to restrain the liberty of their sovereign within the bounds prescribed by the communal needs, and to look after the eggs when they are dropped. The circle of "courtiers" never ceases to close around her as the queen ant passes from place to place. Sometimes the queen, falling into a fit of stubbornness, will attempt a

course different from that which her court prescribes. Then one attendant gently nips a leg, and gives it a little push; another closes the mandibles upon the body and gives a slight pinch; a third tenderly seizes a quivering antenna, and draws it to this side or that. The whole body-guard meanwhile closes around the queen, and by pushing her and obstructing her path diverts her course, or quite turns her around, her huge body, several times as large as a worker's, moving sometimes readily, sometimes with sullen resistance. Thus at last the courtiers carry their point.

Once a queen escaped from the surface gate of one of the formicaries. Not a courtier was in sight. She was free! Off she ran, as though intending to have a good romp and enjoy her freedom. But she had reckoned without her host, for she had gone but a little way when her bodyguard pursued and seized her somewhat roughly, and immediately began to pull her backwards towards the gate. She resisted sturdily, but at last gave way, and was drawn down the opening into the royal domicile. Poor queen!

How long may an ant queen live? The oldest emmet queen known to science was one preserved under the care of Lord Avebury. When this ant died her body was surrounded by a crowd of workers, who were tenderly licking her, touching her with their antennæ, and making other demonstrations, as if soliciting her attention, or desiring to wake her out of sleep. Poor, dumb, loving, faithful creatures! There was no response. Their queen mother lay motionless beneath their demonstrations.

Another queen died at the age of fourteen. The ants dragged her body about with them when they moved until it fell to pieces.

Post-Mortem Action of the Heart.

Professor H. E. Hering makes an interesting contribution to our knowledge of the mechanism of the action of the heart in the last number of the "Centralblatt für Physiologie."

Isolation of the Mammalian Heart.

From previous experiments made on the rabbit, cat, dog, and monkey, Professor Hering found that the mammalian heart can be uncovered, and all its workings observed, as well as the effects of the stimulation of its nerves, if it is kept supplied with physiological salt solution.

In these investigations, the heart was not cut out after killing the animal, but, instead, all superfluous fluid was removed, and the heart, without the lungs, was left in communication with the rest of the body by means of the great blood vessels and the nerves.

It was found that the stimuli which normally cause more rapid beating of the heart continue to produce stronger and more rapid beating of the ventricle when the auricle has been cut away as far as the wall separating it from the ventricle. When the auricle is removed in this way, a small remnant of the musculature of its walls necessarily adheres to the ventricle, and the question arises whether the effects are brought about directly by the action of stimuli upon the ventricle, or indirectly through the action of the small part of the auricle which remains.

If the auricle is cut away from a beating heart, the ventricle is still for a time, and after this pause begins to beat again, but more slowly than before. It

appears to be immaterial whether the last stroke of the knife cuts the wall of the auricle, or the partition between the auricle and the ventricle, and the inaction of the ventricle, apparently, is not the result of the shock, but is due to a sudden lack of stimulation.

The action of electrical stimuli, as well as of various poisons, such as atropine, muscarin, and others, was also tried. It appeared that every action of the heart, both spontaneous and induced, can be observed when it is exposed in this way, and supplied with physiological salt solution, whether the heart is left intact or the auricle is cut away.

Motion Once Stopped Can Be Resumed.

If a solution of potassium chloride is injected into the blood vessels, the heart stops beating, but after some time all parts begin to beat rhythmically together again. Potassium injected in this way acts directly upon the heart musculature, which, according to the amount injected, becomes less and less responsive to stimulus, finally not responding at all, and later regains its activity because the potassium has been washed away. The fact that the motion of the heart can be stopped, and the different parts again be brought into co-ordinate activity, is of interest, as it has not before been possible to regain co-ordinate motion in the mammalian heart after it has once been lost.

How Bubonic Plague was Driven Out of the Philippines.

The following account of the fight against the "black death" in Manila is of interest. The whole story has been told in the reports of the Philippine Commission, where only a few will ever read it, and the "National Geographic Magazine" has done a good service in presenting the main facts in its May number.

A Campaign Against House Rats.

"On account of the important part which house rats are known to play in the distribution of bubonic plague, a systematic campaign was inaugurated against these rodents in Manila. Policemen, sanitary inspectors, and specially appointed rat-catchers were furnished with traps and poison, and both traps and poison were distributed to private individuals under proper restrictions. A bounty was paid for all rats turned over to the health authorities, and stations were established at convenient points throughout the city where they could be received. Each rat was tagged with the street and number of the building or lot from which it came, was dropped into a strong antiseptic solution, and eventually sent to the Biological Laboratory, where it was subjected to a bacteriological examination for plague. During the first two weeks, 1.8 per cent. of the rats examined were found to be infected. This proportion steadily increased, reaching the alarming maximum of 2.3 per cent. in October. At this time numerous rats were found dead of plague in the infected districts, and, in view of the fact that epidemics of plague among the rats of a city in the past have been uniformly followed by epidemics among human beings, the gravest apprehension was felt, the rapid spread of the disease among the rats after the weather had become comparatively dry being a particularly unfavourable symptom.

House Inspections.

"It was deemed necessary to prepare to deal with a severe epidemic, and a permanent detention camp, capable of accommodating 1,500 persons, was accordingly

established on the grounds of the San Lazaro Hospital. Hoping against hope, the Board of Health redoubled its efforts to combat the disease. Frequent house-to-house inspections were made in all parts of the city where the disease was known to exist. The sick were removed to the hospital, if practicable; otherwise they were cared for where found, and the spread of infection guarded against.

"Plague houses were thoroughly disinfected, and their owners were compelled, under the direction of the assistant sanitary engineer, to make necessary alterations. Cement ground-floors were laid; double walls and double ceilings, affording a refuge for rats, were removed; defects in plumbing were remedied; whitewash was liberally used; and, in general, nothing was left undone that could render buildings where plague had occurred safe for human occupancy. Buildings incapable of thorough disinfection and renovation were destroyed. Buildings in which plague rats were taken were treated exactly as were those where the disease attacked the human occupants. The bacteriological examination of rats enabled the Board of Health to follow the pest into its most secret haunts and fight it there, and was the most important factor in the winning of the great success which was ultimately achieved.

The Plague Stamped Out.

"With very few exceptions, there was no recurrence of plague in buildings which had been disinfected and renovated. As centre after centre of infection was found and destroyed, the percentage of diseased rats began to decrease, and in January, 1902, when, judging from the history of previous years, plague should have again begun to spread among human beings, there was not a single case. In February, one case occurred. In March, there were two cases, as against sixty-three in March of the preceding year, and before April the disease had completely disappeared."

Can I Afford an Automobile?

The question of what a good motorcar costs, and the yearly expense of maintenance, is discussed in the June "World's Work" by Mr. Henry Norman. He gives a careful calculation of the expense of getting and running two typical classes of automobiles. It is to be remembered, however, that no particular calculation would hold true for everybody. The same machine will cost one man twice as much as it will cost his neighbour, so far as maintenance is concerned. "One owner will keep no account, allow his driver to take the machine to the repair shop as often as he likes, make no attempt to understand it himself, and bring his own more educated intelligence to bear upon its problems; let his accumulators be injured by running down, and its bearings worn by his oil-cup not being kept full, pay 1s. 3d. a gallon for his gasoline and 7s. 6d. for his lubricating oil, leave cuts unrepaired in his tyres, and permit his machine to be left all night with the mud on. The other will study his machine till he knows what it is doing and what should not be done to it, keep every want of his machine regularly supplied, find a keen pleasure in doing all trifling repairs at home, insist that its body and wheels should be as scrupulously washed and leathered as the most costly brougham, pay 10d. a gallon for his gasoline, and 5s. for his oil, and generally act toward his property like a careful and sensible man."

With this understanding, that no figures can be true for all automobile-owners, Mr. Norman proceeds to inquire what two classes of machines will cost—the first,

one such as a man who has kept a horse, carriage, and groom might think of adopting instead; the other, such as a man who has never kept a horse might consider within his means.

The machine for the first of the two classes will cost from £300 to £400. This will purchase a ten-horse power, two-cylinder, four-speed, full-leather-upholstered, smart-looking machine, capable of a maximum speed of from twenty-five to thirty miles an hour on the level, and an average all day of from sixteen to eighteen miles. The depreciation account will be about 20 per cent. per annum if the automobile is carefully kept. Tyres will cost, perhaps, £20 a year; gasoline, at an average of twenty miles to a gallon, will cost for, say 4,000 miles a year, £9. Other supplies, such as lubricating oil, kerosene for the side-lamps, and calcium carbide for the headlight, are placed at £15. Repairs and replacements ought not to exceed £10. Adding to the sum of these figures the cost of the driver and his special clothing, Mr. Norman figures out that the total yearly cost of keeping an automobile of this class is £436.

Coming to the second typical class chosen for purpose of illustration, for the family who would not keep a horse, it is assumed that they will buy a two-seated automobile. This may be a graceful, good-looking vehicle of five or six horse-power, with pneumatic tyres, upholstered in leather, capable of climbing any reasonable hill on its low speed, and of running from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour on its higher speed on the level. Such an automobile will cost from £130 to £200. An automobile of this kind, if taken care of, should sell for half its cost at the end of two years. The expenses of running it are tabulated as follows, assuming that the owner manages the machine without the services of a driver:

Automobile for Two, without Driver.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Cost (loss on sale after two years' use, per annum) | £50 |
| Tyres (two years' average) | 15 |
| Gasoline (4,000 miles at twenty miles per 11d. gallon) | 10 |
| Oils, etc. | 10 |
| Repairs | 5 |
| | £90 |
| Less saving in cab and railway fares | 15 |
| Net yearly cost | £75 |

"I fancy that the possibility of the ownership of a charming and efficient little machine, with all the pleasure, the variety, the health, and the advantages it will add to his life for a total sum of £75, will come as a surprise to most people of modest means. I would on no account mislead them, and I feel confident that given intelligent and careful management, these figures may be regarded as substantially accurate."

Of course, for Australasian prices 33 1-3 per cent. would need to be added.

A French Sanatorium for Consumptives.

In connection with the subject of modern hospital facilities for tuberculosis patients, which is so freely discussed nowadays, it is interesting to note the success of the Hauteville Sanatorium, designed for the treatment of the indigent consumptives of Lyons—the first institution of the kind to be opened in France for the benefit of the very poor. A writer in the "Revue de Paris" describes this sanatorium and its methods.

Every month, a day is set apart in the out-patients' department of the Lyons Hospital for the examination of those who desire to be treated for consumption. The number of beds in the sanatorium is 119, and the open-air treatment is supposed to last four months; accordingly, only thirty new patients can be taken in each month, and the thirty have to be chosen out of some hundred applicants. It is difficult to make the poor of Lyons realise that the treatment is of use only to those who are not, as it were, too far gone in the disease, and it is pitiable to see men, women, and children in the last stages of consumption presenting themselves at the hospital doors in the firm belief that the worse they look the more certain they will be of help and succour!

The Lyonese sanatorium was opened only six years ago, and though at first a purely charitable institution, the whole of the sum required being raised in a very few months, much was due to the active help of yet another most admirable French society, also due to private enterprise, which has for its object that of providing the workers of Lyons with economical lodgings, and with good, cheap food.

This society, which has now been in existence for seventeen years—its capital is £200,000—is in no sense a charity, for it has always paid a reasonable interest on the money invested. The committee which manages the society had every reason to know how terrible were the ravages brought about by consumption; accordingly, they offered those who were trying to deal with the problem in a sensible manner all the help in their power.

There are now at the Hauteville Sanatorium two doctors, fifteen nuns, and half a dozen cooks, the latter being regarded as among the most important members of the staff, for in open-air treatment the food question is of vital importance, the household bills of the Hauteville Sanatorium coming to the very considerable sum of £2,500 each year.

In the summer, the patients are expected to rise at 6.45 a.m., at 7.30 they have a good breakfast, then follow a short walk and a long rest in the open air; at 10 o'clock lunch is served, then comes another long rest; at midday dinner, at 4.30 p.m. tea, at 7 o'clock supper. At 9 o'clock everyone goes to bed, and at 9.30 the lights are put out. The menus of each meal are carefully considered, specimen menus given in the article being of a nature that would make Lucullus envious.

The excavation of Gezer, carried on by the Palestine Exploration Fund, is described in an interesting manner in the "Sunday at Home" by Mr. R. A. S. Macalister.

In the May number of the "Nuova Antologia" Prof. Lombroso contributes an article proving that lack of salt is not the cause of the terrible disease pellagra; but, as he maintains, spoiled maize, so largely consumed in North Italy. The point has a financial as well as a hygienic interest, for if cheaper salt be not a necessity for the public health, the Government should give the preference to cheaper wheat, which, by reducing the price of bread would directly benefit the very poor. G. Cena contributes a long criticism, on the whole favourable, of the novels of Edouard Roel, and L. Capuana passes in review a large selection of recent Italian novels. Students of early Italian art will find an extremely interesting article by Professor Chiappelli (April 16) in support of his much-debated contention that Orcagna has painted a portrait of Dante in his "Paradiso" in the Strozzi chapel of Sta. Maria Novella.

Russia and Manchuria.

A Lesson in the Art of Pacific Conquest.

Mr. Alfred Stead contributes an interesting article to the "Nineteenth Century" on the Manchurian question, entitled "Conquest by Bank and Railways." It is a study of an up-to-date method of annexing, which is a system of conquest by banks rather than by battalions, by the building of railways rather than by the winning of battles. Russia's position in Manchuria is assured, not so much by the presence of her army, which she may withdraw or concentrate upon the railway, as upon the Russo-Chinese Bank, which holds the concession for the construction of the railway from Siberia to Port Arthur. This railway, which is called the Chinese Eastern Railway Company, has been built by bonds guaranteed by the Russian Government. Russian letters and parcels are carried over the railway free of charge. The railway, like the bank, enjoys the protection both of the Russian and Chinese flags, and, in Mr. Alfred Stead's opinion, the bank is a much more potent instrument of conquest than parks of artillery. While the Chinese in Manchuria may fear the military strength of Russia, it is the bank that has won their respect and allegiance. It receives the taxes and pays the wages, and has thus succeeded to the position formerly held by the Chinese authorities. It is extending its agencies into comparatively small towns, and the day when the Evacuation Convention was signed it was announced simultaneously that five or six new branches of the bank would be opened throughout Manchuria:

"The Chinese Eastern Bank is to Manchuria what the Nile is to Egypt; the Russians have, in fact, constructed through this valuable Chinese province a Nile of steel, capable of being extended in any direction desired. In this respect the Nile of steel has a distinct advantage over its watery prototype. And so subtly and carefully have the Russian authorities moved in stretching out this forerunner of an enforced civilisation, so perfectly have they understood that a Chinaman who is allowed to 'save his face' will accept subjugation when he would not take it—at least, quietly—were he forced to open confession of his defeat, so graciously have they paid market value for the land occupied by the railway, that this steel girdle has been put around their world without a murmur."

The Russians have found it much better to allow the Chinese to administer the country, while they administer the Chinese.

Besides the parallel forces of the railway and the bank, the Russians have in Manchuria a valuable instrument in the Greek Orthodox Church. This pacific method of obtaining control of a country without annexing it is, after all, little more than the adoption, under official patronage, of the system by which English traders, English speculators and English missionaries have secured control of many countries which are not under the English flag. The net result, in Mr. Alfred Stead's opinion, is good for Manchuria; from the financial and sanitary point of view the Manchurians are better off than they were before, and the railway has contributed materially to the improvement of the social condition of the people.

As to the Newchwang question, the writer points out that if Russia evacuated Newchwang she could starve out that port by constructing a new emporium three miles further up the river, at a place called Inkou. Special advantages would be offered to ships engaged in the import trade if they would stop at Inkou instead of going down to Newchwang. The Chinese

merchants would probably migrate without reluctance to the new port, where they were offered special privileges, and Newchwang, the Treaty Port, would be transformed into a collection of Consulates. If this be so, how very foolish must appear the hubbub which has been raised about Newchwang in the papers lately. The writer sums up the net result of the policy by banks and railways as follows:

"The work accomplished by the Russo-Chinese Bank and the Chinese Eastern Railway, the modern substitutes for the fire and sword of the old-fashioned conqueror, is indeed profitable. In return for the expenditure of perhaps £50,000,000, Russia has acquired the economical control of a rich province more than three times the size of the British Isles; and has done it in such a way that nearly all the expenditure has been applied directly to the development of its wealth. The inhabitants now 'think Russian,' and almost recognise the Russian flag as being as much their own as the Dragon banner. Besides the Province, the expenditure of this £50,000,000 has brought 1,000 miles of well-built railway, two large towns, and all the mining rights throughout the whole country. Not a bad bargain, especially when one reflects that a successful war may cost nearly £200,000,000, and leave the conquered territory in such a state that immediately another thirty or forty millions have to be expended to make a fresh start."

Writing in the "Contemporary Review," Dr. E. J. Dillon points out that we cannot prevent the Russification of Manchuria, the province being de facto Russian, whatever its international position:

"From the day, therefore, on which the Manchurian railway was first decided upon, it was clear to all concerned that the fertile valleys of the Sungari and the Liao, the dense forests that fringe the Khingan Hills, and the rich mineral districts scattered over the territory, which is as large as France and Germany together, would all be 'railed in' by the Slavonic culture-bearer from the west. And no voice was then raised in protest. On the contrary, statesmen vied with each other in wishing Russian luck, in disclaiming any desire to aggrandise their own countries at the expense of China, and, putting a good face upon the matter, awaited developments. But now that developments are come in the long-expected shape the tocsin is being sounded, and Muscovy charged with an attempt to assimilate Manchuria. The truth is, that during all those years she had been pursuing that aim with wonderful energy and rare single-mindedness, and that all the contradictions between the solemn assurances of her Foreign Office, and the surprising acts of her diplomatic and military officials were but so many broad hints given to all whom it might concern, that a new province was being added to the Muscovite Empire. If her policy was an encroachment on other nations' interests, why did they not proclaim the fact as soon as its trend became evident; and if they kept silence, then what good purpose can be gained by crying out when the work has been accomplished?"

Manchuria is Virtually a Russian Province.

"For there can be no doubt that Manchuria is, in fact, just as much a Russian Government as Finland, whatever status it may claim to have in virtue of international forms. Flourishing Russian towns have sprung up on the sites of dingy little Manchu villages. In large districts where five years ago Mongol nomads were wandering about with their flocks, Russian merchants are now selling tea, flour, vegetables; public baths have been opened, post offices are forwarding letters, spacious buildings have been erected as shops,

inns, dwelling-houses; Chinese soldiers wear a Russian badge on their uniforms; Chinese Governors are the humble servants of Muscovite military commanders or railway officials. Russians administer justice promptly, fairly, and without appeal; wherever there is a Russian settlement vegetables are cultivated with profit, long stretches of gardens are conjured into existence, markets opened, trade is growing, Manchus are beginning to chatter in broken Russian, roubles are circulating freely throughout the province, and the people are getting used to Russian ways, and are thriving."

It will be noted that Dr. Dillon differs from Mr. Gerrard as to the effect of the Russian occupation upon the native population.

The Imperial Zollverein Policy.

As was to be expected, the proposals of Mr. Chamberlain on the 15th and 28th of May have thrust the question of a British Imperial Zollverein into the forefront of public discussion. But as was by no means to be expected, the month's magazines are either silent on the subject, or are wholly favourable to the preferential treatment of our colonies! It is hard to find any article of importance which opposes the new fiscal departure. Whether Free Traders were caught napping, while Zollvereinists were ready primed, there is, in any case, something of a portent in the fact that the magazinedom of Great Britain—the historic home of Free Trade—has at this crisis scarcely a word to say in defence of orthodox Free Trade, but is loud in applause of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. Next month, doubtless, the big guns of economic orthodoxy will open fire on the new heresy. But the other side will have had a month's start. Mobility in argument, as in war, counts for much.

Four Voices in the "Nineteenth Century."

The "Nineteenth Century" opens with three papers in defence of Imperial reciprocity. Sir Herbert Maxwell is mightily wroth with Mr. Balfour's speech on the repeal of the corn tax, but rejoices in Mr. Chamberlain's speech later in the day. The latter, he says, came in the nick of time to save a great party from going to pieces. He insists that it is not the unfurling of the Protectionist flag. He also repudiates the idea of a hard-and-fast Zollverein over-ruling and interfering with the fiscal regulations of the Colonies, but urges that we must be prepared to meet the overtures of the Colonies, and give preference to our own kith and kin. Launched by the "greatest Colonial Minister in English history, this mighty project must occupy the chief place in political controversy till it is disposed of." The question, which can neither be shirked nor shelved, is one upon which the old frontiers of party are likely to undergo considerable change.

Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., puts Mr. Chamberlain's policy in a nutshell by saying: "It means reciprocity between the British nations, and sufficient retaliation against our foreign rivals to make that reciprocity possible and profitable," or, "Stand by your own, and make the outsider pay." He is by no means sure that the removal of the corn tax was not a carefully arranged preliminary to secure the psychological moment for Mr. Chamberlain's appeal. The corn tax was too small to be reckoned as a policy.

Mr. Benjamin Taylor says that if we feel sure that reciprocity will bind the Mother Country more closely with her Colonies, the change can be made with equanimity and alacrity, and "we need not fear foreign reprisals, because the British Empire will then be the

largest consumer in the world—too good a customer for any country to quarrel with." He argues, "A small duty on foreign wheat, for instance, may make all the difference between marketing the crops of Canada, as compared with the superior facilities of the United States, and yet have no appreciable bearing on the cost of food."

Sir Wemyss Reid, in his monthly survey, thinks that Mr. Chamberlain's plea for a British Zollverein opens the list for the renewal of the old tournament between Protection and Free Trade, but it must be renewed under new conditions and with new motives. "How it will end no one can see."

The "National" in Ecstasies.

The editor of the "National Review" is jubilant. The Birmingham speech is declared to be an utterance destined to open a new era in the development of the Empire and in the prospects of the home country. He urges that the gravest doubts of the Cobdenite creed exist in the minds of a great and growing body of opinion. Free Trade only worked well while other nations were absorbed in war. About 1880 rival systems of Free Trade and Protection began their struggle for existence. Almost each succeeding year has shown the advantage to rest with Protection. He says our attitude for the last sixty years has only encouraged other Powers to raise their tariffs, and Mr. Chamberlain's speech, by causing the Germans to hesitate in their retaliation on Canada, has worked for freer trade. At the same time the editor recognises that the new policy appeals to very many Englishmen who would repudiate the name of Protectionist.

"Elector," in the "National Review," who asks, "Is the Cabinet riding for a fall?" bemoans the repeal of the corn tax. Students of modern economics had predicted that it would not, in the long run, affect the price of bread, but would be chiefly paid by the foreign producer. He claims that that prediction was fulfilled. The price of wheat per quarter only rose 3d. Less than one quarter of the tax fell on the British consumer. The foreigner paid the rest. The same infinitesimal advantage revived the British milling industry. These are statements of which much may be heard during the controversy.

Dr. Dillon's Applause.

Dr. E. J. Dillon, in his chronicle on Foreign Affairs in the June "Contemporary," continues to lend his high name to support the Protectionist chimera:

"One of the most efficacious means which our Government disposed of for reciprocating the preference bestowed upon us by Canada was in embryonic form, the corn duty, and that is now to disappear without rhyme or reason. For, as Mr. Chaplin pointed out, the tax is neither a burden to the consumer nor a benefit to the farmers, though if raised to protection level it would confer an inestimable boon upon the agricultural interests of the country. Moreover, the Government, in the person of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, laid it down a twelvemonth ago that it is not the custom of the House of Commons to impose a new indirect tax for one year only, seeing that a short-lived measure of that nature would merely interfere with trade, and inflict harm instead of working good. Fortunately, Mr. Chamberlain's timely and statesmanlike speech has placed the issue on a much broader basis, and will compel the nation to decide once for all whether it will become a World Empire in the fullest sense of the word or sink to the level of Holland. Between those alternatives there is no third course, nor will the fa-

vourable moment, if once allowed to pass unutilised, ever return. The prospect which inspires Mr. Chamberlain is in truth the most attractive that has ever yet been held out to any people known to history. Its realisation, therefore, would be worth a heavy sacrifice on their part were any such needed. In turning over the advantages and the drawbacks which such a vast political creation as a self-sufficing British Empire would bring in its train, due weight amongst the former should be given to the imponderabilia which the too practical minds of men of business are liable to brush aside as unworthy of consideration. Moreover, the truth would seem to be that, viewed from the right angle of vision, no real sacrifices are demanded of the nation. That of Free Trade is but apparent. When all the other States compete from behind a Chinese wall of tariff protection, and are armed with subsidies and trusts while we can neither strike them nor shield ourselves, trade is no longer free, the struggle is no longer equal. Our people are heavily handicapped, and must now compete on terms which are superlatively unfair. And the results of this competition have been telling against us. Even as a business venture, therefore, a commercial inter-Imperial union cannot but prove profitable to Motherland and Colonies alike. In casting up the items of profit and loss, however, we should not assume that the trade returns of to-day are alone decisive."

Effect on Wages.

The "National Review" contains a paper by Mr. G. Byng which will probably be much heard of in popular controversy on "the influence of Free Trade on wages." He divides working men into four classes, according as they are (1) manufacturing, (2) agricultural, (3) employed on distinctively home trades, as building, and (4) employed by middlemen, as railway men, sailors, etc. He admits that the last benefit under a Free Trade system, but argues that as the producing class is squeezed out by foreign competition, the non-producers will in the long run also come to grief. The third class—builders, etc.—will, he says, be indirectly benefited by the general improvement in manufactures and agriculture, which, he avers, Protection would introduce. Agriculture is being ruined by Free Trade. From 1875 to 1901 the acres under wheat in the United Kingdom have sunk from 3,707,700 to 1,746,000. The acres under corn of all kinds have dropped by 3,000,000. And yet the head of cattle has only increased during the same period from ten to eleven and a half millions. For every three acres which go out of cultivation one agricultural labourer falls out of work. Workmen engaged in manufactures would under Protection be freed from the deadly competition of foreigners, who are really blacklegs, as they work, men and women and children, at lower wages and longer hours.

The "Gentleman's Magazine" for June has in it a store of quaint and readable matter. The psychic powers of the Boers and the high moral development of the Bushman as described by Mr. Leipoldt require separate notice. Dr. Japp vigorously exposes Darwinian delusions as to the singing of birds being due entirely to courtship and mating. Rather, he urges, is singing in autumn, as well as spring, due to robust health and joy of life. Mr. A. V. Gough disinters a record of two hundred years ago by a Shropshire yeoman named Richard Gough, of the parish of Myddle. Mr. A. Wood recalls the drinking customs of the old Scottish gentry and clergy, and makes us glad that drunkenness has fallen in repute since then.

Mr. Gladstone as a Second-Hand Book-Buyer.

One of the most interesting things in the "Leisure Hour" for June is contributed by the Rev. J. P. Hobson. It is entitled "Mr. Gladstone in the Second-Hand Bookshop." It gives facsimiles of a post-card and letter from Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Salkeld, formerly of Orange Street, Bloomsbury. Here is a characteristic incident of the great mind which was never too great to overlook trifles. The rule was that when a bill was delivered Mr. Gladstone promptly returned the money less 10 per cent. discount:

"On one occasion, at a time of great political pressure, Mr. Gladstone had come up from Hawarden to attend a Cabinet Council meeting, and called in at Mr. Salkeld's, clad in his well-known grey coat, on his way from the station. He walked up to the table, put down some money to pay an account which was due, and took up the change which had been given, allowing for 10 per cent. discount. He appeared to be pre-occupied, and left the shop without making any remarks as he often did. Five minutes had scarcely elapsed when the old statesman, on whose shoulders sat the burden of an empire, appeared again, and walking up to the table, laid down the money given as discount, saying, 'I am not entitled to this, the bill is nearly six months old.'"

It was in this bookshop that the convenient interchange of postage and receipt stamp is said to have arisen.

"On another occasion, when Mr. Gladstone went to pay a bill, Mr. Salkeld had no receipt stamp by him. Mr. Gladstone said, 'Why not use an ordinary penny stamp? It pays just the same amount to the revenue—put one on.' This was done; no evil consequences followed. Shortly after this the postage and receipt stamp were made one. This change probably took its origin from this circumstance."

"The Wireless Wizard."

Under this heading Mr. P. T. McGrath tells, in the "Young Man," the story of Marconi and his work. He pronounces the great inventor "quite unspoiled, as simple and unaffected as a schoolboy." He is, however, of specially nervous temperament, "worrying as much over a missing slipper as over a defective installation." He speaks English, French, and Italian with equal fluency, but he is to all intents practically an Englishman, although legally a subject of the Italian King. He regards the science of electricity as yet in its infancy. He anticipates a development which will do more to wipe out the Atlantic than any human device yet known:

"Quite recently he has invented a 'magnetic detector,' an instrument which has taken the place of the old and familiar 'coherer' with its electrodes and nickel fittings. The new contrivance permits of much faster work, and he now looks forward to being soon able to send 200 words a minute, or about three times as fast as the cables. This will bring about a tremendous increase in the bulk of the business done and a corresponding reduction in the rates, and he speaks of a cent a word as the ruling rate for wireless messages within a reasonable period. 'Then,' he says, 'we shall see the wireless telegraph used instead of the mails for more than half the personal correspondence that now passes between Europe and America, and the rate so low as to bring this accessory within the reach of everyone.'"

Comical Colonial Children.

"A Wilderness of Monkeys" is the title of some studies in English and Colonial children contributed by Mr. Percy F. Rowland to "Cornhill." It is a paper full of good things. Here are a few samples.

Tony was a young Australian of some ten summers:

"One year Tony was taken to the Wangaloo Picnic Race-meeting. Now, at this meeting there used to practise an insidious monkey, who, on receipt of the requisite number of shillings, drew from his tray a ticket which might entitle you to receive the sum of one pound. On the other hand, it might not. Seeing that the monkey's owner got two shillings in the pound commission either way, he clearly did not mind who received the prize; so it all depended on the monkey. Now Tony, it appears, found some way to make friends with that monkey. Two young rascals, they probably understood each other. Be that as it may, Tony, unknown to his relatives, invested a shilling; and, after a highly speculative twenty minutes, walked home the proud possessor of between four and five pounds sterling.

"'Were not your people cross?' the budding book-maker was asked.

"'Not half so cross,' he rejoined, 'as they would have been if I'd lost.'"

A Flea as Globe-trotter Extraordinary.

This is how the puzzle of the Antipodes shaped itself in the mind of a little Colonial girl friend only four years of age:

"'The fleas bite me a lot in the night,' was the somewhat unpromising fashion in which she began her first conversation with me.

"'Dear me,' I said, 'that is very sad.' Then, wishing to administer consolation even in these trying circumstances, 'Do they do it in the daytime, too?' I asked.

"'No,' was the reply.

"'Why not?'

"'Well, thoo see, in the daytime they's busy biting grandma.'

"Grandma lived in England; and this ingenious little Australian child-mind had combined that and the geographical erudition involved in knowing that it was night in England when it was day in Australia, to construct the highly imaginative picture of the Wandering Flea, ever busy, dwelling in endless night, hopping the world every twelve hours in pursuit of his laborious livelihood!"

The Voice Upon the Mountains.

The contrast between the poetry of the Old Country and the poetry of the New could scarcely be better illustrated than by the following incident. Everyone recalls Wordsworth's "Yes, it was the mountain echo, solitary, clear, profound." Here is the Australian version:

"'What are you doing?' asked an Australian senator of his youthful son, whistling in the garden one Sunday morning, in the shadow of the fragrant Blue Mountains, puckering his little face into unwonted curves, and getting little result for much pains.

"'I'm whistling to God,' was the unabashed reply.

"'Sh!' ejaculated the surprised parent.

"'Oh, He doesn't mind,' was the instant rejoinder. 'He's whistling back.'

"'Surely as pretty a fancy for the mountain echo as could reasonably be expected of a four-year-old!'"

The writer finds sterling common sense to be the leading characteristic of the older Colonial schoolboy:

"In a history examination, in reply to the question: 'Had you been living then, which side would you have fought for, Cavaliers or Roundheads? Give your reasons,' I had the following delightful answer from one young New Zealander:

"'I should have fought for the Roundheads. They were rather too fond of religion; but that is better than being drunk.'

"The national love of middle courses was here expressed in schoolboy dialect."

This love of stories about children, once thought a weakness of the mother and nurse, but now welcomed by all readers, is one of the healthiest signs of current literature.

Patagonia and Its Giants.

The "American Monthly Review of Reviews" contains an interesting article dealing with the results of the three Princeton expeditions to Patagonia, led by Mr. J. B. Hatcher. Darwin and all later travellers have dwelt on the vastness and monotony of the Patagonian plains, but these pictures tell us that it is not wholly a land of dead level. Here and there the traveller encounters rugged peaks towering far above the plain, while the river canyons, to judge from Mr. Hatcher's photographs, are not less interesting than those of the South West of the U.S.A., and the glaciers rival those of Alaska in grandeur. In more aspects than one this southern extremity of the American hemisphere reminds him of South Africa. The seasons, for one thing, correspond very closely in the two countries. Winter in Patagonia and South Africa falls in British summer months and vice versa.

The Patagonians.

Of the four distinct tribes of Indians inhabiting Patagonia, by far the best known are the Tehuelches, the far-famed giants of the southern mainland. It is certain, however, that exaggerated ideas are commonly held as to their height:

"The pure-blood natives are reported as decidedly above the average size of human beings. Of the three hundred members of the tribe living between the Santa Cruz River and the Straits of Magellan, Mr. Hatcher places the average height of the men at not less than 5 feet 11 inches, with an average weight of 175 pounds; while he estimates the height of the fully grown women—those above twenty-four years of age—at 5 feet 7 inches, and their average weight at little, if any, less than that of the men.

"There is comparatively little disparity, either physical or mental, between the sexes. This is ascribed by Mr. Hatcher largely to the division of labour that prevails in Patagonia. The labour necessary for the support of the family is more equally divided between husband and wife among the Tehuelches than is common among North American Indians.

"The physical superiority of this tribe has given it a prominence out of all proportion to its numbers. Although formerly much more numerous than at present, it is not believed that the Tehuelches at any time numbered more than five thousand souls; but the reader is hardly prepared to accept the statement that there are not now more than five hundred Tehuelches remaining in all Patagonia. It is the old story of slow extermination through the introduction of diseases by contact with the whites. The question of race suicide

is clearly a vital one in the case of the Tehuelches, since families of more than three children are almost never seen, while the number is usually restricted to one or two, and frequently there are families with no children."

The Imperial German Navy.

By Sir William Laird Clowes.

Under this title "Cassell's Magazine" contains an enthusiastic appreciation by Sir W. L. Clowes of the new German Navy. Of it he says: "The rise of the German Navy, like the adoption of Western methods and civilisation by Japan, was one of the most significant portents of the last half of the nineteenth century."

The writer traces step by step the growth of the Navy, and comments especially upon its recent development under the stimulus of the Kaiser and the German Navy League.

Recent Naval History.

Of the work done by the German fleets, he says:

"It is true that, having regard to its youth, the Kaiser's navy has had more than its fair share of mishaps; but it has also had its triumphs. It took part, twelve years ago, in the blockade of the Zanzibar coast, and contributed materially to the repression of the slave trade in those waters. Three years ago it fought most gallantly side by side with our own navy, and under the orders of British officers, in China. It has made an imposing appearance at most of the great Spithead reviews of recent years. And if it has won no great glory in Venezuela, it may be because there has been no great glory to be won there.

"It is extremely difficult to indicate briefly the extent of the material progress which has been made by the German fleet in the fourteen or fifteen years of the present Emperor's rule. It is true that when His Majesty mounted the throne he possessed about a dozen sea-going ironclads of one sort or another, and that to-day he has not more than nineteen large ones, built and building. It is true also that he had about eighteen craft which were called cruisers, and that to-day he has only about twenty-eight."

Great Britain and Germany.

It must be remembered that the Emperor omits from his annual list of war vessels laid before the Reichstag all that is not comparatively up-to-date. In the list compiled by the Emperor at the end of January the following statistics are given:

| Already Built— | Great Britain. | Germany. |
|-----------------------------|----------------|----------|
| Battleships.. . . . | 42 .. | 12 |
| Armoured Cruisers | 14 .. | 2 |
| Protected Cruisers | 109 .. | 17 |
| Under Construction— | | |
| Battleships | 12 .. | 7 |
| Armoured Cruisers.. . . . | 20 .. | 3 |
| Protected Cruisers.. . . . | 8 .. | 6 |

"The significance of these figures is not, perhaps, apparent at the first glance, but if they be carefully examined it will appear that while at the present moment we are adding only about 28 per cent. to our battleship strength, Germany is adding about 56 per cent. to hers; and that while we are adding only about 22 per cent. to our cruiser strength, Germany is adding about 47 per cent. to hers."

The German Personnel.

Of the officers and men of the German Navy the writer is most enthusiastic:

"The personnel of the German Navy, and the German naval officer especially, can hardly be excelled for keenness, technical ability, devotion to the profession, and continuous work. Some years ago I was introduced to a retired German naval officer of much distinction, and I expressed my surprise at seeing him yet so young. 'Ah!' he said; 'few of us can stand it after seven or eight and forty. Our work clears out or kills off the weaklings, and only the very strong survive. We are a short-lived race at best.'"

The New Archbishop of Canterbury.

Is He to be an Anglican Hildebrand?

To the series of Master Workers appearing in the "Pall Mall Magazine," Mr. Harold Begbie contributes in the June number a suggestive sketch of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lambeth Palace. He comes to Canterbury with the inspiration and force of a lofty ideal:

"His ideal, in a word, is for an Imperial Church, a Church whose frontiers march with the frontiers of empire, and whose people are the inhabitants of the English-speaking world. He is, if the phrase may be used, an Imperialist of God—one to whom Christianity is a great colonising power in the fields of mortality, a triumphant and a conquering force. Something has been done by others to realise this idea; but Dr. Davidson is consumed by the ideal, and his soul is set upon its attainment. To him the bickering of Church parties is of small account, a thing of the parish-pump; the real Church of England is an Imperial force, destined to sway the mind of the world in a far more wonderful fashion than ever Rome has swayed it."

"An Imperialist of God."

This is a somewhat harsh phrase, which may, however, be excused as a necessary distinction from the Imperialists of the devil who have been of late very much in evidence. Mr. Begbie offers the alternative phrase of "Imperialist Churchman," and asks:

"Is the Church of England, with Dr. Davidson at its head, to assume an Imperial position in the world? The parallel of the greatest of all the Popes serves as a happy augury. Hildebrand was the adviser of two Roman pontiffs, and before he succeeded to St. Peter's chair he had been offered and refused the pontificate. Dr. Randall Davidson, besides having served one Archbishop as chaplain, was the counsellor of two others, and Canterbury had been his, earlier in life, if he had accepted it."

Above all, a Man of Prayer.

Quoting Canon Newbolt's alarm call on the advance of anti-clericalism, under which the worthy Canon detected the onset of anti-religion, Mr. Begbie asks if the Primate is the pilot to face the storm. He quotes from a conversation with one whom he declares to be an authority on the subject:

"In the case of Dr. Davidson, the capacity for administration is the outcome of his profound spirituality, it is the expression of his spirituality. With him *orare est laborare*. He is a man of prayer in the deepest sense of that word. Few men have a firmer conviction of the efficacy of prayer than the Archbishop. And all his marvellous activities and energies in the field of

administration are just the result of this very beautiful prayerfulness."

A Sunny Saint.

The same friend proceeds to say that "the Archbishop belongs to the order of happy saints. His is one of the sunniest dispositions in the world, and it is one of the saintliest. He makes you feel his religion. He preserves all the radiant cheerfulness of the early Christian." The chief drawback is the uncertainty of his health:

"Every autumn, you see, he is threatened with a sort of peritonitis from the gun accident of his youth. You remember he received a charge of shot at the bottom of his spine. For months, sometimes for a year, he lives on nothing but milk foods."

An Archbishop who is a great courtier, a sunny saint, an Imperialist of God, and bent on unifying English-speaking Christendom, is a singular combination which ought to produce historic results.

Our King through French Eyes.

Both the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" and the "*Nouvelle Revue*" deal with the personality of Edward VII., and in the article published in the latter review are some amusing recollections of His Majesty's former visits to Paris. The years when the King, as Prince of Wales, seems to have been most in the French capital were those between 1875 and 1885. France had just then begun to recover from the effects of her disastrous war, many members of the old Imperial Court still formed the elite of French society, and these welcomed with enthusiasm the future King of England. "In those days," cries his French eulogist, "he appeared, if cheerful and unaffected, yet truly august; his slightest gestures set the fashion, and many of his French friends saw in him their most popular Sovereign, Henry of Navarre, come to life again." According to those of his Parisian friends who knew him best, Edward VII. has a generous and enthusiastic nature; he is exceptionally faithful to his friends, and always ready to oblige those who have ever shown him the slightest kindness or affection. Further, the Sovereign is declared in France to be equally devoted to decorum and decorations, and in spite of his bonhomie—there is no English word which is the exact equivalent—his Majesty loves to surround himself with due pomp.

M. Charnes, in his chroniques in the May numbers of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," makes two references to the King's visit to France. In the first number, after referring with natural satisfaction to the entirely unsolicited compliment paid to France by Russia, England, Spain, Italy, Portugal, and the United States in sending warships to salute the President of the Republic, he goes on to say that King Edward VII. would be received in Paris, not only because of the pleasant recollections which he had left behind him there as Prince of Wales, but also as the Sovereign of a country which has rendered immense services to universal civilization, and with which France, though she has sometimes divergent interests, nevertheless has a much greater number of interests in common. Then, in the second number, when the visit was over, M. Charnes writes in an equally sensible tone. "Edward VII.," he says, "has exhibited a desire to live on amicable terms, and we on our side desire to live on amicable terms with England." He does not think the fundamental situation is changed, but that the effect of the King's visit will be to render friendly solutions of

various questions more easy. In this connection, however, he notes the significant absence of any Cabinet Ministers in the suite of His Majesty. The King is, without doubt, resolved to pay visits of courtesy to the principal Courts of Europe, and M. Charnes evidently feels gratified that France was included in the first round. He thinks that England has felt latterly a kind of moral isolation, and that she has been glad to see her monarch breaking, with the outstretched hand of cordiality, the ice which had formed round her relations with the Continent in general.

Castro, the Equatorial Bonaparte.

Mr. Stephen Bonsal always writes well on Spanish-American topics, and he excels himself in the May "*North American Review*" in his admirable study of the famous Venezuelan President. Castro, says Mr. Bonsal in effect, is a very bad man, but he is a very great man in his way, and anything but the gimcrack despot who reigns a day in Venezuela and then departs for Paris. He is a bit of a Bonaparte in his way, and sees his future in real power and the conquest and union of the neighbouring states. Therefore Castro is a man to be reckoned with in the future.

Castro belongs to the dynasty of the Shepherd—or rather the Cattle—Kings. His career as a warrior and statesman began on the Venezuelan-Colombian frontier, where, to-day, just the same conditions exist as existed on the Anglo-Scotch border five hundred years ago:

"It had been the immemorial custom among the frontiersmen to avoid the tax collector. When that obnoxious individual appeared on the Venezuelan side, Castro and other worthy ranchmen drove their cattle into Colombia, and vice versa, but the day of reckoning came when the collectors of the two countries conspired and appeared on the border at the same time. Castro's range was cleared up by Venezuelan forces, and he, fighting for his own, narrowly escaped with his life. I say 'for his own,' though there is another story. Be this as it may, the herds were confiscated, and Castro, having no other means of livelihood, raised the standard of revolt."

Castro got behind him a force of sturdy Andino mountaineers, and set out to expel Andrade from the capital:

"It was an enterprise that appealed to Castro's spirit of adventure, a gambler's stroke he could not resist. So, one fine morning, with but eighty men, he started out on his long ride. There followed months of wilderness fighting, of which little is known. Castro opened the gaols as he advanced from the Colombian frontier, and every outlaw in the land made common cause with him. In the first meeting with the Andrade forces, a lieutenant of the latter, who is, I regret to say, a West Point man, turned the artillery upon his own infantry, and so the battle was won. At last Castro turned up with a broken leg and a dislocated shoulder, with six hundred hardy ruffians behind him, and sat down before Valencia, which Ferrer, now Minister of War, held with six thousand well-armed men at his command. He could have annihilated the Castro forces, but he did not like Andrade; and there was a conference, followed by what they call in political parlance that there obtains a 'transaction,' which resulted in Ferrer going over to Castro with his whole army. The further journey eastward was prosecuted by the amalgamated forces with the new watchword, 'God and the Federation,' emblazoned upon their yellow banners. In due season the pass of La Victoria, the key to the

capital, the scene of so many stubbornly-contested battles and of so many disgraceful 'transactions,' was reached. Here Mendoza was entrenched with a large army. Don Luciano is quite a character in Venezuelan politics. He is known as the Introducer of Presidents. He is a grizzled, venal, old warhorse, whose boast that he stays 'bought' is not a mean one in view of the general behaviour of his contemporaries. He also celebrated a conference with Castro and made his arrangements. He placed a special train at President Andrade's disposal and a leaky gunboat, and forty-eight hours' time to avail himself of both. When the clock struck the forty-ninth hour, true to his role and punctual to the minute, Don Luciano introduced the people of Caracas to their new President and Castro to his new home, the Yellow House."

Since then, President Castro has been on the top.

Where was Castro?

But where was this domineering, energetic President when the Anglo-German fleet was blockading his coast?—

" 'And where is Castro,' I asked 'that sturdy American who would not bend the knee to European oppression, as the papers say?' Well, he was away on a 'picnic,' I learned, at La Victoria. He would spend a week there, in debauchery, the tongue of scandal (as I then thought) whispered. Only half believing, I followed the trail of the Dictator down to the orange groves on the border of the tierra caliente. There I found him guarded by his soldiers, surrounded by the Yellow House gang composed of debauched and dishonoured men and outcast women—his only willing associates. It was a sharp transition. I had come from where thousands were starving to a camp where champagne was flowing like water, where the extravagant saturnalia continued day and night, though only a few yards away lay the unburied bodies of the stolid, ignorant Andinos who had died but a few weeks before to keep the Dictator on his throne.

"I did not succeed in concealing, nor did I very much try to conceal, my astonishment at the scenes which met my eye. I had certainly thought to find our ally otherwise engaged. 'But why should you wonder?' said Castro, noting my surprise. 'Our part is played. We have picked the quarrel, and now, blessed be the Monroe Doctrine, our role is finished and the fighting must be done by *el tío Samuel*. All the papers in the case I have given to your Minister, who goes to Washington as my attorney.' 'Yes, viva la Doctrina "Monroe"!' exclaimed Tello Mendoza, the witty muleteer whom Castro has made Secretary of the Treasury. 'It spares us sleepless nights and gives us time for *bailes*.'"

Abdul the Haunted.

The Sultan as Seen by His Intimates.

The "Pall Mall Magazine" contains a sketch of Abdul-Hamid, the man, his character and his entourage, by a Greek ex-Attache in the Turkish Foreign Office. The editor publishes it "without prejudice as a fair sample of the criticism which the Sultan receives from those of his subjects who are opposed to him on religious or political grounds." Its perusal will move even his enemies to something like pity.

The Slave of Terror.

The physical and mental portrait presented is that of a man who lives a life in torment. The sketch of his physique is far from prepossessing:

"Of medium height, slightly rickety on his legs, and painfully thin, he seems now only to have his breath left, and, in fact, it his nerves that keep him alive. Such a constitution must necessarily influence his mentality. Abdul-Hamid is, in truth, a victim of neurasthenia, and in some things a monomaniac. But tyranny and the continual fear in which he lives have led him to devote all his energies to his personal preservation, and to use only the faculties which contribute to that end, such as distrust, cunning, and the instinct of defence. These faculties are monstrously developed, to the suffocation of the others, and in his brain, wearied by neurasthenia, have become abiding passions. Thus in the progress of time Abdul-Hamid has ended by becoming one of that class known to doctors as the persecuting persecuted."

A Genius in Cunning.

If this be so, it may be taken as an awful warning of an unregulated abandonment to the instinct of self-preservation. The writer proceeds:

"If, as has been said, generalising rather too freely, cunning is the intelligence of the Oriental people, the Sultan may be considered among them as a man of genius. It was, indeed, by cunning that he arrived at power, and it is by the same method that he now keeps himself there, and that he governs. He is a skilful layer of traps, and capable of all kinds of abjectness towards his enemies when he fears them, and of the greatest severity when he has them in his power, and his vengeance is the heavier for having been patiently nourished in secret."

Blood His Restorative.

It is a gruesome picture:

"Not only is the life of a man who is troublesome to him of little account, but spilled blood seems to calm and soothe his shattered nerves, always stretched to the snapping point. 'At night, before going to sleep,' says one of his chamberlains, 'he has someone to read to him. His favourite books are those giving detailed accounts of assassinations and executions. The stories of crimes excite him and prevent him sleeping, but as soon as his reader reaches a passage where punishment falls upon the criminal the Sultan immediately becomes calm and falls asleep.'"

Tortured by Hallucinations.

The Sultan is ever on the rack of suspicion, and suspicion sometimes deepens into hallucination:

"On the day following the attempt on his life by Ali-Souavi and the revolt at Teheragan, both of which incidents greatly upset him, Abdul-Hamid called his first secretary, who at that time was Ali-Fuad Bey, led him to a window, and, pointing to the Sublime Porte some miles away, said, trembling with fear: 'Do you see them? They have met yonder to proclaim my downfall!'

" 'Who?' asked the startled secretary.

" 'My Ministers,' replied the Sultan. 'My own Ministers are now in the act of dethroning me. Can't you see them?'

"Ali-Fuad Bey had the greatest possible difficulty in calming his master's hallucination."

The writer remarks that he has the gift of making himself agreeable in order to win the friendship of those who approach him, especially foreigners:

"He takes all kinds of pains to please them, and it is seldom that a European leaves him without being fascinated by his cordial and charming manner and exquisite tact. The Sultan, in fact, practises the art of

politeness and hospitality not only as an Oriental, but also as a European. Nowhere are foreign notabilities received as royally as at Yildiz."

What Stopped His Flight.

Here is an incident which explains why the harried Bulgarians and Armenians have no reason to love the Kaiser:

"When the London press, after the Armenian massacres, urged Europe to depose him whom Gladstone called 'The Great Assassin,' and the fleet of Admiral Seymour was manœuvring in a disquieting manner in the waters of the Archipelago, the Sultan, one night, from information sent by the Ottoman Embassy in London, had reason to think that flight abroad was his only means of safety. He summoned his Ministers in extraordinary council to deliberate on the situation, while his yacht 'Izzeddin' was anchored off Bechiktach with steam up ready to take him to Odessa. One of the Ministers, Mahmoud-Djellaleddin Pasha, suggested that the German Embassy be consulted. The Sultan immediately dispatched his favourite, Izzet Bey, to the representative of Kaiser Wilhelm. During the absence of his envoy the Sultan, his face the picture of anxiety and gloom, paced feverishly up and down the room. He had on his person all his jewels, and bonds for a considerable amount could be seen stuffed into the pockets of his belt. But when Izzet Bey brought back the promise that Wilhelm would stand by his friend, Abdul-Hamid so far forgot himself for joy that he almost knelt down before the favourite, so profuse was he in his assurances of his gratitude and affection."

Two Rival Systems of Electric Traction.

In view of the attention which is being given to the question of electrification by the English railway companies, and the controversy which continues unabated on the subject of the Overhead and Third Rail Systems, it is interesting to turn to a country where both systems are being treated on their merits and put to the proof of practical experiment on an extensive scale.

Northern Italy is perhaps in this respect unrivalled, and the recent visit to Italy by the Institution of Electrical Engineers at the invitation of the Associazione Elettrotecnica Italiana offered a practical object-lesson on the working of the two rival systems which should be of considerable service to those who are called upon to assist in bringing about the electrification of British railways.

The visit is described by Mr. Davidge Page in the May number of "Page's Magazine" in an article which is accompanied by many original photographs taken by the author en route.

Overhead System.

"On our arrival at Varenna," says Mr. Page, "we entrained for Sondrio on the Valtellina Railway":

"These sixty-seven miles of railway, the motive power of which has been transformed from steam to electricity, were formally inaugurated on September 4, 1902, and are being operated on the Ganz cascade system, of which so much was heard two years ago, in connection with the electrification of the Metropolitan Railway. The hydraulic power house, with turbines of 6,000 h.p., is at Morbegno, water being taken from the River Adda. Three-phase current is generated at 20,000 volts, and carried by overhead conductors to nine transformer stations, where it is transformed down to

3,000 volts and taken to the two trolley wires, the rail forming the third conductor, and thence direct to poly-phase motors on the cars. The trains on the electric line are made up of the old rolling stock, plus the new motor cars and the new goods locomotives.

"The cars, fitted with electric motors capable of developing 600 h.p., have been constructed with a small cabin at either end, in which is located the apparatus by which the driver controls the starting, running, and stopping of the train. They weigh about fifty-three tons each, have a seating accommodation for fifty-six passengers, and during the trip the one attached to the special train, consisting of five or six ordinary carriages, frequently exceeded a speed of forty miles per hour. The objectionable smoke of the steam locomotive was noticeable by its absence. Grades and curves, which were numerous, were easily surmounted, and a regular speed was maintained throughout the journey. There was practically no evidence of alteration to the permanent way beyond connecting together the rails at every joint with a stout copper wire.

"Steam locomotives can be run over this section of the line, but we should say their use in any large number is not to be recommended, as there would be a great likelihood of the smoke settling on the insulators in the tunnels. The goods traffic is handled by specially constructed electric locomotives, weighing about forty-six tons of 600 normal horse-power, which are capable of drawing from 400 to 500 tons up the steep inclines of the line when the rails give sufficient adhesion. The management have been so satisfied with the performance of these locomotives for goods trains, that they have decided to have some built for the conveyance of passenger trains of 250 tons, at a speed of thirty-seven to forty-four miles up grades of 1 in 100.

"It is said that no accident in any part of the whole installation has yet occurred to any of the public, nor to the car drivers or conductors, and the general success of the undertaking can be gauged by the fact that a further length of thirty-one miles, giving a connection with Milan, will be converted to electrical working as soon as possible. As the train sped along at an exhilarating speed of forty miles per hour, several engineers were heard to express regret that England, in the matter of electric traction on main lines, was behind the agricultural districts of Northern Italy."

The Third Rail System.

It was on journeying from Porto Ceresio and Varese that the party had an opportunity of examining one of the largest experimental third rail systems ever constructed, i.e., the Milan-Varese electric railway. Mr. Page gives the following account of it:

"The Mediterranean Railway Company is equipping electrically the whole of the line from Milan to Gallarate, and thence to Varese, Porto Ceresio, Laveno, and Arona. This railway is a good example of a line with a large traffic worked electrically on the third rail principle, which is the rival system to that of Valtellina. Its total length is eighty-one miles, and for the whole distance it is of single track, except the length from Milan to Gallarate, which is of double track. The section from Milan to Varese was opened for electric traction in November, 1901, and in June, 1902, it was extended to Porto Ceresio.

"A high rate of speed was maintained by the train, occasionally averaging, on the level, a full sixty-five miles an hour.

"The wires of all the lines are supported by porcelain insulators fixed to wooden poles 131 feet apart. On some sections, however, there is an iron pole every 32½

feet. The third rail is placed laterally to the track, and is supported at every 13 feet by artificial granite insulators on cast-iron foundation brackets, fixed to the sleepers. The rails are bound together by means of flexible copper connections having a section of 8 inches.

"The motor-cars weigh forty tons unloaded, and the trailers twenty-five tons, and can accommodate seventy-six passengers. Each motor-car is driven by four 150 h.p. motors, each motor weighing 2.5 tons. The goods traffic is to be hauled by electric locomotives. Every electric car is provided with a hand brake and a compressed air brake, for which, and for the air necessary for the whistle, an electric compressor of 4 h.p. is placed under the frame. The current is taken from the third rail by means of four shoes placed at the four ends of each electric car. The shoes are supported by an angle iron fixed to the journal boxes of the trucks."

The Story of Healing by Light.

Light and air, the commonest and most familiar accompaniments of life, are now being promoted to the front rank in the service of healing. In the war with the deadly tubercle which preys within the body, open air is found to be the surest and most victorious champion, and sanatoria are multiplying for this end. When the tubercle attacks the surface of the body, as in lupus, it is light that wins the day, and the hospitals of light are increasing, though more slowly than the hospitals of air. In the "Windsor" for June Mr. Cleveland Moffett gives a very graphic narrative of the progress of the surgery of light, as he calls it. Dr. Niels Finsen, a native of Iceland, and student of medicine in Copenhagen University, found himself stricken in body, with heart, liver and digestive organs all so much affected that an ordinary practice was impossible. He remained as preceptor of anatomy at the University.

The Red Light Treatment.

There he noticed that earth-worms, placed in an oblong box covered half with red glass and half with blue glass, crawled away from the blue and sought shelter in the red light. A chameleon placed in the same sort of box grew black under the blue glass. Both experiments showed that the blue rays caused inconvenience, while the red rays were innocuous. What we call sunburn is due to the same blue or actinic or chemical rays which disturbed the earth-worm and the chameleon. So far Finsen had gone when by chance he came on a pamphlet published in 1832 at New Orleans which mentioned that, during the small-pox epidemic, some soldiers confined in dark dungeons had recovered from the disease without suppuration or scarring. The fact was given without explanation. Dr. Finsen at once saw that the immunity of these soldiers was due to the absence of actinic rays, which ordinarily act so painfully on the sensitive and inflamed skin of a small-pox patient. On these grounds, but strangely enough, without having ever so much as seen a single case of small-pox, Finsen offered to the world his red light treatment, declaring confidently that pock-marking would be avoided if patients were kept in rooms from which all save red light was excluded. Experiments vindicated this daring conclusion.

The Painless Cure of Lupus.

Having found the powerful effect of the actinic rays, Finsen tried to turn them to good account. He knew that ordinary sunlight slowly killed off certain bacteria. Concentrated through lenses, sunlight killed in two or

three seconds what unconcentrated required an hour and a half. He found that electric light contained more of the actinic rays than ordinary daylight, and applied rays of strength up to eighty amperes to certain surface bacteria. He found that it painlessly destroyed the bacteria of lupus. This is Mr. Moffett's description of the treatment of lupus patients in the villa at Copenhagen, which the Danish Government has put at the disposal of Dr. Finsen:

"The seven lamps, with their glowing red curtains, are seven centres of cheerfulness, and under each one you are surprised to see laughing, chattering groups, eight people to a lamp, four patients and four nurses. The patients lie comfortably on high cots, and receive the light from four down-slanting tubes like telescopes, in which are the costly rock-crystal lenses and the water for eliminating the heat rays. These tubes the nurses move into position so as to focus an intense concentrated beam, yet sufficiently cool, upon the surface under treatment, usually some part of the face, and they also press the surface with a water-filled glass, which serves the double purpose of freeing the tissues from blood and still further cooling the rays. That is about all there is to the treatment, which goes on thus in seances of an hour and a quarter a day for each patient, and, being quite painless, leads naturally to pleasant sociability in the various groups."

Bathing in Light.

At this villa patients are cured of lupus at the cost of 4s. a day. Out of 600 cases there have been no failures due to any fault in the light treatment. The same treatment is being applied for the cure of surface cancer, and for bacterial baldness, erysipelas, and other minor eruptions. Electric light and sun baths are being used for various nervous diseases and for insanity. At the Finsen Institute there is a large room where naked patients walk about for a prescribed length of time under a powerful electric light. The same treatment is being adopted in other countries. In France it has undergone a noteworthy development:

"In Paris, the doctors, while giving Finsen the full credit as the pioneer discoverer, have a lamp of their own which they claim is in several points superior to his. This lamp, the invention of Professor Broca and Dr. Chatin, is unquestionably smaller and simpler, and easier to operate than Finsen's, and possesses this peculiarity, that one of its carbons has a core of cast-iron, the result being that the arc light thus produced throws out ultra-violet rays in far greater abundance (they claim three times greater) than the light from ordinary carbons."

The "Cosmopolitan" for May opens with an illustrated article on the British Parcels Post, by Mr. Henniker Heaton. It is written brightly. Mr. Heaton gives some amusing facts as to the now abolished privilege of "franking":

"When 'franking,' or free postage, was allowed to members of Parliament and others, the privilege was sometimes sublet for three hundred pounds a year, the member signing all letters and parcels brought to him by his paymaster. On one occasion the Honourable F. Dobree franked a grand pianoforte; and a nurse and two cows were franked to our ambassador in Holland. Among other intercepted living creatures were three hundred and fifty leeches from abroad, live snakes, frogs, rats and a locust. By way of exemplifying legitimate, as against illegitimate, use of the service, I may mention that, in two days of December, one well-known London seedsman despatched seventy thousand parcels, paying £875 in postage."

Hope for Consumptives.

How the Disease is Treated in America.

In the "American Review of Reviews" there are no fewer than four articles dealing with the various methods employed in the United States in the fight against tuberculosis. On the whole the verdict is very cheerful, and one writer says:

"It may be an exaggerated prediction to make, that twenty years hence may see the man or woman whom the physician has diagnosed as suffering from lung trouble starting for the health camp in the vicinity of his or her abode, to return a few weeks or a few months later restored to health, and able again to take up life's pursuits—an era when some of the hospitals which have been constructed and equipped purposely to care for pulmonary patients will be needless, and consumption in its advanced stage almost as rare as small-pox or yellow fever; yet, judging by the results which have thus far been attained, there is a possibility of this state of affairs coming to pass, and not far in the future. The fact is, that out in the open, even amid snow-drifts of winter, there are elements which have more curative properties than any compound which has yet been prepared by the chemist, and the one who is not too far advanced in illness to spend nights as well as days living in almost as primitive manner as the Indian of the last century can be restored to health without the necessity of going thousand of miles to sojourn on a mountain top or in a land where snow is unknown."

A Formula for the Cure.

One of the leading Pennsylvania doctors gives the following formula for the cure of tuberculosis. He has founded a camp in the hills of that State for the practice of the formula. Briefly stated, it is this:

"Eight hours a day in the open air, unless the weather is so inclement as to make this a practical impossibility; a clean, healthy diet, consisting largely of milk and eggs; and the exercise of proper precaution against infection from the disease."

In the White Haven Sanatorium, as one of his camps is called; "the patient who comes here and is able to remain in the open air is kept in it as long as possible. From May until December more of the inmates live under canvas than under wood, in the tents which are put out upon the grounds surrounding the buildings. In the spring the pegs are driven, and until snow comes the tents are inhabited. Then the 'winter camps,' as they are called, are occupied by those hardy enough to enjoy them. Scattered through the groves of trees on the hillsides in the vicinity are shacks and sheds, some composed of limbs of trees, built with axes, saws and their penknives by those who are to occupy them."

Successes of the System.

In Massachusetts there are also camps conducted on the same principles. One of these is at Sharon, where the last report was most encouraging:

"Out of forty-two patients who left it during the year, in twenty-three the disease was 'arrested,' while sixteen were greatly improved. By the term 'arrested' is meant all cases where the cough and the fever have entirely disappeared and an examination shows no germs of tuberculosis whatever in the sputa."

At another sanatorium "during one year, out of one hundred and forty-one persons treated, fifty-six departed apparently cured, while thirty who were unable to remain longer were so greatly improved that the majority have since literally healed themselves. Of the one hundred and forty-one, seventy-five were what

physicians termed in an advanced stage, all the symptoms being prominent.

"These camps are unique in many respects. The buildings are composed of but three sides, that facing the south being left open. They are simply sheds, having a floor to prevent the dampness from the ground affecting the inmates. Sometimes forest trees are used for posts, and the walls made of planks or boughs fastened to them. If the temperature is too low for comfort, it is moderated by the use of a small stove, sometimes an open fire. Draught is furnished by digging a tunnel through the earth beneath the shed, terminating in a length of clay pipe."

There are also establishments of this nature in many other States, notably Colorado and Denver. In this latter Dr. A. Mansfield Holmes has started several tent-colonies for needy patients, where they can carry on small enterprises, such as dairying, cattle-raising, and poultry-keeping, to vary their daily life.

Record of a Cured Consumptive.

The "Pall Mall Magazine" contains "a message of hope on the cure of consumption, by one who has been cured." He begins by saying that consumption cost us, during the Boer war, eighteen times as many lives as fell in battle. He points out that, contrary to popular opinion, the tubercle is not an animal but is a low form of plant life. He tells of his experience of the fresh air treatment in a sanatorium which he does not name, but which is located in the Highlands of Scotland. On entering, he was ordered to bed, and kept in bed until the fever passed. His chest was examined by the Rontgen rays and a skiagram taken, which shows the diseased portion darker than the healthy part. The sputum is either rendered innocuous by carbolic acid, or carefully preserved for examination in the research laboratory, the only one in connection with any British sanatorium. On being free from fever, the patient's breathing capacity was tested by means of a spirometer, and he was allowed to take walks graduated according to his growing strength. He bears this witness:

"I know of over forty who during the past two and a half years have successfully passed through the treatment of this institution alone, and who are following their old vocations in life. Of course these are very varied—including as they do more than one representative of the nobility, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, military and naval officers, bankers, stock-brokers, land-agents, etc."

His message is:

"Tuberculosis is curable by open-air methods of treatment, completely so in a large proportion of cases. The earlier the disease comes under the treatment the greater the prospect of complete cure being ultimately obtained. But at almost any stage the treatment properly carried out under the best conditions affords a very appreciable measure of relief, and secures for the patient a certain alleviation of his condition."

He objects to the "enormous stuffing" practised in some German sanatoria, and insists on the need of scientific supervision under good climatic conditions.

Dean Hole, in the "Treasury," quotes from the late Archbishop Temple a remark by Mr. Gladstone, who said he remembered a request made to him by a prelate for employment on committees, because this prelate was for six months of the year in London, with nothing whatever to do. The Dean enlarges on the contrast between the poor unemployed bishop of that day and the ubiquitous over-employed bishop of to-day.

Royal Brides and their New Homes.

In the "Girl's Realm" for June, Helene Vacaresco writes on Royal Princesses and their education. She observes that most queens are homesick for the land of their birth and the scenes of their girlhood. She mentions three exceptions; one is the present Queen of Sweden and Norway. She says:

"Besides Queen Sophia, we can find two other sovereigns in Europe who have never borne the scourge of 'heimweh,' nor felt its bitter sting. These are, Queen Alexandra of England, and Margherita, Queen Dowager of Italy. 'To me,' says Queen Alexandra, 'England is exactly like Denmark; yet when I am in Denmark I carry an English soul with me. There, I am astonished to be called a Danish Princess, though everyone knows how much I love Fredensborg, but it seems to me that I have been English first and afterwards become a Dane. I cannot imagine that there was a time when I was not English at all.' These words struck me, as they came from a Queen who had come to England; at a very early epoch of her life it is true, but whom I believed to be a foreign Queen still. 'Then Your Majesty has been spared the suffering that other queens feel when they are totally unfamiliar with the customs, the sentiments, and sometimes the religion of a nation?' The Queen replied: 'I have never known what it was not to be in perfect harmony and communion with the people of this land. Their faith is my faith, their wishes and sorrows are my desires and my sorrows.'"

Do Royalties Ever Marry for Love?

The experience of the writer lends a tinge of pathos to her answer:

"Notwithstanding official sayings and newspaper articles and all the number of moving little anecdotes which are set afloat as soon as the marriage of a Royal Princess is announced, love marriages are scarce in Royal families, and perhaps we might even go so far as to say that Princes and Princesses never marry for love.

"I heard once a very clever and terse remark made by one of the loveliest Crown Princesses in Europe. She was mentioning the terrible lot of absurdities and unnecessary comments which surround Royal marriages, and she exclaimed: 'How many centuries will it take people to understand that we scarcely know our future husband before the betrothal; our marriages are quite like a lesson of geography. The map is set before us, and if the country where we have to live is a small one, all the advantages of a good neighbourhood are displayed—if it is a great realm our parents make us appreciate all the extent of territory; we learn the immense number of inhabitants, then we are made to remember every outline of lake or mountain long before we are fully aware whether the Prince who will give us a crown has a snub nose or an aquiline, whether he is fair or dark, stupid or intelligent. But have you ever heard anyone allow that a Prince was stupid?'"

The writer ventures on this oracular prediction:

"Morganatic marriages will in the long run prove a strong menace to the future of Royal Princesses, and in some twenty years Europe may expect to see American heiresses seize crowns and sceptres with the same firm grasp as they have seized coronets. Queen Victoria sometimes spoke loudly in favour of morganatic alliances, and declared that she had never seen any great misfortune brought upon Royal families by such marriages."

Causes of Cancer.

Dr. Alfred Wolff writes in the "Nineteenth Century" on the increase of cancer. In England, deaths from cancer have risen from 67.6 per 100,000 living in 1890 to 82.8 in 1900. In 1900 nearly one in every twenty deaths was caused by cancer, and rather more than one in every 12 of deaths over 35 years of age. An increase of more than 30 per cent. during ten years is recorded in Prussia, Holland, and Norway. The writer proceeds to draw important inferences from further figures of cancer mortality in different parts of France, Germany, and Austria.

Contagion.

(1) In all three countries, as in England, there are distinct areas of high cancer mortality, suggesting specific cause endemic in certain localities. The number of cancer cases in given streets or in what are known as cancer houses, and the exceptionally high death-rate from cancer among domestic servants and nurses are amongst the proofs of the contagious character of cancer. The writer expects that the micro-organisms to which cancer is due will before long be discovered. "It is fairly certain," he says, "that a prolonged exposure to the contagion is required for the production of the disease."

Beer-Drinking.

(2) All districts of high cancer mortality are districts in which beer or cider is largely consumed. The writer says:

"The evidence appeared to be extremely convincing. In so far as there has been a real increase in the mortality, it may not improbably bear a direct relation to the increased consumption of beer in recent years. The amount consumed in the United Kingdom, which was twenty-seven gallons per head in 1885, was thirty-one and a half gallons in 1900; and in the German Empire the consumption rose in the same period from ninety to one hundred and twenty-five litres per head. In countries such as Italy and Hungary, in which the consumption of beer is small, the mortality from carcinomatous disease is far below the average. In France, the fact has already been mentioned that beer is largely consumed in those departments in which the cancer-rate is exceptionally high (although cider also is here one of the staple drinks), and it may be pointed out that the rate is particularly low in many of those departments in the wine-growing districts in which beer is an unusual luxury.

"In Germany, from a return lately made to Parliament, it appears that Bavaria, Baden, and Wurtemberg are the three States showing the largest consumption of beer, and it will be seen that these all figure in the list of those having a high cancer rate. In Austria, Salzburg is stated to be the province in which most beer is consumed, followed at some distance by Bohemia and Upper and Lower Austria. In no country could any instance be discovered in which a large consumption of beer was accompanied by a low cancer mortality."

It is not alcohol that is the cause, but some other ingredient possibly found in the malt itself.

Well-wooded and Well-watered Districts!

(3) Cancer is most prevalent in well-wooded and well-watered districts. Sussex and Warwickshire, the best-wooded English counties, are amongst the most cancerous. These conclusions are confirmed by those of the United States of America which have compulsory registration of death. The converse of this con-

clusion is supplied by the fact that districts deprived of timber have few cases of cancer:

"In our own country, while Sussex and Warwickshire, and, it may be added, Devonshire, have an alarming number of deaths from malignant disease, the bare lands of the Black country are among the lowest on the list; similarly, the death rate from cancer in the West of Ireland, which has been almost entirely deforested, is extremely low. The facts on this point were everywhere so striking that they seemed to establish beyond question that a focus of cancer infection is to be found in regions abounding in woods and water."

The writer, in conclusion, urges that in the wooded districts the circle of inquiry should be narrowed until the exact spots can be found in which the disease is most persistent, and the kind of tree prevailing there noted. He also urges that every effort should be made to discover which constituent of beer it is that communicates the deadly influence.

The American Workman

From an English Workman's Point of View.

An English workman, who has spent a number of years in American shops, contributes a most interesting article to "Page's Magazine" for June, giving his view—probably a rather biased one—of America and the American workman. He says that he has considerably less admiration for America and more respect for England than before he went out.

The Employers.

"On first acquaintance, American shops, and America generally, have a charm for almost everyone, and it depends on a man's temperament whether he falls permanently in with it or becomes hostile. I was struck favourably first with the genial and courteous manner of the employers. Next I found they were always like it with strangers. Then I found they were practically on a level with the men, and expected to be spoken to in the same familiar way, and took it quite as a matter of course if their word was distrusted, or if they were abused or threatened."

There is more liberty in American shops, but:

"Asking favours, especially of one's superior, seems to go against the American grain. The usual way of getting anything is to boldly assert that you are going to take it, or do it, and then wait and see what effect the assertion has, and be guided accordingly."

Boastfulness and Brag.

"One noticeable thing in American shops is the importance attached to ideas, even of the most trivial nature. Things that here would be devised in the ordinary routine of work and discarded again seem to be looked upon as we should look upon really great inventions or discoveries. Possibly the American manner has something to do with this. As a nation we are boastful, but the American eclipses us completely in brag and ignorance of other countries. This latter is rather remarkable when we consider how largely the population there is made up of immigrants from Europe."

The writer could not perceive that the British workman in America was superior to the native. A first-class American was second to none. "As a man the Americanised Englishman didn't strike me favourably; he was only an imitation."

"Notice."

There is very little confidence amongst the men. Each man for himself seems to be the rule. The method of giving and getting notice is peculiar:

"When the employer had not enough work to keep a man going, he would never tell him so in a straightforward manner, but find some trifle to pick a quarrel about, and the man, understanding what was meant, would throw the job up himself."

The writer never saw a man leave anywhere without either an open quarrel about some trifle, or else a sudden coolness on both sides after notice was given. Notice is seldom given until the last moment, and the man does practically no work after getting it:

"One characteristic of the American workman which is noticed immediately is the peculiar style of speech. It has rather a charm at first to the English ear, and many of the expressions seem original and appropriate. Actually, however, originality is one of the things that is wanting in American speech. These expressions are used so constantly and exclusively that they become nauseating."

Standard of Living.

The American workman has a higher standard of living than the English:

"He dresses better, and lives in a better house. Comparatively few men care to go through the streets from work with dirty face and hands and clothes. In some cases they make an entire change night and morning in the shop, so that outside they are as well dressed as a business man."

"The American can be hard and relentless, and in a quarrel he is bitter. He is extremely sociable, but with less of the underlying sweetness and good humour that pervade English life. Individually, he is as good a friend as any man, but only within a limited circle. Keep him at a distance, and he will not hesitate to take any advantage which he thinks it safe to do."

Of recent years employment in America is, if anything, more difficult to obtain than in England, especially during the slack time:

"In past times employment could be obtained without much difficulty, and wages, though lower actually, had a higher purchasing power. The older residents remember this, and feel that, as employees, their conditions are getting steadily harder, and less worth boasting about. They feel that they are working, not so much for themselves or their country's benefit, as for a few hundred millionaires at the top. Unlike the working people of most other countries, they do not look upon the men on top as their superiors."

Misunderstood South Africans.

From Mr. Chamberlain downwards, the British people is undergoing a salutary process of enlightenment concerning our misunderstood brothers and sisters in South Africa. Mr. C. Louis Leipoldt contributes to this end an interesting paper in the "Gentleman's Magazine" on "Death and Dying on the African Veldt."

Clairvoyant Boers.

Probably one of the last things in the world with which the average Englishman would have credited the shrewd and stolid Boer would be what are known as psychic gifts. Yet the writer mentions the belief amongst the veldt Boers that certain children born

with a skullcap membrane—"born with a helmet"—gradually acquire the power of foreseeing the future. He mentions one case known to him, of a youth named Henny born with the helmet:

"On one occasion he dreamt that a relative who lived many miles away was dying. On a Friday night he alleged he saw a funeral procession passing from his uncle's house and proceeding towards the kerkhof or churchyard in the village where his relative lived. The boy, who was some ten years old at the time, described the pall-bearers and some of the mourners, and gave in addition a description of the coffin and its fittings. This manifestation of his wonderful power was regarded as an ungodly trick, and he received a sound thrashing for having dared to tell lies. On the following Monday, however, the family received information that the funeral had really taken place, and on inquiry it was found that the boy had correctly described some of the mourners, and that his description of the coffin tallied exactly with that given in the letter which announced the death of Uncle Ben. Henny alleged that when he saw the vision he tried his hardest to close his eyes and go to sleep, but that he was unable to hide the procession from his sight, and it appeared that he only told his mother about it when she came into the room to demand what he was crying for. The story is about as well authenticated as one can expect to find it, and it is one of the most remarkable instances of this kind of second sight amongst the veldt Boers of which I have been able to obtain information."

The Origin of Punch and Judy.

Miss Agnes H. Brown traces in the "Girl's Realm" for June the pedigree of Punch and Judy. She says that there are a variety of explanations, but this is the one which she prefers:

"The Italian dramatist, Galiani, gives a most interesting and very probable account of our hero's origin. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, strolling bands of comedians were in the habit of travelling in Italy from town to town, giving performances called 'Comedies of Art,' in which, though the scenes were arranged and the plot drawn out, the actual dialogue was left to the actors to supply extempore. According to Galiani, a company of these strolling comedians arrived one evening in the town of Accera at the time of the vintage. They met a band of villagers returning from the vineyards, and at once began to try their wit on them, cutting jokes and carrying on a bantering conversation. One of the vintagers, called Puccio d'Aniello, remarkable for a very large nose and grotesque appearance, proved himself to be the wittiest of his companions, and at length fairly got the better of the comedians, to whose minds it suddenly occurred that a character like d'Aniello would prove very attractive on the stage. They accordingly offered him an engagement on the spot, which he at once accepted. This arrangement proved most profitable to both parties, d'Aniello's brilliant wit drawing crowded houses wherever the comedians went. After his death his place was taken by another man, equally clever, who assumed his name—softened into 'Polecenella'—and also his manner and costume, with a mask which perpetuated the familiar features of the vintager. 'Polecenella' was through a course of time corrupted into 'Punchinella,' from which we derive our word 'Punch.' Punch, then, first appeared on the stage as a living man, and it was only after his name and fame had been in this way well established, that he became a puppet,

and although there is no actual certainty in the matter, it is supposed that this change took place in his native land. A puppet he certainly was when he arrived on English shores."

He arrived in England in the reign of Charles II., when puppet shows were at the height of their popularity. The national tendency which M. Taine found at its height in the tragedy of "Hamlet" seems to have given its own tragic, not to say brutal, tinge to the original drama of Punch. Miss Brown says:

"Mr. Punch's character, I regret to say, degenerated considerably after his arrival in England. From being a merely noisy, blustering fellow, full of fun and merriment, he became a cold-blooded murderer, committing those paternal and conjugal enormities with which we are all familiar. The drama of Punch and Judy in its present form is not of very ancient origin. According to Mr. Payne Collier it dates from somewhere towards the close of the eighteenth century. In a ballad, not older than 1790, we find the first consecutive account of the adventures of Punch and Judy."

The Flaying of Marsyas.

Poor Mr. Henley! His unlucky "Song of Speed" and the verdict of "imperishable" passed upon it by his editor and Mr. Archer are costing him dear. The Marsyas of the motor-car is veritably being flayed. "G Minor" contributes to "Cornhill" a burlesque wittily entitled "Autocarmen Seculare," and dedicated to Mr. W. E. Henley. Delivered as a recitation, the whole piece would send any popular audience into fits of laughter, quite apart from its flagellation of the unhappy bard. Here is one stanza:

"Speed—
Speed, and its varied
Voluptuous voices.
Pup-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup—
Thus with an artless
Lyrical fervour
Bubbles unceasing
The blithe motor-bicycle.
Kling-Klang, Kling-Klang—
That is the gong
Which the scrupulous chauffeur
Sounds as he passes
The populous crossing.
Honk! Honk!
Eager, imperious
Snorteth the horn,
As who should ejaculate:
'Out of my way,
Contemptible crawlers!'
O marvellous melody
Simpler and sweeter
Than Wagner's and Strauss's
Pup-pup, Kling-Klang, Honk! Honk!
Pip-pip!"

Tom Gallon, the novelist, is sketched in the "Young Man." His career has been one long fight with difficulties, his chief difficulty now being ill-health. He has had to lie on his back, an invalid, forbidden to exert himself, and dictates his stories to his sister.

G. Seton Valentine writes very entertainingly in the "Strand Magazine" on the submarine geography of the Atlantic Ocean. It will surprise many to know that at one time at least, during the voyage from England to America, the liner is only seventy yards from the land—directly beneath its keel.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

The Contemporary Review.

The "Contemporary Review" for June opens with "A Vindication of Froude," in regard to the Carlyle controversy, by Mr. Ronald McNeill, who carries the war into the enemy's country with a vengeance, and it must be admitted makes out a very good defence of Froude against Sir James Crichton Browne. Mr. McNeill announces that Froude's family intend to publish the full account of his relations with Carlyle and his conduct as Carlyle's literary executor, which Froude drew up before his death:

"The unpublished Froude manuscript contains disclosures of a startling nature. It reveals plainly and bluntly what a reader of sympathy and insight may have easily read between the lines—and many did read between the lines—of Froude's published narrative as to the underlying causes of Carlyle's conjugal unhappiness; and it dots the 'i's' and crosses the 't's' of his biographer's hint that his constitution was such that he should have remained unmarried. It also proves, as I have already remarked, that within justifiable limits Froude, instead of emphasising and magnifying Carlyle's faults, actually hid the worst from the public view, only telling as much as was absolutely required to make the narrative faithful to truth and sincerity."

The Church and the Education Act.

Sir George Kekewich, in his paper under this heading, sums up the supposed gains of the Anglican Church as follows:

"What has the Church gained by the promotion of this Act? She has obtained, it is true, the endowment of denominational religious instruction by the State out of the rates and taxes. She has gained relief from the financial support of the schools, which, indeed, she has in a large measure already failed to supply; and she has maintained, in denominational schools, a religious test upon the teachers.

"Against these gains, if they be gains, what loss has to be set? Hundreds of clergy, thousands of Churchmen, view the proceedings of their Church with grave apprehension and deep regret. Some object to the interference of the County Council; some are conscious that the greed and injustice of the Church must weaken her influence on the people, and they resent the financial propping by the State of the creed which they regard as fully capable of holding the field by its own inherent truth.

"The strength of the Church depends on the people, and if the people recognise that her connection with the State entails fresh injustice on them, her days as an Established Church will be surely numbered.

"She has lost the substance of control and kept the shadow. It is impossible to doubt that in the course of a very few years there will be such amendments made in the Act as will cause even the shadow also to disappear. The sooner that takes place the better for the Church. The longer the present conditions of denominational education continue, the greater will be her weakness."

The Electoral System in Germany.

Mr. J. S. Mann, writing on "Popular Government in the German Empire," lays stress upon the inequalities of the electoral system, which seems to be in some

respects even more one-sided than our own. He shows that while the Catholic Centre have one member in the Reichstag for every 14,016 supporters, the Social Democrats have only one member for 37,626 supporters. Speaking of the prospects of the Social Democrats, he says:

"The Social Democratic vote has been steadily growing since the formation of the Empire, and the representatives of the party have increased in thirty-four years from one to fifty-six. Partly, of course, the vote has been increased artificially by running candidates in every constituency, even where they had no possible chance of success. At the last election the party ran candidates in 396 constituencies; on May 8 of this year the number was 385. But the increase is real nevertheless, and is likely to be greater than ever at the coming elections."

Catholicism and Corruption.

Mr. Joseph McCabe contributes a paper on "The Church of Rome in Spain," from which it appears that the sale of indulgences goes on under the Roman Church as flourishingly as in the Middle Ages:

"Few in England are aware that the Church of Rome continues in Spain, in the twentieth century, the outrageous practice of the sale of indulgences, against which the conscience of Europe protested so vehemently four centuries ago. I say deliberately the 'sale' of indulgences, for the subterfuge by which the Church seeks to evade the charge is hardly less discreditable than the fact. I have two of these precious documents, or bulas, before me. They were bought by a friend in Madrid in the year of grace 1901, and they bear that date. A conspicuous bill in the window of an ordinary bookseller's shop announced that bulas were to be had within, and my friend went in and asked for some. He is clearly not a Spaniard, presumably a heretic; but no questions were asked. For the sum of 75 centimos (nominally 7½d.)—the sum being stated very conspicuously on the top of the bula—he was handed a much-besealed and imposingly-phrased document which promised him a 'plenary indulgence' on the usual conditions. A further 7½d. secured a bula which granted him permission to eat meat on the days in Lent. Both documents talk magniloquently of the Crusades in which Spain took so glorious a part. The Spaniards helped rather by money than by personal service, and the Holy Father rewarded them with these spiritual privileges. Very soon the transaction became uncommonly like a sale. No alms—'limosna,' as the bula calls your payment—no indulgence; pay your 75 centimos, and the document is handed over in a very business-like way. Moreover, you are told expressly on your bula (though 80 or 90 per cent. of the people who buy them cannot read them) that this 'alms' does not go to the poor, but to the promotion of 'the splendour of the Church.'"

Other Articles.

We notice Dr. Dillon's chronicle elsewhere. Emma Marie Caillard writes on "The Ethical Individual and Immortality," Mr. L. F. Day on "William Morris and his Decorative Art," and Mr. A. E. Keeton on "Richard Strauss as Man and Musician." M. Pierre Baudin, French ex-Minister of Public Works, contributes a paper on "The Internal Navigation of France," but his article is too specialised and statistical for notice here.

The Fortnightly Review.

The "Fortnightly Review" for June is a good number. We have dealt elsewhere with Mr. H. G. Wells' increasingly interesting "Mankind in the Making;" and Mr. Long's article on Russia, "Calchas" paper on the Latin Rapprochement, and Mr. Wirt Gerrare's article on Manchuria deserve more than a passing notice.

Morocco.

Mr. A. J. Dawson deals with French pretensions in Morocco, as indicated by a preface written to a recent book by M. Etienne, Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies. He insists upon the importance of British interests in the following paragraph:

"The most powerful European Minister who ever held sway in Morocco represented the Court of St. James there; yet the most strategically valuable port in Morocco was once held and occupied by Britain; yet England's greatest naval leader held that Tangier was of even greater importance to the Power that looked to rule the seas than Gibraltar; yet the strength and importance of Britain's position at the gate of the Mediterranean, the highway to the East, depend very largely upon the neutrality of the strip of littoral facing Gibraltar from Melilla to Cape Spartel. It is scarcely fanciful to suppose that the day will come when the fertile north-western shoulder of Africa, lying as it does practically within heavy gun range of Southern Spain and Gibraltar, commanding as it does the all-important maritime gate to the East, will prove of greater value to some European Power than could the whole of Southern Africa, with its blood-stained miles of veldt, and its fortune-bearing centres of mining industry. But at present the public that is stirred by the words Empire and Imperialism is scarcely more to be touched by mention of Morocco than by reference to remote centres of China, though, according to more than one student of world politics, we shall presently have urgent reason to concern ourselves as much with one as with the other."

Punishing Children.

Mr. Edward Cooper writes on "The Punishment of Children." He maintains that if you eliminate corporal punishment from your weapons, you have kept nothing for the final conflict:

"When you have put whipping aside, effective punishment can hardly be said to exist; the guardian is helpless before a resolute and reckless child of twelve or thirteen, and the child very soon knows it. To send a person of this sort to bed, and pull down the blinds and lock the door, may be a dire penalty for a heinous crime—if your moral authority happens to be sufficient to keep the person in bed. Otherwise, the culprit gets up, dresses, and gets out of the window, if he is a boy, or makes up stories to herself and plays original games with the pillow and bolster for playmates, if it is a girl. This is to assume, quite gratuitously, that the child does not like lying in bed with nothing to do except dream. Again, punishment by deprivation of certain pleasures such as parties, coming into dessert in the evening, hockey matches, pocket-money, etc., implies, first, the existence of these pleasures, which in a quiet country house is not always certain, and, secondly, which is much less certain, that the child has weighed its treats and its naughtiness in the balance, and deliberately preferred the treats. A young person of my acquaintance was fined twopence every morning by her governess for being late for breakfast; but, unluckily, she had soberly considered the question whether a quarter of an hour extra in bed was worth twopence, and had decided that it was."

Other Articles.

Mrs. Frances Campbell contributes a few pages of charming description of "A Dance in the Pacific Islands." "Cygnus" tells the story of the Penryhn Quarries. There is a story by Sudermann, a paper by Mr. Charles Hawtrey on "Theatrical Business in America," and a delightful contribution from "Fiona Macleod."

The National Review.

The June number hums with jubilation over Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham proposals of May 15, which are reprinted in extenso. As it went to press before his speech of the 28th, we are spared the editorial transports which must have followed that pronouncement. The Protectionist papers have claimed separate notice.

"Riding for a Fall."

"An Elector" asks "Is the Cabinet riding for a fall?" He declares that not one of the great measures before Parliament excites the smallest enthusiasm in the country; and that "there are few Conservative seats which would not be in peril in the event of a general election." He denounces the Irish Land Bill as a probable stepping-stone to Home Rule. His strictures on the repeal of the corn tax have been elsewhere mentioned. He concludes by urging the Government to come to an understanding with Lord Rosebery for handing over the reins of power to a Rosebery-Asquith-Grey-Fowler Ministry.

Degenerate Finance.

Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P., contributes a comprehensive survey entitled "The War: Its Cost and Finance." His contrast between the way of financing the Napoleonic and Crimean wars and the way of paying for the South African war is most effective. One-third of the cost of the Napoleonic wars, amounting to three hundred million sterling, was met out of additional taxation, two-thirds by loan. The cost of the Crimean war was more than half paid for in three years. But to meet the 230 millions of South African expenditure, the enormously wealthy England of to-day supplies, by additional taxation, only fifty millions. Mr. Buxton's accusations of financial cowardice must make unpleasant reading for the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Captain Mahan on Naval Administration.

Captain Mahan, in the course of his historical disquisition on this subject, draws an interesting contrast between British and American methods which he finds characteristic of the two nations. In the navy, as in the nation, the executive responsibility rests, in the United States, with one man; in Great Britain in the hands of a committee—when called Cabinet, with Prime Minister as chairman; when called Admiralty, with First Lord as chairman. Captain Mahan appreciates the value of the fighting side being well represented at the British Admiralty, but fears our system shares the danger of the Council of War, of making responsibility illusive.

The Good-Fellowship with Russia.

The wisdom of the "National" in favouring a good understanding between England and Russia elicits this month a letter from Mons. S. Syromiatnikoff, editor of the "Novoe Vremya." This gentleman, as a Russian Nationalist, preaches the Anglo-Russian understanding from a similar motive, namely, dread and dislike of Germany. He disparages our alarm concerning the Persian Gulf and Manchuria. He is sure that Man-

churia will come under a Russian Protectorate, and considers the real British interest to lie in Southern China, where Russia has no aims, and in respect for Russian interests in Manchuria. The editor reiterates his view of the value of good-fellowship with Russia, but denounces in strong language Russia's action in Manchuria, in Finland, and at Kishinef. Mr. Maurice Low, in his American chronicle, speaks in still stronger terms against Russia, and applauds Mr. John Hay for having brought her to a halt in Manchuria. He declares that Russia's controlling motive is the endeavour to break up the secret understanding which she imagines prevails between the United States and Great Britain.

Mrs. E. T. Cook rejoices in the Carlyle Letters, and defends Mr. Froude. They will, she says, always attract for their genius, pathos, and "the irresistible charm of a human document." "An ungrateful author" grumbles at modern critics. "F. I. M." tells anew the story of Uganda.

The Monthly Review.

The "Monthly Review" for June does not contain anything calling for lengthy notice. The editor makes fun of Mr. H. G. Wells; and Mr. Robert Bridges makes fun of Greek Prosody and of common-sense. The "Reviews of Unwritten Books" are devoted to Herodotus' "History of England," and Plato's "Dialogue of the Music of Wagner." From the latter we quote the following:

"Plato's mental attitude towards Germany must have been one of most acerb and most meritorious indignation. Every Englishman ought to be able to understand that. To see his most subtle specimens of grammatical asymmetry ruthlessly carved to fit the requirements of schoolboys' grammar-primers, to see his most exquisite anakoloutha padded out with unambiguous particles—oh! no, Plato's feelings towards Germany cannot have been kind-like. But they were generous. He never disparages Wagner because an accident of birth made the latter a German; and it is to be noted that he is discreetly silent about the German nation in this as in the other Dialogues. Ultimate contempt is inexpressible in words; and there is something very beautiful, very affecting in the precedent admiration that thus arose so strangely between these sundered magnitudes."

The Future of Egypt.

Mr. A. Silva White concludes his papers on "The Emancipation of Egypt," urging that steps should be taken to regularise our position there:

"In less than two years' time there will be no diplomatic engagements restraining us from readjusting the financial situation in Egypt, which now bears so heavily on the country. If, in short, we were to redeem the Debt of Egypt in 1905 and convert it to a new 3 per cent. loan, under a Government guarantee, we should get rid of the Caisse and the international administrations, thereby establishing what would practically amount to a British Protectorate. The ampler recognition would come of itself, as the French have realised in Tunis."

Mr. White says that in six years' time, when the Reservoir Tax comes into full operation, and the supplementary irrigation works are completed, no less than 700,000 acres of basin lands will be available for summer cultivation, yielding half a million of revenue to the Government, or a return on capital outlay of 28 per cent. He quotes Sir W. Willcocks to the effect that, given an unlimited water supply, the summer

crops of Egypt would be worth £40,000,000. Such a water supply could be obtained by utilising the great lakes as reservoirs.

An Impression of Thomas Moore.

Mr. Litton Falkiner edits some fragmentary memories of the Hon. Mrs. Caulfield, who wrote the following impression of her first meeting with Thomas Moore:

"I was disappointed with Moore, but I cannot clearly define why, or how. It was not that he was less witty or less gay, or less conversational than I expected; he was all these, but he fell short of my beau ideal of Moore. There appeared to me a constant striving for effect in his manner unworthy the dignity of true genius, whose presence will always be most felt when there is no attempt at display. This, I thought, I could perceive in every word and gesture of Moore's. I can only describe his manner by saying it gave me more the idea that I was witnessing a representation of Moore than that it was himself I saw and heard. I expected to find him vain, the spoiled child of fashionable society; but I did not expect to find at once an air of self-satisfaction, a restless anxiety for effect and a certain assurance of manner, with a marked deference to the opinion of rank or fashion. Yet this should not have surprised me; it is often those who rail most at aristocracy who give the idol most homage. I was almost astonished at the brilliant poverty of his conversation, dwelling on and dazzling with trifles whilst he passed over those points which would have given rise to discussion or reflection. In this, perhaps, is the secret of his social fame."

The Nineteenth Century.

The June number contains several significant articles. Separate notice is required for papers by Alfred Stead on Russia's economic conquest of Manchuria; the trio on Imperial Reciprocity; and Dr. Alfred Wolff's study of the causes of cancer.

An Invasion from Borderland.

The region transcendent is much in evidence this month. Lord Kelvin's famous speech on science and theism is reproduced in the first person, and by its side Mr. Knowles puts Tennyson's confession, "There is a something that watches over us; and our individuality endures; that's my faith, and that's all my faith." Lady Currie gives first-hand evidence of the singular fulfilment and non-fulfilment of dreams, suggesting a theory of monitions occasionally mixed or misheeded as the explanation of abortive warnings. Hermann Lea reproduces in dialect stories of Wessex witches, witchery, and witchcraft.

An Unpopular Industry.

So Miss Catherine Webb describes domestic service. She gives the result of an inquiry instituted by the Women's Industrial Council. One hundred and twenty-seven persons sent in answers to their inquiries, from which is obtained a very definite confirmation of the fact that domestic service is unpopular. The chief cause of its unpopularity may be found in the "stigma of inferiority, lack of liberty, the intolerable burden of personal subservience, and the opening up of pursuits which offer the reverse of these things."

Other Articles.

Mr. P. T. McGrath explains that Canada objects to the suggested treaty between the United States and Newfoundland, because Canada wishes to absorb New-

foundland, and, with the valuable fisheries thus acquired, to negotiate better terms for herself with the United States. Mr. E. B. Havell, of the Calcutta School of Art, insists that the Taj at Agra is the product of genuine native art, and not the work of European architects. He urges the study of native art on the ground that India is ruled by ideas. Mrs. Chapman opposes on many grounds marriage of deceased wife's sister.

The Engineering Magazine.

The June number opens with an article by General H. L. Abbott, and a reply thereto by Mr. G. S. Morrison, discussing the respective merits of the various schemes for the Panama Canal. The former advocates the two lake scheme, the latter prefers one lake only.

Co-operation in Britain.

Mr. John B. C. Kershaw contributes a very instructive article upon the promotion of industrial efficiency and national prosperity. He gives examples of profit-sharing and other schemes whereby co-operation between employer and employee is promoted. He cites instances in Germany, the States and Great Britain, but I have only space to quote a few British cases. Mr. Cadbury's Bournville scheme, and Lever Brothers' village at Port Sunlight are well known. The old-age pension scheme of Messrs. Colman, of Norwich, is interesting:

"Messrs. Colman propose to provide at their own expense a pension of 8s. a week for all their employees who shall be in their employment at the age of sixty-five, and who have given evidence of their willingness to increase the proposed pension by a contribution of their own. To put this disposition of self-help to the test it is stipulated that all members who join the pension fund will be called upon to pay a minimum sum of 2d. a week. The whole of these weekly payments, with compound interest at 3 per cent., which the company guarantees, will then go towards increasing the 8s. pension of the firm to some larger sum, which will depend upon the precise contribution of the men."

At the shipbuilding yard of Messrs. Denny and Co., at Dumbarton, a somewhat novel system of rewards is in operation:

"The men employed at this works are asked to write down and bring to the notice of their chiefs ideas for improving the machinery or processes in use, and if adopted their ideas are paid for. In the five years, 1894-1898, 134 men claimed payments under this scheme, and £181 was distributed to eighty of these claimants. In some cases the ideas led to patents being applied for and granted."

Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co. urge all their employees and officials to become shareholders. Last June no less than £139,474 had been deposited by participants in this profit-sharing scheme, the number of individual depositors being between 2,500 and 2,600.

Up-to-date Purchase.

The article by Mr. H. L. Arnold on purchase by the organised factory is well worth attention. He begins by giving an example—but too common—of the state of things in the unorganised factory, and then contrasts the haphazard methods there in vogue with a really up-to-date system. Cards are used throughout. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the system employed in a short summary, but Mr. Arnold's article is very clear and lucid.

Other Articles.

Mr. Wm. M. Venable describes the New Orleans drainage and pumping stations, illustrating his paper with interesting photographs. The Hydro-Electric station of Cenischia is described by Enrico Bignami. This Italian station represents the skill and the industrial energy of American, English, German, and Swiss engineers and manufacturers. Mr. F. M. Kimball contributes his third article upon the uses of the small electric motor.

Page's Magazine.

The June number contains several good articles. That on the American working man is noticed elsewhere.

British and American Locos.

Mr. Charles Rous-Marten makes a careful summary of the subject, and controverts the contention that the star of British ascendancy is set for ever. He makes his case good, but at the same time his article is not very pleasant reading for those who always wish to see England first. He contends that orders were sent from English railway companies to America because British manufacturers were so utterly "full up" with work that they were absolutely unable to take any more for two years or so then to come. It, is, however, this very *embarras de richesse* which has lost British firms the continued orders from foreign countries. Take New Zealand, for instance. That colony now has a larger proportion of American-built engines than that of any other British dependency. Mr. Rous-Marten gives the history of the causes which led up to this state of affairs. Summarised, it is due to inability to build light enough locomotives, mistakes in building, and delays due to great pressure of work at home. The New Zealand Government had to cable to America to rescue the country from the traffic deadlock:

"The result is a matter of history. The American builders saw their chance, and ran it for all it was worth. The engines were delivered in New Zealand within five months from the date of the cabled order, and at a cost of £400 per engine less than that which was to be paid for the British engines not yet to hand. Moreover, the American engines of both types, as in the former case, proved in all respects satisfactory.

"It is not surprising that in these circumstances the New Zealanders should have felt that their salvation, or at least their security, lay with America rather than with Britain, and the consequence has been seen in the large locomotive importations to that colony from the United States which have since taken place, and which still continue."

American locomotives are uneconomical in fuel consumption and repairs. British-built engines possess great structural superiority, alike in material and in workmanship, and if they can be procured within a reasonable time, and at a reasonable price, they are almost invariably preferred to other builds:

"Everyone who has studied the subject knows that the Americans admittedly, and of deliberate purpose, build their engines much more cheaply than we do in England. They do not want them to last so long as ours do; they deem it preferable to use them up quickly and build new ones with all the latest improvements, and they do not mind the burning of a little extra fuel or the somewhat larger cost of repairs, because, in their opinion, they make the engines pay for both.

"On the other hand, our British locomotive builders, if they do not build 'for eternity,' as has been said of our bridge-builders, do at least build their locomotives to last more than the average length of a human life, while they finish them with the delicacy of an astronomical instrument."

Sir William H. White.

A short sketch is given of the former Director of Naval Construction, the president elect of the Institution of Civil Engineers. He may be said to have practically created the modern British Navy. Sir William had proved himself, said Lord Goschen, one of the most energetic and most useful public servants. His energy has been unparalleled, his industry unsurpassed and he had worn himself out in the service of his country.

The Empire Review.

"The 'Empire Review' for June has much matter of immediate value. Especially interesting are Mr. Swindlehurst's case for Canada and the editor's applause of Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Karslake sketches African railway development. Mr. P. S. Allen pleads for reform in Indian University education, urging the raising of the fees, the more liberal endowment of scholarships, longer vacations for teachers, and more stringent entrance examinations. Mr. H. Kopsch puts in a very strong argument for Chinese immigration as a means of solving the South African labour question. He insists that Chinese labour would not oust white labour, but only take the place that the native blacks will not sufficiently fill. He speaks in the highest terms of the Chinese character, and as he was formerly Commissioner and Statistical Secretary to the Imperial Chinese Marital Customs, his testimony is the more important. C. de Thierry objects to English provincialism, and claims that the colonies have lifted England out of her traditional parochialism and taught her true Imperialism.

The Magazine of Commerce.

There are many good articles in the "Magazine of Commerce" for June, and the illustrations are, as usual, excellently done. Papers on the United States, the Thames and the Clyde, and on artificial building stone deserve perusal. Current commercial architecture in London is a theme that leads a writer regretfully to recall the splendid opportunity of laying out London in a worthy manner after the Great Fire. Wren's plans remain to shame us for our sordid niggardliness and our want of prescience. He regrets that while aiming at Wren's classic style, our modern architecture lacks unity of design. Another paper compares American and English hotels, and says that the English hotel is essentially a home, while the American hotel is essentially an office. Nevertheless, the great hotels in London have been captured by Continentals, who are up in arms against the projected American invasion. The writer says: "Already la haute cuisine has more temples and more votaries in London than in Paris, as even Americans acknowledge." American hotels excel in the front of the house, architecture, appointments, system, and management. Mr. John Henderson writes glowingly concerning Jamaica as one of the most promising markets of the future. The demand for bananas is already far in excess of the supply. "In this trade alone," he says, "there is room for more than a thousand Englishmen."

The Pall Mall Magazine.

The June number is exceptionally good. Separate notice is required for Mr. Harold Begbie's sketch of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the sketch by an ex-attache in the Turkish Foreign Office of Abdul-Hamid. Special interest attaches also to the cure of consumption, by one who has been cured. Marie Van Vorst gives a delightful sketch of Jean Charles Cazin, with reproductions of some of his great landscapes, the witchery and wonder of which have not been lost. The writer mentions that he planned to die in the very bed and room in which he was born, but he died elsewhere. It is shrewdly remarked that, "as a rule, for the human drama the scene is the setting, whereas with Cazin humanity illustrates the text of his creation." A less noble peep into French life is given by Lieut.-Colonel Newnham-Davis, in his sketch of dining in Paris, at restaurants off the beaten track. An interesting experiment in nature study is described, the students being a class of village boys, whose jottings as naturalists are given. The lady writer suggests that study of this kind would promote a higher interest in our growing boys and girls than is now evoked by streets and shops and music halls. William Sharp describes the Sicilian estates of the Duchy of Bronte, which came to Lord Nelson a century ago. The frontispiece is an engraving of a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, which represents the waist of Her Majesty as little broader than her neck.

The Century.

The June number is remarkably readable. The story of the London Stock Exchange is vividly told. Mr. Arthur Schneider gives his graphic sketch of the Sultan of Morocco as he journeyed towards Fez. The salmon fisheries on the Columbia River are described by Ray Stannard Baker. He says that one salmon trap in Puget Sound caught no fewer than 90,000 salmon at a single setting, weighing 315 tons of fish. Mr. H. C. Butler tells of a journey of exploration to the land of deserted cities, as he calls Syria. Starting from Antioch, he and his party found, within a few weeks, over thirty ruined towns that are unknown to modern geographers. Mr. Garvin writes on the State "boss" and how he may be dethroned. The remedy he suggests is a scheme of proportional representation. The musical celebrities dealt with by Hermann Klein are Sir Augustus Harris and Jean de Reszke.

A most entertaining account is given in "Macmillan's," by Mr. W. S. Barclay, of the fledgling republic, as he calls it, of Acre, on the borderland between Bolivia and Brazil. It arose from the rubber merchants finding it pleasanter to dispense with paying taxes to Bolivia.

In the "Scottish Geographical Magazine" Mr. H. M. Cadell writes on the development of the Nile valley. He quotes from Sir William Willcocks' estimate that the total quantity of solid matter that passes Assouan every year is 2,119,000,000 of cubic feet, a quantity twenty-five times the volume of the pyramid of Cheops. More than half is now carried into the sea. At the Assouan Dam, with a fall of sixty feet, there goes a waste of fifty-four thousand horse-power. This might be, the writer thinks, utilised for the production of electrical energy. He also thinks it likely that gold might be discovered up the Nile, and that the land of Ophir may turn out to be in Upper Egypt.

The Cornhill Magazine.

The June number is exceptionally readable. Mr. Rowland's "Wilderness of Monkeys," the parody of Mr. Henley's "Speed," and Canon Overton's "John Wesley in his Own Day," deserve separate mention. In humorous vein is the Rev. H. G. D. Latham's account of the summer outings of a London boys' club. The most serious article is a very readable account by W. A. Shenstone of the discovery and the properties of radium. Prospects in the professions deal this month with medicine. The writer says that Lord Roberts has made a great change for the better in the medical state of the army. He incidentally mentions that the practically honorary services of highly trained staffs of physicians, surgeons, and specialists in connection with the great London hospitals virtually add the value of £50,000 a year to the charitable resources of London. He says that the great prizes in the medical profession are few. Both as student and as practitioner the medical man is one of the hardest-worked of workers. Mr. J. M. Attenborough revives the memory of Stephen Duck, an agricultural labourer, whose poetry won royal favour in the days of Pope. A little sketch by Powell Millington puts in story form the mutual inability of Anglo-Indian and native to understand each other.

The Windsor Magazine.

The "Windsor" for June is full of interesting matter. Noticed elsewhere is the paper by Cleveland Moffett on the Surgery of Light. Mr. W. T. Stead begins a series of papers on the money kings of the modern world, illustrated suggestively by Mr. A. T. Porter. Mr. John Ward sketches with photographic aid the new Khartoum. Many readers will be surprised to find what stately edifices adorn the city where Gordon died. Much of the labour employed in the city is that of the widows of the slain dervishes. Miss C. Fell Smith gives a bright account of the making of a flume, or waterway for utilising cataracts and mountain streams for power purposes. Mr. S. R. Lewison tells of the tame salt-water fish at Logan, which flock to the fisherman at the sound of his whistle and rise half out of the water to catch the food he gives.

The World's Work.

The "World's Work" for June is well up to its usual level. It contains four special portraits: Mr. Choate, Sir Antony Macdonnell, Mr. Carnegie, and Mr. F. C. Gould. Mr. Gould himself describes "The Work of a Political Cartoonist" in an article illustrated with many delightful sketches. Miss Kathleen Schlesinger describes "The Machinery of Grand Opera." Mr. Robert Cromie writes on "The Revival of Irish Linen."

Mr. Robert Donald deals with the Oxford University Press as "The Most Famous Press in the World." The University Press prints over a million Bibles every year, in seventy-one editions. Mr. Donald says that every new edition of the Oxford Bible is read in proof no less than twenty times, and anyone who first discovers an error receives a guinea for each. But with such efficiency is the work done, that the Press had not paid more than five guineas for these minor errors for several years. The Oxford press can also claim the largest collection of types, both ancient and foreign, in Britain. Some of the languages require hun-

dreds of type; and in Syriac, for instance, sometimes ten separate pieces of metal are required to make up one letter. The Press does all its own work, from making ink to book-binding and publishing.

Harper's Magazine.

The June number is of great interest as far as the letterpress is concerned, although the pictures are not so strikingly excellent as is usually the case. The first article is by Edmund Gosse, who writes on the patron in the eighteenth century. He says: "So much ridicule has been thrown on the practice of patronage in the eighteenth century that it may seem a paradox to affirm that in its most consistent form it was a kindly, wholesome, and beneficial mode of protecting what would without it have been helpless. It is time that someone took up the cause of the much-despised, much-miscomprehended patron." Starting from this point of view, Mr. Gosse writes a charming account of the rise and fall of patronage. Israel Zangwill contributes a short Italian fantasy on beauty, faith, and death, which has the advantage of clever illustrations by Louis Loeb. There is plenty of fiction, besides many other articles of a more serious nature.

Scribner's Magazine.

Mr. Edward Whymper, the well-known mountain-climber and writer, begins the June "Scribner" with an account of "A New Playground in the New World"—the region in the Canadian Rockies around Mount Shaughnessy and Mount McNicoll, and the Ice River Valley. In the spring of two years ago, Mr. Whymper, with four expert European mountain guides, invaded this wonderful territory, whose wild beauty is well shown in the author's photographs reproduced in this article. The pleasures of mountaineering here are enhanced by the possibilities of discovering, as Mr. Whymper did, beautiful absolutely virgin valleys, not on the map. In other parts of this new wonder-land, railroad enterprise has brought hotels, which mitigate the severities of mountain-climbing and exploration.

General John B. Gordon's reminiscences of the Civil War come in this number to Antietam and Chancellorsville; in the former fight General Gordon was wounded four times, and it was at Chancellorsville that Stonewall Jackson lost his life. The pleasant part of this chapter of General Gordon's reminiscences is his account of the windfalls that came to him in the way of beautiful riding horses, astray on the battlefield, and of the intelligence and courage of the chargers that he was fond of.

An essay on "The Modern French Girl" is from Mrs. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, who chronicles a very decided change in the French manners and customs in the past generation. Whereas the French girl thirty years ago was modest, retiring, simple in dress, diffident in talk, and respectfully obedient to her parents, she would be astonished to-day if she were told not to take the leading part in conversation, not to giggle loudly, not to set her arms akimbo, and never to talk privately with a young gentleman.

McClure's Magazine.

The June "McClure's" is beautifully illustrated and full of entertaining matter. Mr. P. T. McGrath, the Newfoundland journalist, gives a dramatic account of

Cape Race and its shipwrecks and rescues, under the title "An Ocean Graveyard." Some three thousand ships are reported every year at the cape, besides those which pass after night, in the fog, or beyond telescope range. Some of the most terrible tragedies in marine annals have occurred on this rugged, dangerous shore. In the past forty years there is a record of ninety-four complete wrecks of ocean-going vessels, involving a loss of two thousand lives and thirty million dollars in hulls and cargoes. The ships which stranded and afterwards escaped are not included. These disasters are due to the fogs, and to the puzzling currents, which are variable and uncharted. Mr. McGrath says that this dangerous coast has not the series of powerful fog alarms it needs because the Newfoundland Government cannot afford to establish and maintain them. It is Canada's shipping that is most affected, and the Dominion is held to be the one which should move in the matter. Lloyd's shipping agency is also deeply interested, and between the three parties he thinks it probable that the coast will be properly sentinelled with coast aids before many years.

Under the heading, "Comedy of the Catechised," Mr. A. M. Jones quotes many amusing answers made by Civil Service applicants to the routine questions. Here is a sample batch: "To the pertinent and not too academic question, 'What kind of food is given to birds of prey in captivity?' a cautious applicant replied, 'The latter.' To the more abstruse question, 'What marked difference is there between animals exhibited at a circus and those exhibited at a city menagerie?' the comprehensive reply was given, 'The city tell of the names of the animals by a sighn.' Another candidate defined a menagerie as 'an abode which contains the five structural divisions of nature (except man) for the benefit of man.' In answer to a request to name three birds of prey, the following lists were received:

1. The canary, the dove, the sparrow.
2. The eagle, the chicken, the hawk.
3. Tiger, lion, leopard.

To the question, 'What common form of physis is employed in a circus or menagerie?' came the startling response, 'Men only.' Occasionally a candidate is gifted with a style of more or less elaboration, which leads to the use of striking expressions. One gentleman seeking to become a fish inspector reported of certain scallops presented for his verdict: 'They look good, but not seeing their savoury juice, am compelled to unanswer their value.'

The Cosmopolitan.

An article in the June "Cosmopolitan" on "The Sugar Beet in the United States" gives an idea of the very rapid growth of this branch of sugar-production. Many people will be surprised to learn that the United States produces such a small amount of sugar, relatively, from both cane and beet sources; although she consumes one-fourth of the world's supply, her domestic production is less than one-twentieth of the world crop. For the manufacturing year 1901-2 her factories produced about 186,000 tons of beet sugar. So recently as 1888 the year's manufacture was less than 1,000 tons. To show what a large future there is still before her beet-sugar industry, this writer gives the figure of Germany's annual production as 1,800,000 tons, and that of Austria and France as 1,000,000 tons each.

In an article in the series, "Making a Choice of a Profession," Dr. Albert Shaw discusses the selection of the profession of journalism. He compares the young

men working in Mr. Whitelaw Reid's "Tribune" office with the young lawyers and law clerks in Mr. Choate's law office, to get a line on the comparative conditions of the two professions, and gives his own opinion that the newspaper men not only average a good deal better pay than the young lawyers, but are engaged in a very much more interesting and diverting sort of work. The journalist's creed is given by Dr. Shaw as follows: "There is one thing that the journalist must say to himself every day, and if he is in danger of forgetting it, he should place it in bold letters over his desk where he cannot fail to see it. He may forget all else, but he must not forget this—the journalist must serve the public, and no other master. He must not be afraid to print the legitimate news without bias. He must treat all political parties fairly; he must never under any circumstances serve the interests of political bosses or franchise-seeking corporations. He must, in short, keep his self-respect and his independence. In the United States, newspapers rather than politicians lead the public mind in matters of statesmanship and policy."

An interesting little sketch of Senator Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, is given in one of the departments, under the heading, "A Self-educated Senator." Knute Nelson went to the United States from Norway with his widowed mother when he was less than five years old, and earned his first money selling newspapers upon the streets of Chicago. Later, when he and his mother were settled on a little sandy farm out in Wisconsin, he got some little education from the district school. "Senator Nelson tells that he journeyed in an ox-cart of home construction, the wheels of which were sections of a big log, to the little village academy from which he graduated. On this cart was a large wooden chest which contained, in addition to his scanty wardrobe, sufficient provisions from the farm to last him half the term. He did his own cooking, living as simply as did Daniel when he was in training to stand before Babylon's triumphant king."

The Atlantic Monthly.

The opening article in the June "Atlantic" is Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard's on "The Negro in the Regular Army." Mr. Villard pays a great tribute to the negro troops led by white officers. He has no difficulty in giving ample proof of the courage and loyalty of the black troops, and he shows that they have many other points of excellence when properly managed. The negroes are natural horsemen and riders, and take great pride in their mounts, as also in their uniforms. "In no white regiment is there a similar feeling. With the negroes, the canteen question is of comparatively slight importance, not only because the men can be more easily amused within their barracks, but because their appetite for drink is by no means as strong as that of the white men. The dark sides are that the negro soldiers easily turn merited punishment into martyrdom, that their gambling propensities are almost beyond control, that their habit of carrying concealed weapons is incurable, and that there is danger of serious fighting when they fall out with one another."

A well-written and amusing personal recital of a young consul's emotions and experiences is from Mr. John B. Osborne, "The Glamour of a Consulship;" in a readable sketch of "Barataria: The Ruins of a Pirate Kingdom," Mr. Leonidas Hubbard, jun., describes the island haunts of Jean Lafitte in the Gulf of Mexico; the centenary celebration of Emerson's birth is marked by the publishing of the address on that occasion by

President Eliot, of Harvard, and also by an ode by Professor Woodberry.

What Napoleon Might Have Done.

In an essay on "The Cult of Napoleon," Professor Goldwin Smith says that the title of Emperor was taken by Bonaparte with the idea in view of turning the States of Europe into provinces of an Empire having its seat at Paris. "Had this man been good, had he even not been very bad, had his heart been open to noble emotions or aspirations, though he could not exactly have played the part of Washington, the material with which he had to deal and the situation not being the same, he apparently might, with the power which fortune had put into his hands, have founded liberal institutions, and thus have saved France from the century of revolutions and counter-revolutions through which she has since passed."

The North American Review.

The May number of the "North American Review" opens with a contribution to the discussion of the negro problem by Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun, who has travelled in almost every quarter of the globe and has been an attentive student of race questions in many lands. His point of view is simply that of the English official class, accustomed to shouldering the white man's burden and accepting the responsibilities of the superior race as axiomatic. He is unable to regard education as a panacea in any sense. The Jamaica negroes have had a very deficient schooling, but their "discipline" has been excellent. The people of the United States should organise a system of negro development. Every State should have such a system, and all the States should endeavour to bring their systems into unison. It is a national problem.

Emerson's Influence Abroad.

Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, writing on Ralph Waldo Emerson, testifies to the force with which the American sage acted on the minds of young men in Scotland early in the sixties. Many who could not afford to buy the new books of Carlyle and Tennyson were able to purchase the cheap reprints of Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, and other American authors, whose works were not then protected by any copyright convention. Very recently, a shilling edition of Emerson's essays was published in England, and 20,000 copies were sold at once. Dr. Nicoll also refers to the recent statement that the most reactionary and powerful of Russian statesmen kept a copy of Emerson always beside him, and consulted it as an oracle.

The Warring Nature-Students.

Mr. John Burroughs' recent "Atlantic Monthly" criticism of Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton and other nature writers is itself the subject of a scathing review by one of Mr. Burroughs' victims, the Rev. W. J. Long. The two main counts in his indictment of Mr. Burroughs as a critic are, that he has overlooked the individuality of animals and the adaptiveness of nature, and that he makes the actions of animals on his own farm the rule by which to predicate the actions of animals everywhere. To Mr. Burroughs' affirmation that "all animals do exactly and instinctively what their parents did," Mr. Long retorts with the questions, "How, then, are there any domestic animals? Why does the tame canary sing, while a wild canary or one brought up in solitude only chirps and twitters?"

Electricity as a Railroad Motive Power.

Mr. C. L. De Muralt outlines some of the advantages, from the engineering as well as from the financial point of view, of having all trains on trunk lines propelled by electricity. He presents figures which show that the adoption of electricity as a motive power should effect an annual saving in operating expenses of \$4,762,277 for the Pennsylvania system, and of \$3,938,353 for the New York Central. These figures imply a saving of only ten per cent. in the cost of fuel; but if water power can be used, the saving in this single item of fuel will be at least 33 1-3rd per cent. The New York Central, for instance, can supply practically its entire system from the water power of Niagara Falls, the upper Hudson, and the St. Lawrence.

Present Tendencies of Russian Policy.

Mr. Charles Johnston makes an able defence of Russia as a world power. He shows that two-thirds of the agreement with China for the evacuation of Manchuria has already been carried out. The Russian troops have been withdrawn from Chinese territory to the conceded areas which are Russian soil. Mr. Johnston also expresses the hope that the Russians will soon be on more friendly terms with Japan. He thinks that the peace of the world is rendered more secure by the recent additions that Russia has made to her Siberian fleet, which now consists of five first-class battleships and seven armoured cruisers, as against six battleships and seven cruisers in the Japanese fleet. Mr. Johnston's rose-coloured predictions are not fully borne out by the news despatches of the past few weeks.

The Arena.

The first three articles in the "Arena" for May are devoted to Mormonism and polygamy. President Joseph F. Smith, of the Mormon Church, gives a brief exposition of the cardinal tenets of his faith. In view of the recent election of Apostle Reed Smoot to the United States Senate, perhaps the most interesting part of President Smith's paper is the paragraph which sums up the attitude of the hierarchy toward the State as follows:

"It teaches submission to law and promotes true patriotism. It recognises the institutions of this country as established under divine direction. It does not unite Church and State. It supports each in its own sphere, but regards them as separate and distinct, and holds that neither should encroach upon the domain of the other. The 'Mormon' Church does not dictate the politics of its members or direct citizens how they shall vote. The only restraint it claims to exercise as to political office is, that before any man who holds an ecclesiastical position demanding his entire services for the church becomes a candidate for a secular office that would take him from his church duties, he shall obtain permission to do so from its presiding authorities. This is absolutely necessary to proper church discipline, and is only reasonable and just. When that consent has been obtained, no man occupying a political office in this land is freer than he to perform his duty to his country, nor enjoys greater liberty as an American citizen. Notwithstanding all that is said and imagined as to the interference of the church in political affairs, no citizen can truthfully assert that he has been deprived by the church of his freedom, or that the church has attempted to coerce or control conventions, elections, or legislatures."

The paper by President Joseph Smith, of the reorganised Mormon Church, is chiefly a continuation of the controversy regarding the date of the institution of polygamy in the church, and the responsibility therefor. The reorganised church contends that the dogma and practice of polygamy are contrary to Scripture, as well as opposed to the laws of man. It is held that the prophet Joseph Smith never practised polygamy himself, and never enjoined it upon his followers. Mr. John T. Bridwell, of the National Anti-Mormon Missionary Association, squarely contradicts the position of the sons of the prophet, maintaining that the "seer" was a practical polygamist, both at Kirtland and in Missouri; and this, we may add, is the commonly accepted version of the facts. The historical discussion can have only an academic interest. The American people are more directly concerned to find out whether polygamy is at present practised in Utah.

Can the Negroes of the States be Colonised?

In seeking a solution of the negro problem, Col. William Hemstreet reverts to the colonisation scheme of the last century, selecting Cuba as the land to be populated by America's surplus of blacks. Among the advantages of such a migration, Colonel Hemstreet mentions the absence of a colour line in Cuba, the suitability of the climate, and, last but not least, the probability that all American negroes would vote for the annexation of the island to the United States! "Any Congressman should deem it the most useful and honourable act of his life to vote a hundred millions of Federal cash to buy and equip small farms and transport to Cuba all the surplus and threatening blacks of the South."

Gunton's Magazine.

An editorial article in "Gunton's" for May reviews the United States Court of Appeals' decision in the Northern Securities case with some asperity, but the wrath of the writer is mainly directed against the Sherman Act. He says:

"This merger decision will have a tendency to prevent the progress of productive industry in the United States. Its enforcement would be the most effective means of disorganising industry; and so long as it stays on the statute book it will be a dangerous weapon in the hands of an erratic or demagogic President. There is no safety in the expansion of industrial enterprise in this country again until the Sherman Act is repealed. It is a bad law, conceived for a bad purpose; and in the hands of an unscrupulous or unduly ambitious and impulsive President it becomes a danger to the country."

U.S. Merchant Marine.

Mr. Edwin Maxey, writing on "The Future of Our Merchant Marine," shows that American capital is invested in shipping to a far greater extent than is commonly assumed by writers on the subject. Thus, the steam tonnage engaged in the States' foreign trade and controlled by American capital increased from 424,000 tons in 1894 to 1,400,000 tons in 1902. Add to this the 475,000 sail tonnage engaged in foreign vessels, and it will be found that they have engaged in foreign trade a fleet larger than that of any other country except Great Britain and Germany. Including their coasting tonnage of 4,858,000, their merchant marine is second to that of Great Britain alone. The International Mercantile Marine Company, an American

corporation, maintains a fleet superior in all elements of efficiency to the entire French merchant fleet of 690 steamers.

Education in the Philippines.

Mr. Burgess Shank adduces the following, in addition to facts more generally known, to show that the results of American educational policy in the Philippines have been satisfactory:

"A thousand schools have now been running nearly two years in which the language used is English.

"Many thousand Filipinos have learned to understand, read, speak, and write English to a considerable extent. Thousands have been trained to teach the language, and many have been doing it successfully for more than a year.

"The experiment has shown the people as a whole that they can get an enlightened language; that, so far as language goes, their aspiration to be a part of the enlightened world is an attainable aspiration.

"In communities where schools have been established, one meets many persons, children and adults, who can carry on a tolerable English conversation.

"Classes of little children, entering school for the first time, learned to read and write as much and as well as an American first-grade class.

"Young men and women learned enough English in a year to be able to write a better letter than most American adults."

Schooling for Southern Factory Children.

Mrs. Leonora Beck Ellis describes a remarkably successful school conducted at Columbus, Ga., for the children of the mill operatives. The girls are instructed in cooking, sewing, laundering, and general housecleaning; the boys learn carpentering; and pupils of both sexes are taught gardening, the beginning of pottery, basketry, hat-making, weaving, and other forms of manual training. Although no systematic use is made of books in this unique school, Mrs. Ellis says that in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and history, the pupils compare very favourably with those of an ordinary public school. Drawing and colour studies are especially emphasised.

Foreign Reviews.

La Nouvelle Revue.

We have noticed elsewhere a short article dealing with the King's visit to Paris. Of the twenty-three other articles none calls for very special attention.

The first May number opens with an account of Diego Saurez, the harbour town situated at the extreme north of Madagascar. The writer, M. Etienne, who is known as the leader of the French Colonial Party, would like to see this spot become the Gibraltar of the Indian Ocean, and he publishes with the article a map showing the importance to France of this great natural harbour. M. de la Rochefoucauld continues his exceedingly learned and, to those interested in the beginnings of languages, fascinating notes on what he styles the enigma of Gallic inscriptions. The French revival of what may be called native Arts and Crafts work has inspired M. Marcel to write a short paper on French artistic industries. There are in France ten great public art schools where decoration is taught; in addition are fourteen important private studios, and

twelve art schools, managed by the Ministry of Fine Arts, in which are sections where all that touches on industrial art may be learnt; but these do little or nothing to encourage the actual worker who desires that his labour shall not be purely mechanical to strike out a newer line for himself—and the writer points out that nowadays art in France, once so sincerely national, is becoming cosmopolitan in tone and feeling. Walter Crane, the Belgian artist Van de Velde, the American jeweller Tiffany, have all had their part in creating that curious artistic aberration, "L'Art Nouveau." However, an effort is now being made in Paris, similar to that which has been more or less successful in England, and the twentieth century may see a revival of national art, not only in paintings and sculpture, but in the making of fine furniture, and in the decoration of everything that appertains to daily life.

A valuable addition to the history of the French Revolution is here published under the title, "Louis XVI. at Varenne." It appears that the diplomat who had charge of the interests of the Duke of Parma at the French Court stayed on in Paris long after the revolutionary outbreak, and we have here his account, written on June 27, 1791, of the flight from Paris, and arrest of the Royal family at Varenne. The description, however fragmentary, of an occurrence written immediately after an event is always more valuable than one composed later, and the book, of which these pages form a part, should certainly throw new light on much that is now mysterious concerning the part played by Louis XVI. and his unhappy family during the time which elapsed between the removal of the Court from Versailles to Paris, and the formal imprisonment of the King and Queen.

La Revue.

"La Revue" for May shows Dr. Max Nordau in the role of novelist. "Panna" is the title of M. Nordau's novel. It is a story of Hungarian life, and promises to be interesting and dramatic. M. Hayashi describes "Une Premiere de Shakespeare au Japon," "Othello" being the play in question. The Japanese masses, says M. Hayashi, have, as yet, no conception of Western literature, though their educated classes read Shakespeare in the original. Therefore, when "Othello" was presented on the stage, the play was reconstructed, the characters wearing Japanese dresses and expressing Japanese sentiments so as to make it intelligible to the people. It is interesting to note that M. Hayashi says that Madame Sadi Yacco, who has such a reputation as a Japanese actress in Europe, has no such reputation in Japan. The Japanese regard her success in Europe as evidence of Western intellectual inferiority. The Japanese cannot conceive an actor or actress who has not been trained in histrionic arts since infancy.

More of Tolstoy's Confession.

M. Tchertkoff supplies some unpublished fragments from Count Tolstoy's "Journal Intime." The Count's indictment of Government for the following seven evils is worth quoting:

- "1. L'Eglise: tromperie, superstition, depenses;
- "2. L'armee: depravation, emeutes, depenses;
- "3. La penalite: depravation, cruautés, contagion;
- "4. La grande propriete: famine, haine, pauvreté, les villes;

"5. La fabrique: l'assassinat, le meurtre;

"6. L'alcoolisme;

"7. La prostitution."

M. Novicov contributes a paper on Alsace-Lorraine and Peace, which he concludes in the number of May 15. In the latter number M. Octave Depont describes the Mussulman Brotherhoods, which he declares were responsible for the Marguerite massacre in Algeria. Professor Lombroso writes on "The Vices of the Penitentiary System." M. Frederic Loliee, in a paper on "The Psychology of a Journalist," deals with the late M. Blowitz. The following is one of M. Blowitz's hints to amateur interviewers: "When a man has made a communication to you, do not go away at once, but change the conversation, and leave him when speaking of some entirely unimportant subject. If you leave him suddenly (after having received the important communication) he will ask you not to repeat it. That means information lost, which is more irritating than if not received at all."

The Revue des Deux Mondes.

The "Revue des Deux Mondes" for May is very interesting.

Sadowa—and Afterwards.

M. Emile Ollivier contributes to the first May number a paper on Sadowa, and to the second May number one on French policy after Sadowa. In the first he declares that the whole campaign of Sadowa showed the incontestable superiority of offensive tactics; it also confirmed that famous maxim of Napoleon's: "In war men are nothing; it is a man who is everything." The Athenians of old knew that an army of stags led by a lion was worth more than an army of lions led by a stag. The best strategy, he says, the best tactics is the lucid, firm, resolute, well-balanced brain of the General-in-Chief. Pile up your artillery and your rifles, make on paper the most admirable plan of mobilisation—it will all vanish in smoke if your leaders are incompetent. In the second article he traces the effect in France of the aggrandisement of Prussia in consequences of the events of 1866. The terrible mistakes which were then made led directly to the war of 1870.

A French View of the Broad Church Movement.

In the first May number M. Thureau-Dangin writes an interesting and well-informed study of the beginning of the Broad Church Movement in England from 1845 to 1865. This movement, he shows, had its origin in a reaction against sacerdotalism on the one hand, and clerical demagoguery on the other. It took the view that Christianity was not so much a visible institution of divine origin as a personal feeling by which each individual was brought into relation with God. It introduced the results of German Biblical criticism to the old Anglican theology; it exhibited a great dislike for dogma; and it ended by adopting something very much like Erastianism. The standard-bearers in this new movement were, of course, Stanley and Jowett. M. Thureau-Dangin traces with great skill the history of these half-forgotten years, the publication of "Essays and Reviews," the Gorham Judgment, and the affair of Bishop Colenso. The whole article is interesting, as showing the revived interest on the other side of the Channel in what may be called the modern history of the Church of England.

La Revue de Paris.

The first number of the "Revue de Paris" contains two papers dealing with English subjects; the one is an excellent article on the personality and on the work of Spenser, M. Jusserand, the writer, being, though a Frenchman, the greatest living authority both on mediæval and on Elizabethan England. M. Mantoux has chosen a very different British theme, "The Awakening of the British Labour Party," taking as his text the last Woolwich election. He seems to have paid a prolonged visit to England, and whilst there to have seen something of the various Labour leaders, including Mr. William Crooks himself. As a result of his observations, he declares that the day is close at hand when the Labour Party will play a very important role in our Parliamentary life, and entirely alter the England of to-day. He admits, however, that that day, if close at hand, has not yet dawned, and any future writings of his concerning the subject should be watched for with interest, for he is evidently a shrewd as well as an impartial observer. Yet a third article of interest to British readers, and given the place of honour in the second May number, contains General Trochu's notes on the Crimean War. These notes were written by Trochu in response to an entreaty from a friend of his who was then engaged on a history of the Crimean War, and their value, such as it is, is largely owing to the fact that the General made a point of only mentioning those facts personally known to himself. Incidentally, he pays a very high tribute to Admiral Lyons, whom he seems to have admired more than any other British officer. He gives a touching account of an interview which he had with Lord Raglan. The old leader, who had lost his arm at Waterloo, meeting the then Colonel Trochu, when both men were under a heavy fire, held out his remaining hand, with the words, "It's rather warm here, isn't it?" It is clear that Trochu was most anxious to acknowledge how much France owed to England during the Crimean War, but it is also clear that the French and English chiefs constantly differed as to what course should be pursued. Some of his remarks concerning the Tommy Atkins of that day are not without topical interest at the present moment. "The British soldier is utterly unlike any other; he is slow, lacking in industry, and unwilling to take the trouble to get himself out of a difficult situation. On the other hand, especially after a good meal of beef and plenty of tea, he is a splendid fighter, and an ideal comrade on the field of battle." "Without doubt," observed Marshal Bugeaud to Trochu, "the British infantry is the most redoubtable of all. Fortunately, there is very little of it."

The German Magazines.

The "Deutsche Revue" contains several interesting articles. Professor Angelo de Gubernatis, of Rome, writes upon Germany and Italy, with special reference to the Kaiser's visit to the Italian capital. He begins by sketching the historical relations between the two countries. Not being a politician, he avoids remark upon the Triple Alliance. His remarks upon the German Cæsar—as he calls William II.—are very laudatory; he even compares him to Napoleon, which is rather a doubtful compliment. The professor is much troubled over the fact that Rome should now have a Goethe statue—the gift of the Kaiser—and not have one to Dante. The editors, in a footnote, say that Goethe's fatherland loves Italy, but will remain

her true ally only as long as she clings to the Triple Alliance.

Professor Vambery contributes an enlightening article upon the situation in Macedonia. He sets forth the claims of Bulgaria and Servia to the country. Both are based upon past history, and neither will yield in their claims. Professor Vambery remarks upon the very rapid growth and development of Bulgaria since its re-creation in 1870. The sad spectacle is seen in the Near East of three Christian Powers—Greece, Roumania and Bulgaria—each violently jealous of the other, and more willing to make terms and treaties with the common enemy, the Turk, than with one another. The promised reforms by the Turks are never realised, and the situation is summed up very aptly in Prince Gortschakoff's remarks that Turkey could never reform herself, for reform meant death to her. Professor Vambery, however, does not agree to this, and points to considerable improvement in Turkey during the last fifty years, and seems rather hopeful of the success of the promised reforms in Macedonia! The very interesting series of articles upon William Kaubach are concluded in this number. Germain Bapst writes upon Napoleon III. and Italy, drawing his information from hitherto unpublished sources.

The Italian Reviews.

Anyone wishing to make a study of the agricultural and economic condition of South Italy, could not do better than read the two lengthy articles dealing with the Basilicate—perhaps the very poorest of all the Italian provinces—which appear simultaneously in the "Rassegna Nazionale" and the "Nuova Antologia" (May 1).

In the former, G. Prato takes a very gloomy view of the situation, basing his estimate on the fact that a higher percentage of the population emigrates from the Basilicate than from any other province. The situation, he contends, can only be compared with that of Ireland after the famine, another point of resemblance being that once emigrated to America, the starving peasantry quickly grow prosperous, and send over annually large sums of money to their destitute relations at home. He attributes the present acute distress mainly to heavy taxation and its unfair distribution; also to bad harvests, deforestation, and foreign industrial competition.

The article in the "Antologia" takes the form of an open letter addressed by the Deputy P. Lacava to the editor, Maggiorino Ferraris, in which, after pointing out the comparatively easy economic position enjoyed by the province when forming a portion of the kingdom of Naples, he attributes a great deal of the present poverty to the lack of proper road and rail communication. By means of elaborate tables of statistics he proves that not only is there less land under cultivation, with a decrease in nearly all forms of produce, save only in olive oil, but that the wealth of the province in flocks and herds is also on the decrease. Under such circumstances it is not surprising to find that the population is decreasing also, and that half the province is practically uninhabited.

The "Civiltà Cattolica" (May 23) discusses the right principles by which to write the lives of saints, and while agreeing with various opinions expressed by Mr. Joly in his well-known "Psychologie des Saints," falls foul of S. Cajetan by R. de Maulde La Clavière, recently translated into English, which is one of the excellent series of lives of saints edited by M. Joly himself.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

"BROTHER BOB," ALIAS "FATHER DOLLING."*

"No honest man or woman can consider what Robert Dolling was and did without feeling braced and strengthened, cleansed and exhilarated; it is 'as a breeze from places strong for life.'"—Author's Preface.

This is a fascinating book, and one which cannot be too widely read. Specially would we commend it to persons who consider themselves charged with the cure of souls, whether they be in the Established Church or outside of it. To the Free Churchman it teaches a lesson of tolerance and sympathy, Christian charity, and of broad-mindedness, which will perhaps enable them to recognise better than they do to-day that it is indifferent to the Source of all good gifts, whether the channel through which the Divine Grace passes is Catholic or Protestant. For the Church parsons every chapter of the book rings like a bugle blast, summoning them to get out of their smug conventionalism and go down and be men among men. It does all men good to look upon a brother man, free from buckram, stripped of conventional restraints, living and loving, toiling and dying, for the sake of his brethren. Such a man was Father Dolling, who deserves an honoured niche in our English annals.

His Forebears.

Father Dolling was born in Ireland. His father was a land agent in County Down. The boy was brought up in Orange Ulster. His mother was a saint. Dolling himself wrote after her death:

I look back over forty-five years, and remember how my mother taught us children every day some little story from the life of Christ, and how real she made it by drawing pictures and telling words which made us almost see the actual event. As I sit writing this I see them now, those pictures which, please God, I shall never forget.

His father was a genial, good-tempered man, full of wit and humour. He seems to have succeeded in keeping his household immune from the rancour which, whether agrarian or sectarian, often plays such havoc with Irish life, especially in the "black North."

Robert Dolling was born in 1851. The Dolling family consisted of two boys and seven girls. Robert, the sixth child, was the first-born son, so that he had plenty of sisters to look after him from his earliest infancy, and they kept up their care of him till he died. He never married; but

his three sisters, to whom Mr. Osborne dedicates this book, were no mean substitute for a wife.

The Child as Father to the Man.

If Robert Dolling did not lisp in numbers, he seems to have preached before he was out of his petticoats. "A little priest from the cradle," his biographer calls him. Before he was six he used to make his sisters sit on chairs in the nursery while he conducted service in an improvised surplice. When he grew older he looked after the boys of the village, he started a night-school in which he taught them reading, spelling, and arithmetic, and held classes for the study of Bible and prayer-book. He taught the lads to play, to swim, and to garden. When he was ten Dolling was sent to a preparatory school at Herts, and when fourteen he entered Harrow, where he was noted for his hatred of cruelty, his high standard of honour and chivalry. After Harrow he went to Cambridge, where he only remained for a year, his health being bad, and weakness of eyesight making study almost impossible. On leaving Cambridge he went to Italy for his health.

A Model Land Agent.

On the death of his mother in 1876 he returned to Ireland, where he began the business of life as an assistant to his father as collector of rents. Afterwards he carried on business on his own account. He seems to have achieved a distinct success in this vocation. An Irish land agent who on the eve of the Land League could induce West Meath tenants to pay their rent in full by the magic of his tobacco pipe would seem to be visibly marked out for the profession of a land agent. Even after the Land League was started the tenants would light bonfires in his honour when they were burning other agents in effigy. Dolling, however, felt he had a call to distinctly religious work, and four years after his father's death he took orders in the Church of England. He had previously spent a good deal of his time in London, where he had come under the fascination of the extreme High Church party, whose headquarters were at St. Alban's, Holborn. Father Stanton had founded St. Martin's League among

*"Life of Father Dolling," by Charles E. Osborne, Vicar of Seghill, Northumberland.

the postmen, a league which appears, unfortunately, to be now extinct.

"Brother Bob."

Dolling was enlisted as a helper, and in 1879 became warden of the League House, 95 Borough Road, Southwark. It was in this fraternal association of letter-carriers that Dolling received his first and most famous sobriquet of "Brother Bob." In his house at Southwark he was first found in his full glory as a Christian Socialist. He and the postmen fed together, sat together, smoked together and sang together. The evening meetings were uproarious and hilarious, and in the midst of all the riot of the room "Brother Bob" was ever to the fore:

When at Borough Road, frequently on Sundays he had parties of poor boys—street scavengers, shoeblacks, newspaper sellers, and rough boys of that class. His method was generally to have the copper-fire lit, make them strip and have a good bath (he very frequently providing them with new underclothes), give them a good tea, and send them away at least clean and well fed. I remember one Christmas in particular, a party he had who ate so heartily of the good dinner that they could find no room for the Christmas pudding; so presently the unusual spectacle was seen of a stout gentleman, followed by about twenty boys, running about six times round the squares. Then they came back and finished the puddings.—(P. 23.)

During this novitiate, as it may be described, Dolling first exhibited his extraordinary power over those who seemed impervious to all influences, human or divine. The poor labourer who, when dying in a London hospital, said he had no relatives, and the only friend he had "was a chap they call 'Brother Bob,' he was very good to me," was a type of many of those whom he succeeded in getting hold of by strong ties of love and service.

No Bookworm.

In 1882 he decided to seek ordination. Some difficulties arose owing to his lack of qualification for the ministry. He went to Salisbury Theological College, the present principal of which says that his weak point lay "in a thinly disguised contempt for formal study." His passion for work did not include books. Another says:

His intellectual development was to some extent hindered by his overpowering longing for practical service to his brethren, but his splendid equipment of human sympathy, which made him so great a power for good in mission work, outweighed his defects as a theological student. Hence, though his qualifications in theology were not all that might have been desired, there could be no question as to the rightness of presenting a man of such character and such gifts for ordination.

After ordination Father Dolling was put in charge of St. Martin's Mission in Holy Trinity parish, Stepney, near to the Rev. Archibald Brown's Tabernacle. His three sisters came over

from Dublin and formed a kind of Settlement in the parish, and the four of them set themselves to their evangelising work, with the scarlet cassocks, copes, processional lights, and all other apparatus which, in Dolling's eyes, were necessary to impress upon the congregation the beauty and splendour of Christian worship. He used to say in those days that "Rome had retained the grandeur of worship and Dissent the simplicity, while we of the Church of England have lost both." Notwithstanding his ceremonialism, the flavour of his Evangelical preaching and the broad Catholicity of his effort to use every possible instrument for broadening and brightening the lives of his people endeared him to everyone. As one Non-conformist said, "I don't care whether he is a Ritualist or a Roman Catholic, he preaches Christ in a way I have never heard before, and hardly ever expect to hear again."

His Boxing and Step-dancing Club.

He started a club which was unique at the time among all ecclesiastical clubs. He writes in what he calls one of his "Rum Tracts":

It is wonderful how we amuse ourselves; we have two good bagatelle tables; we play cards, dominoes, draughts; we box, we have a gymnasium downstairs, and we often have a concert among ourselves. I don't think you could find in all London better step-dancing than Sullivan's.

Yet with all this he always insisted, both by word and deed, that the religion of love to God, and for His dear sake to our neighbours, was the one object and intention of everything he did.

For two years everything went well. Dr. Temple, then Bishop of London, refused to give him any other license than that of an ordinary curate to the vicar of the parish. Temple did not like Dolling; he had no patience with a man who told him "he could 'not read,' as he had other work to do from 7 a.m. to 12 p.m." Bishop How lamented bitterly the obstinacy of Dr. Temple, but it was in vain.

Father Dolling and his sisters departed from Maidman Street House, and found their true vocation almost immediately after in the slums of Portsmouth. He left East London in July, 1885, and in the autumn of that year he received a call to take charge of the Winchester College Mission in St. Agatha's, Landport, Portsmouth.

The Bishop of Winchester was somewhat nervous when Dolling was nominated for the post. "I have heard strange stories of you," said he, "but I hope you will not do anything foolish." Dolling promised to do his best, and forthwith, on leaving the Episcopal palace at Farnham, had to pawn his watch to pay for his bed, as the last train had left for London!

St. Agatha's, Landport.

The scene of his labours was one which exactly suited him. There in the midst of fried-fish shops, gin shops, and houses of ill-fame, in a small conventicle-like building, seated in the midst of the stench of slaughter-houses, Dolling settled himself down to work. A full, turbid and turbulent tide of life surged past his doors. It was frankly pagan. "In this district," he said, "sin was not shame." The only religious and respectable people were Dissenters. The house next door to the Mission was a notorious house of ill-fame, and the conduct and language of the populace was free and unrestrained to a degree which at least relieved the town of any accusation of smug respectability or of decorous dulness.

A Sunday Scene in His Parish.

The following picture of an episode which met his eye as he was going to his first Sunday-school in the district brings into clear relief the kind of people with whom he had to do:

My first Sunday afternoon, as I was walking in Chance Street, I saw for the first time a Landport dance. Two girls, their only clothing a pair of sailor's trousers each, and two sailor lads, their only clothing the girls' petticoats, were dancing a kind of breakdown up and down the street, all the neighbours looking on amused, but unastonished, until one couple, the worse for drink, toppled over. I stepped forward to help them up, but my endeavour was evidently looked at from a hostile point of view, for the parish voice was translated into a shower of stones, until the unfallen sailor called out, "Don't touch the Holy Joe; he doesn't look such a bad sort." I could not stay to cement our friendship, for the bell was ringing for the children's service, and, to my horror, I found that some of the children in going to church had witnessed the whole of this scene. They evidently looked upon it as a quite legitimate Sunday afternoon's entertainment.—(P. 136.)

Discipline Under Difficulties.

As might be expected, Sunday scholars fresh from such an exhibition could hardly be expected to behave with decorum. When they crossed the threshold from the street, the conduct of the boys was so "diabolical," that Father Dolling found it necessary to resort to vigorous measures:

"Two boys," wrote Father Dolling in his "Ten Years," "calmly lighted their pipes and began to smoke. One remedy alone seemed possible—to seize them by the back of the neck and run them out of church, knocking their heads together as hard as I could. Amazed at first into silence, their tongues recovered themselves before they reached the door, and the rest of the children listened, delighted, to a vocabulary which I have seldom heard excelled. We had no sooner restored order than the mothers of the two lads put in an appearance. As wine is to water, so was the conversation of the mothers to their sons. I wish I could have closed the children's ears as quickly as I closed the service. But they listened with extreme delight, even following me in a kind of procession, headed by the two ladies, to my lodgings. The con-

trast between this, my first procession, and the last, which took place when my church was opened, is a true measure of the difference which ten years have made."—(P. 66.)

At Work in the Slums.

In the midst of this pagan parish he and his sisters rallied round the Mission a large staff of helpers, who flung themselves with energy into the task of civilising the heathen. They worked along many lines and in many ways. The gymnasium lay at the very centre of all their operations; but Father Dolling left no stone unturned, no civic duty unperformed. He flung himself headlong into all manner of local politics, served on the Board of Guardians and on the School Board, and did everything he possibly could to rouse public opinion as to the need for civic service in the interests of humanity and morality. With all these secular side-shows the heart of the whole was an immense devotion to Jesus Christ. It used to be said in marvel by those who heard Father Dolling's extempore prayers after the regular service, "he used to talk to Jesus just as if He were there."

How He Worked His Slum.

Father Dolling made his parsonage the heart of his parish. The parsonage and the gymnasium formed practically one block—partly dwelling-house, partly house of recreation, exercise and social gatherings. The house was always full of guests, of all sorts and conditions of men, soldiers, sailors, Winchester boys, clerical friends, with not a few "lame dogs who were being helped over stiles," who fed together and smoked together. In his gymnasium, which he built at the cost of £2,000, he established dancing classes, in which from eighty to a hundred boys and girls were taught to dance together, to talk together, and to know each other on a footing of mutual respect. He established almshouses, secured a site and, ultimately, built a new church. He opened classes, and adopted all manner of ordinary and extraordinary methods to get hold of the hearts and the lives of the people among whom he lived.

A Ritualist with Common Sense.

Although he was High Church and a Ritualist, he had supreme scorn for people who made religion consist of the right arrangement of bibs and tuckers. One day he boxed the ears of a young Ritualistic youth who was distressed by the "incorrectness" in his mode of holding his hands at the altar. Another Ritualistic youth came a long distance to St. Agatha's to attend some observance which he thought would be held there. Finding it non-existent, he went home deeply saddened to offer a blue lamp before Our Lady's image in his private oratory as reparation for the un-Catholic conduct of the clergy of the

Mission! "Father, I crave a habit," said a High Church youth on one occasion as he fell on his knees before Father Dolling. Dolling calmly replied, "If you want to do something useful get up and dust these books; that will about suit you." At the same time his devotion to lighted candles, incense and vestments was such as to horrify the pious soul of the Protestant old harridan who kept a house of ill-fame that stood next door to the Mission. She was wont occasionally to stand in the backyard when services were going on and heap curses upon the head of "old Dolling and his pack of Catholics." Speaking of incense, there is one practical thing to be said in its favour. I was asking a Nonconformist minister the other day why they never used his church on Sunday afternoons. "Sir," he said, "when you have three congregations in the same building on one day it smells 'sweaty' at night." Such a phrase enables one to understand how it was Father Dolling found incense of practical use in the stuffy Mission Church in Landport.

His Christian Socialism.

As might be expected, it was not very long before Father Dolling got into hot water. The Baptist minister, the Rev. C. Joseph, and Father Dolling had been putting their heads together in order to see if something could be done to reduce the hours of shop assistants in Portsmouth. In carrying out this beneficent enterprise five addresses were to be given at St. Agatha's, beginning with one by Rev. Stewart Headlam on "Christian Socialism." Mr. Headlam appears to have said nothing that Canon Scott Holland, for instance, would not say to-day, but such advanced views found little favour among the clergy and laity of the Church of England. The Bishop admonished Father Dolling, and the Warden of Winchester scolded him, declaring "that with your ultra High Church proclivities on the one hand, and your Socialist teachings on the other, no sober-minded and loyal citizen can be expected to support the Mission."

His Resignation.

Father Dolling resigned, declaring that he dared not go on with his ministry without letting men know that he believed every social question was a question of the Lord Jesus Christ. To his astonishment the whole town rose in protest against his departure; laymen and Dissenters were foremost in his support. Father Dolling himself said what surprised him most was the intense sympathy of the Dissenting clergy:

In our great trouble only one church clergyman wrote to me, but in three Dissenting meeting-houses public prayer was offered for us, and many of them sent me messages of sympathy by their deacons and others.

Although we are the last Church one would suppose they would sympathise with.

That is of course on ceremonial grounds—on every other point Father Dolling was absolutely one with them.

His Purity Crusade.

He worked hand in glove with the Dissenters in the great crusade against the open encouragement of immorality, which was one of the scandals of the town. During his ten years at St. Agatha's they shut up no fewer than fifty houses of ill-fame. On one occasion he publicly denounced by name a highly respectable magistrate who owned brothel property and refused to shut it up. The culprit at first threatened a libel suit, but ultimately changed his tenants. Portsmouth was infested with over a thousand public-houses, many of which ran sing-songs which were a great source of attraction to soldiers, sailors, and young girls. Dolling did not blame the publicans so much as the brewers. To the well-to-do shareholders in the great brewery companies whose houses were demoralising the people, he put the question, "Would they allow their wives and daughters to go down and spend an evening in one of their public-houses?" With Canon Jacob and the Baptist minister, Mr. Joseph, he got together a committee of twenty, who made a thorough investigation of the whole borough of Portsmouth from the moral point of view.

Father Dolling, with the report of this committee before him, took the liberty of calling Portsmouth "a sink of iniquity," and preaching a Lent sermon in London. "He says we are a 'sink of iniquity!'" ejaculated the Mayor of Portsmouth, Mr. Emanuel. "Surely, if he would think for a minute, he would see that he was doing an injury to the town in which he lived, and to the hotels and lodging-houses in the part of the borough upon which we have spent so much money." "I believe myself, however," said Father Dolling, "that the row did the town a great deal of good."

The Side-shows of St. Agatha's.

Dolling made his church a home for the lonely, and he exulted in every method by which he could stamp out that spirit of smug respectability which has been the evil genius of the Church of England. Day and night he waged war against that self-satisfied gentility which he regarded as the bane of his church. In enumerating all the side-shows in connection with his church, he says, "We have a nigger troupe, dramatic troupe, a dancing class and sick club, a sewing class, a large temperance society and a band of hope, a lending library and three penny savings'-banks." Among his trophies he exults that "we have reformed twenty-five

thieves just out of gaol, we have rescued 144 fallen women, we have emigrated 63 young men, put 59 into the Army and 57 into the Navy."

His Final Resignation.

In the ten years that he was at St. Agatha's he raised £56,000, of which only £760 came from diocesan funds. Everything went splendidly; his new church was almost ready for opening, when suddenly he ran up against his Bishop on the subject of prayers for the dead, which led to his resignation. Notwithstanding his heresies on the subject of remembering the dead in his daily devotions, several of the Nonconformist bodies prayed fervently that Father Dolling might be enabled to stay. He left St. Agatha's, however, declaring that during the ten years that he had been there he had had but one single aim—to bring some poor people in a slum in Landport to a knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

His Later Life.

It was the culminating point of his life. The next two years he wrote the story of his work in Portsmouth in his book "Ten Years in a Portsmouth Slum," and lectured and preached up and down the country with great acceptance.

In 1897 he sailed for America, where they wanted him to remain at the cathedral in Chicago. But just before receiving that call he had accepted a summons to Poplar, where he remained until his death. It is not necessary, however, to follow in detail the course of the last six years of his life. In the course of these years he said many true and forcible things; he collected much money and did much good work, ministering to many souls; but he will chiefly be remembered by the ten years which he spent in a Portsmouth slum.

His Reverence for Dissenters.

His message to the Church was clear, definite, emphatic. Being a real man caring for his brother men, and not a mere automaton, white-chokered and black-cassocked, he had a scorn of scorns and hate of hates for the poisonous canker of sectarian ascendancy. "Don't let us be ashamed," he said on one occasion, "to confess what we owe to the splendid work of the Dissenters. It makes me oftentimes sick at heart to hear the way in which the newly-ordained student, strong in the orthodoxy of his High Church collar, speaks of those class leaders at whose feet he is unworthy to sit." And again, "I thank God there were five active centres of Dissenting worship in my own district." "Is it any wonder that men preferred the warm and loving and personal worship they found in the chapel? Is it so long ago since many dignified clergymen believed that the chapel was really

more suitable for common people?" When the Archbishop declared that the history of the Church of England was "a progressive tale of the upward march of men," Father Dolling remarked sarcastically that he was constrained to believe this because of the authority of him who said it; "but, in all honesty, I pray you to ask yourselves, are there ten working-men in England that believe it?"

Working Himself to Death.

He was a tireless worker. During his stay in the United States he preached two hundred and sixty-one times in fifty-eight different churches and thirty-five cities and towns between May 26 and December 21. The strain was too great. The Bishop of Chicago warned him, "God has given you enormous physical vitality, and a mind to use it without stint, but don't hasten the end too speedily. I have come to believe that occasional attacks of indolence are praiseworthy."

His Message to the Church.

Such a man naturally found himself hampered, misunderstood, and misrepresented by the majority of the clergy. Although an earnest Anglican minister, he regarded the Establishment rather as a curse than a benefit to the Church. The following passage from an article which he contributed in the last year of his life to the "Pilot" sets forth clearly enough his own estimate of the causes of the failure of the Church of England:

There are, I think, two reasons why the Church of England cannot supply the needs of England. First, she is tied and bound by a system that practically admits of no rearrangement as to incomes. She is not only tied to a perfectly unworkable system, with no power of adapting herself to modern needs, but she has had now for many generations, and still has, a perfect genius for destroying all enthusiasm, and until she is able to evoke enthusiasm among our best young men of all classes she will never get a ministry adequate in number and power.

A genius for getting rid of her best, unless her best will become commonplace—is this too hard a description of the Church of England? What else explains the extraordinary growth of Nonconformity, for which, since the Church of England would not do her duty to her children, I thank God, and surely all who love souls must, for had it not been for their ministry many a soul would have died without a knowledge of Jesus, and many a place would have been left in outer darkness? But like it or not, we must accept it as a fact, and a fact largely due to the Church of England.

On no question of any importance, religious or social, have the Bishops given any leading to their people unless they have been driven to it by the man in the street.—(P. 305-7.)

The World without God.

But it would be a mistake to think that he merely concerned himself with the welfare of the Church of England. In his last years he was full of sadness at the extent to which the people had lost the idea of God. He said:

We live here without God—that is, by far the greater majority of our people do not pray, do not read their Bibles, do not come to church, far less frequent the Sacraments, and live, as a rule, altogether, unconscious of the Supernatural.

God is not in any of our thoughts; we do not even fear Him. We face death with perfect composure, for

we have nothing to give up and nothing to look forward to. Heaven has no attraction, because we should be out of place there, and Hell has no terrors.—(P. 313.)

So he went on preaching, pleading, toiling till the end, which came at last on May 15, 1902. He was worn out before his time.

SOME NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The French and Belgian Congo.

Mr. Morel, whose book on "Affairs of West Africa" we noticed in our March number, last month brought out a very effective statement of our grievances against the administration of French Congo land, in a book entitled "The British Case in the French Congo" (Heinemann, 6s.). It is only a small volume of less than 200 pages. The author writes by no means unsympathetically as to the work which has been done by France in these parts, and he is very careful to differentiate between the iniquities of King Leopold and the mistakes made by the French Government when, beguiled by the apparent financial success of the concessionaire regime in the Belgian Congo, it attempted to establish a similar system in the territory under its own control. But it is quite clear that although the French concessionaire regime is not so bad as that of the Belgians, it is bad enough, and works in the same direction—namely, the establishment of monopoly, the oppression of the natives, and the confiscation of their rights both in the land and its products; and that it is destructive of the principles of Free Trade. Mr. Morel says that the British merchants have been broken up, native traders in British employment are flogged, produce paid for by British merchants has been openly appropriated, and, when action has been brought in the local courts, redress is denied on the ground that the natives have no right whatever to sell produce, all these rights having been conceded to a concessionaire company. The result is that the British merchants find themselves excluded from a territory in which they have an international right to live and trade. Fortunately the Government of the French Congo is not, like King Leopold, interested in the profits of the concessionaire companies. What is even more satisfactory is that none of the French Congo concessionaire monopolies have made any profits at all. They

have injured British merchants without doing themselves any good.

A very different book, and one we are glad to welcome in English as well as in French, is "New Africa; an Essay on Government Civilisation in New Countries, and in the Foundation, Organisation and Administration of the Congo Free State" (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.), by M. Descamps, the well-known professor of International Law at the University of Louvain, who is also a Belgian Senator, and who honourably distinguished himself at the Hague Conference by the part which he took in framing the Convention of Arbitration. M. Descamps has put together, in a closely-printed volume of 400 pp., all the documents which are necessary to understand the Belgian official point of view. M. Descamps, of course, is a courtier, and his point of view is that of one who imagines that Leopold II. has solved the problem of government civilisation in the centre of barbaric Africa. To him the Congo State is a new instrument of civilisation.

M. Descamps deals with the question very fully. He begins with the history of the subject, tells the story of the first beginning of the Congo Free State, then passes on to describe the treaties of Berlin and Brussels, which constitute the charter of the State. Then he devotes the greater part of his book to a description of the institutions established under the ægis of these acts. The fourth part is devoted to an account of "The Sovereign." The book is very useful, inasmuch as it is a statement of the official case, and contains in convenient compass the documents necessary for reference. But as a contribution to the controversy raised in the House of Commons last month, as to the right of the Congo State to close the Open Door and establish a monopoly, and suppress all trade within the limits of the most fertile regions of the Congo basin, it is utterly worthless.

As to the atrocities which are perpetrated in the collecting of the rubber by which the companies have made their dividends, it is sufficient to quote the following complacent paragraph to dispose of M. Descamps' claim to be regarded as an authority on the subject. On p. 256 he says: "The measures resorted to by the Congo State concerning the turning to profit of its properties are of a blameless character, and the State is unquestionably entitled to apply them to the immediately workable elements of its domain property, such as the india-rubber of the domain forests." That is the first question upon which everyone not an official who has been in the Congo differs *in toto coelo* from him. But M. Descamps is the official apologist all through. He even ventures to state that the cases where atrocities have been committed are rare, and that the Government has never hesitated in the past, as it will do in the future, to punish all the agents responsible with disciplinary or judicial penalties.

A Biography of Mr. Balfour.

Mr. Bernard Alderson has written, and Mr. Grant Richards has published, an illustrated volume of 360 pages, describing "Mr. Balfour: the Man and his Work." The most interesting pages in the book do not deal with the man at all, but with him as a boy. During his stay at Eton Mr. Balfour was Lord Lansdowne's fag, and Mr. Alderson gives a very pleasant account of Mr. Balfour's boyhood at Whittinghame. He lost his mother when she was forty-seven years of age, but he seems to have owed almost everything to her in his early training. The example of the teaching of his mother, the thoroughness of her work, and the tact with which she carried out the education of her children, left an abiding impression upon his mind. She was of a deeply religious nature, and had Bible-readings with her children every day. In the long evenings she used to read to them from Dumas and Shakespeare. Of Mr. Alderson's sketch of Mr. Balfour as politician, Minister of the Crown, and Prime Minister, there is not much to be said. There is little that is new, but he has collected together within the two covers of his book references to most of his speeches, and anyone who has to write of Mr. Balfour would find this book useful, not to say indispensable. Mr. Alderson is eulogistic throughout. The only trace of criticism is to be found in the cartoons. We are glad to see he has reproduced Mr. Gould's famous sketch in which Mr. Balfour expresses his surprise to Sir M. White Ridley that the Boers have got horses. It would have been better if, instead of reproducing the cartoon, he had quoted the extraordinary confession of ignorance as to

the resources of the Boers, and the certainty that the Orange Free State would join the Transvaal in case of war.

The chapter upon Mr. Balfour's recreations contains much that is new. Mr. Alderson mentions that at Whittinghame Mr. Balfour's habit, long after the other inmates of the house had gone to rest, is to sit down to the piano in his study adjoining his bedroom and discourse sweet music in the small hours of the morning. In addition to being an accomplished pianoforte player, he is also a clever violinist. Mr. Balfour has no favourite flower, but he has eighteen glass-houses and ten gardeners. It is his sister, however, who chiefly looks after the flowers.

England's Mission.

By England's Statesmen.

This is a very handy volume of 360 pp., edited by Mr. Arthur Mee and published by Mr. Grant Richards. It is based upon the happy thought of collecting together within the compass of a single volume some of the most notable utterances of notable British statesmen as to England's Mission. The only bad thing about it is the sub-title which follows "England's Mission. By England's Statesmen. Chatham to Chamberlain." We may recognise the alliterative temptation of the two Ch's., but it is rather bathos bringing in Mr. Chamberlain in such a connection. The most interesting part of the book is not that which deals with contemporary politics, but the speeches quoted at the end of the volume. Lord Brougham's speech on "England and the African Race" reads very oddly now, and yet it is well to be reminded of the traditional attitude of our country towards Africans. Another valuable speech is Lord Chatham's protest against war with America, which follows immediately after Edmund Burke's speech moving his thirteen resolutions for conciliation of the American colonies in 1775. Mr. Mee's choice of subjects is sometimes rather curious. For instance, the only utterance of William Pitt is that on the emancipation of the slaves. Lord Macaulay is quoted as to England's mission in India. There are three utterances by Canning, one by Sir Robert Peel on England's influence abroad, which was delivered during the Don Pacifico debates. There are four samples of Lord Palmerston's style, but only a couple of pages are devoted to his famous "Civis Romanus Sum" speech in 1850. There are two samples of Cobden, two of John Bright, four of Lord Beaconsfield, and three of Mr. Gladstone. Of these, the most important is his reply to Lord Palmerston in the

Don Pacifico debates. There is a page or two from his Midlothian speeches, and a long extract from the "Nineteenth Century" on "England's Place in Civilisation." The first place in the book is given to Mr. Balfour, the second to Lord Rosebery, the third to Mr. Chamberlain. The longest extract is taken from Mr. Chamberlain's Glasgow address in 1897. Lord Rosebery's Glasgow address of 1900 is also drawn upon. We are glad to see included in this collection a long extract from Lord Rosebery's presidential address at the Social Science Congress of 1874. Mr. Asquith, Lord Kimberley, and Sir George Grey each make a single contribution to this volume, Mr. Morley has four, and Lord Salisbury six. Mr. Mee has done well to include extracts from Lord Salisbury's despatch on the Venezuelan Question, in which he pleaded for peace among English-speaking peoples.

The Fall of Constantinople.

Mr. Edwin Pears, better known as the famous war correspondent of the "Daily News" who first told the world of the Bulgarian atrocities in 1876, has written a most interesting and valuable historical work entitled "The Destruction of the Greek Empire, and the Story of the Capture of Constantinople by the Turks" (Longmans, Green and Co., 18s. net). In this volume, which is well indexed and illustrated with maps and photographs, Mr. Pears tells us all that modern research has brought to light concerning the death agony of the Byzantine Empire. Mr. Pears calls it the Greek Empire, preferring that title to either the Latter Roman Empire or the Byzantine Em-

pire. In doing this, however, he but returns to the usage that prevailed at the time when the Empire fell. Mr. Pears justifies himself for telling the story of the memorable siege which forms the subject of Gibbon's most brilliant chapters, by pointing out that at least four valuable contemporary documents have been brought to light since Gibbon wrote, and further remarks, not unjustly, that Gibbon had so violent a contempt for Christians of any kind that he was naturally incapable of sympathetic appreciation of the questions which really exercised the minds of the degenerate descendants of Constantine. Mr. Pears begins his work with a summary of the history of the Empire between the Latin conquest in 1204 and the capture of the city in 1453. It is impossible here to attempt anything approaching to a review of an historical work of this importance, but Mr. Pears tells the story with great spirit, and enables us to grasp from its beginning to its tragic close the details of the siege with a sympathy which is by no means confined to the Christian side. It was the cannon that did everything to end the siege, but the preponderance of numbers was also great on the side of the Turks. Mahomet II. sat down with 150,000 men, including at least 12,000 of the best-trained troops in the world, before Constantinople, which was defended by a garrison of 8,000 fighting-men who had to stand guard round thirteen miles of walls. When the city was captured it was given over to sack for three days. In the last death flurry from three to four thousand men were killed on the Christian side, and 50,000 made prisoners. The stone cannon balls used by the Turks measured seven feet four inches in circumference.

An Australasian Paper for Women.

"The New Idea" (T. Shaw Fitchett's woman's home journal for Australasia) is celebrating its first birthday with the July issue just published, and congratulations are due, not only because the journal has survived twelve issues, but because it has grown in size and value. In the cover design this month one of E. W. Kemble's clever coon drawings is used, and there are several striking features in the reading matter. For instance, Miss Helen Davis concludes what has proved a remarkable series of pen pictures of the conditions under which women and girls work in the Australasian factories. A new series, entitled "The Common Round of Uncommon People" has been inaugurated, and the first two uncommon people are "Curley," a city waif, and "Tom Bowling," a wandering minstrel. The idea of these sketches is to get out-of-the-way people, and describe their daily round. "Curley" and "Tom Bowling" certainly provide in-

teresting copy. One of the most important subjects dealt with is that of Cookery in State-schools, which is written up in the form of an interview with Mrs. Fawcett Story, the head of the Cookery Branch of the Victorian Education Department. A number of famous Englishwomen—writers, travellers, actresses, doctors, and leaders of society—have sent greetings to the readers of "The New Idea," and the Editor promises a batch of these, accompanied by the photos. of the writers, in each issue of the coming year. Auto-graph portraits are printed this month of Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Mrs. Annie Besant, John Strange Winter, Madame Sarah Grand, and Elizabeth Blackwell, the world's most famous lady doctor. The usual departments, dealing with household matters, are well up to the standard, the literary and musical pages being particularly full and informative. The annual subscription to the magazine is 3s. post free, to T. Shaw Fitchett, 169 Queen Street, Melbourne.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN AUSTRALASIA.

BY "AUSTRALIAN."

The Position.

Rapid improvement is being worked in the pastoral and agricultural conditions ruling throughout the eastern half of Australia by continuously favourable weather. Rain has fallen over the best part of the eastern half of the Commonwealth since we last wrote, and this is all the more satisfactory when it is remembered that July and August last year were very dry, and commenced a period of unprecedented drought. Excepting in a few isolated and sparsely settled areas in Queensland, and a large tract along the western border of New South Wales, conditions are now everywhere satisfactory. The nearer the coast the better the conditions prevailing, and there is every indication of one of the largest grain and dairy produce seasons the States have had. In these circumstances there is not the slightest doubt that trade will show a tendency to increase after the current quarter has gone; and by the opening of 1904, when the movement of the grain, hay, dairy produce and wool money is free, trade should be active. Writing on the position in December and January last, we pointed out that 1903 must be a year marked by very quiet trade, no matter what improvement took place in the conditions ruling the producing industries. That opinion has so far been fully borne out. We expect little or no improvement in the volume of trade during the next three or four months, but there is little doubt that the New Year will open with trade more active and sounder than for a long time past.

A Peculiar Surplus.

Victoria, it is now stated, will have a surplus for the financial year just closed of from £150,000 to £180,000. Considering that for a long time past huge deficits have been deftly placed before taxpayers, and even after large economies and increased taxation were brought into force a mere balancing of the accounts was the best expected, the result came rather as a surprise. But the surplus is more nominal than real. Firstly, it must be remembered that Mr. Shiels postponed the repayment of £100,000 of Treasury bills, which should have been met from the past financial year's revenue. Secondly, the sum of £110,000 was taken from Mallee lands and Railway trust funds. Thirdly, an income tax was introduced, which produced considerably more than the Treasurer's anticipations; and, fourthly, owing to the failure of the crops we have had to import breadstuffs freely, upon which the sum of £125,000 or thereabouts has been received in unexpected duty. When we consider these facts, it will be seen that the much advertised "surplus"—the opponents of economy are likely to make the most of it—is mainly imaginary. We have no wish to throw cold water on the good work done by the Government. Against the facts we have set out, there is the undoubted saving which will be made during the now current and following financial years from the cutting down of services during the past six or seven months. Again, while we received £125,000 unexpectedly in grain and flour duties, we lost more than twice as much in railway receipts owing to the failure of the crops. While, therefore, it may be argued that we will not receive heavy grain duties during the current financial year, we will have a very much larger railway income from the shifting of the crops, which this season promise to be the best for many years. All things considered, there has been undoubted improvement in the financial position of the State, but a good deal of that improvement is due, first, to the fact that our misfortunes led to heavy importations

of breadstuffs; secondly, to the absorption of capital into the revenue account; and thirdly, to the postponement of a liability on the year's revenue. It is to be trusted that the finances of the State will never drift into such a disorganised state as to necessitate the repetition of either of the two latter questionable transactions.

Australasian Production, 1902-3.

The figures relating to Australasian wool production during the past season have not been finally completed officially, but if we take the figures dealing with the actual exports for the twelve months ended June 30 last, a very fair idea can be obtained. Dalgety & Co. Ltd. have issued a very instructive sheet of statistics dealing with the wool season. The figures of production, as measured by exports, are as follow:

| States. | 1902-3. | 1901-2. | 1900-1. | 1899-1900. | 1898-99. |
|-------------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-----------|
| | Bales. | Bales. | Bales. | Bales. | Bales. |
| N.S.W. | 470,217.. | 628,488.. | 584,132.. | 552,502.. | 649,757 |
| Victoria | 324,404.. | 403,096.. | 389,011.. | 402,534.. | 369,001 |
| Queensland . . . | 45,653.. | 77,348.. | 89,724.. | 87,356.. | 110,963 |
| S. Australia . . | 96,524.. | 111,676.. | 115,774.. | 119,766.. | 113,056 |
| W. Australia . . | 32,522.. | 32,538.. | 28,723.. | 26,499.. | 23,447 |
| Tasmania | 19,557.. | 14,790.. | 15,626.. | 8,524.. | 12,406 |
| Australia | 988,877.. | 1,267,936.. | 1,222,990.. | 1,197,181.. | 1,278,630 |
| New Zealand . . | 425,954.. | 396,949.. | 386,723.. | 397,283.. | 385,887 |
| Australasia . . . | 1,414,831.. | 1,664,885.. | 1,609,713.. | 1,594,464.. | 1,664,517 |

PHENIX



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In 1894-95 the Australian exports totalled 1,595,652 bales. The total decrease since that date has been 606,775 bales. Approximately, the reduction in the value of the Australian clip for 1902-03 compared with 1894-95 was £5,500,000. Dalgety's give the Australasian exports and sales as follow:

| Season. | Exports. Bales. | Sales. Bales. | Sales to Exports. |
|--------------|--------------------|------------------|-------------------|
| 1902-1903 .. | 1,414,831 .. | 861,174 .. | 61 p.c. |
| 1901-1902 .. | 1,664,885 .. | 1,035,520 .. | 62 p.c. |
| 1900-1901 .. | 1,609,713 .. | 808,912 .. | 50 p.c. |
| 1899-1900 .. | 1,594,464 .. | 915,877 .. | 57 p.c. |
| 1898-1899 .. | 1,664,517 .. | 890,185 .. | 53 p.c. |

The proportion of local sales to production suffered a slight diminution, due principally to the fact that as the London market was continually rising it proved, in some cases, more profitable to ship in place of selling locally. Taken altogether, however, local selling is far more profitable than shipping to London or elsewhere for sale. Excluding New Zealand, the Australian sales and values compare thus:

AUSTRALIAN ONLY.

| Season. | Bales. | Gross Value. | Average per Bale. |
|--------------|------------|---------------|----------------------|
| 1902-1903 .. | 739,338 .. | £8,810,840 .. | £11 18 4 |
| 1901-1902 .. | 934,660 .. | 8,708,587 .. | 9 6 4 |
| 1900-1901 .. | 718,677 .. | 6,176,083 .. | 8 11 10 |
| 1899-1900 .. | 807,031 .. | 13,503,594 .. | 16 14 8 |
| 1898-1899 .. | 799,379 .. | 8,730,525 .. | 10 18 6 |

The average value per bale for the season showed an increase of £2 12s., and notwithstanding the drop of 195,322 bales in the Commonwealth sales, the gross values returned to pastoralists were greater. The average value per bale for the current season promises to exceed the returns for the past year. In 1894 it was estimated Australia, exclusive of New Zealand, had 100,605,415 sheep; the total last year was 63,764,927, or only 53 per cent. of the original total held. The movements in Australasian flocks during the past five years compare thus:

| States. | 1902. No. | 1901. No. | 1900. No. | 1899. No. | 1898. No. |
|------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|
| N.S.W. .. | 27,249,424 .. | 41,857,099 .. | 40,020,506 .. | 36,213,514 .. | 41,241,000 |
| Vic. .. | 10,500,000 .. | 10,841,790 .. | 9,338,700 .. | 12,000,000 .. | 12,000,000 |
| Q'land .. | 7,213,985 .. | 10,030,971 .. | 10,339,185 .. | 15,226,479 .. | 17,552,608 |
| S. Aus. .. | 4,500,000 .. | 5,060,540 .. | 5,235,220 .. | 5,667,283 .. | 5,012,620 |
| W. Aus. .. | 2,500,000 .. | 2,542,844 .. | 2,431,861 .. | 2,282,306 .. | 2,251,543 |
| Tas. .. | 1,679,518 .. | 1,792,481 .. | 1,683,596 .. | 1,672,068 .. | 1,493,633 |

| | | | | | |
|-----------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|------------|
| Australia | 53,642,927 .. | 72,125,725 .. | 69,049,098 .. | 73,061,650 .. | 79,551,414 |
| N.Z. .. | 20,342,727 .. | 20,233,099 .. | 19,355,195 .. | 19,347,346 .. | 19,348,506 |

A'st'lasia 73,985,654 .. 92,358,824 .. 88,404,293 .. 92,408,996 .. 98,899,920

The 1902 figures for Victoria, South Australia, and Western Australia are estimates, the official returns not being available yet.

The improvement in the weather during the past seven months leads us to believe that the clip for the now current season will be just about the same as last year's. In the ordinary course of events the good weather should mean an increase, but it must be remembered that "dead" wool figured largely in last season's exports. The current year's clip, however, promises to be better grown and more valuable than that of the past season.

The Australasian grain production suffered very greatly. In New Zealand splendid weather brought splendid crops, but in the Commonwealth States, excepting Tasmania and Western Australia, the ravages of the drought were plainly evident. Taking the four principal grains and hay, we have the following comparison, for the Commonwealth only, for the past three seasons:

| | Wheat. Bushels. | Oats. Bushels. | Barley. Bushels. | Maize. Bushels. | Hay. Tons. |
|--------------|--------------------|-------------------|---------------------|--------------------|---------------|
| 1900-1901 .. | 48,352,926 .. | 12,043,848 .. | 1,839,861 .. | 9,354,959 .. | 1,834,075 |
| 1901-1902 .. | 38,537,834 .. | 9,184,838 .. | 1,523,937 .. | 7,035,194 .. | 2,002,865 |
| 1902-1903 .. | 12,367,057 .. | 7,278,799 .. | 1,146,730 .. | 5,830,902 .. | 1,357,102 |

It may be said that Australia has not experienced an absolutely favourable grain season since 1894. The yields in 1898-99, 1899-00, and 1900-01 appeared large in the aggregate, but the average production was low. A really good season, such as the present promises to be, would mean a very great expansion in the production of grain in these States. The figures for wheat for the past three seasons compare thus:

| | 1900-1901. Bushels. | 1901-1902. Bushels. | 1902-1903. Bushels. |
|----------------------|------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|
| New South Wales... | 16,173,771 | 14,808,705 | 1,583,205 |
| Victoria | 17,847,321 | 12,127,382 | 2,569,364 |
| Queensland | 1,194,088 | 1,692,222 | 6,185 |
| South Australia .. | 11,253,148 | 8,012,762 | 6,354,912 |
| Western Australia .. | 774,176 | 933,101 | 970,440 |
| Tasmania | 1,110,421 | 963,662 | 876,371 |
| Commonwealth... | 48,352,925 | 38,537,834 | 12,367,067 |
| New Zealand | 6,527,154 | 4,046,589 | 7,457,915 |
| Australasia | 54,880,079 | 42,584,423 | 19,824,972 |

The Australian production left a deficiency of about 12,500,000 bushels, which has been, or is being, imported from America, India, New Zealand, etc. The duty, at nearly 11d. per bushel, on this quantity accounts for the large and unexpected increase in the Customs receipts. During the present season the Commonwealth sowings, it is expected, will reach 5,000,000 acres. An eight-bushel average would mean 40,000,000 bushels; a really good yield, say twelve bushels to the acre, would mean an output far exceeding any previous record. It is earnestly trusted that it will be realised.

The figures for the oat production of the past three seasons are appended:

| | 1900-1901. Bushels. | 1901-1902. Bushels. | 1902-1903. Bushels. |
|----------------------|------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|
| New South Wales... | 593,548 | 687,179 | 350,629 |
| Victoria | 9,682,332 | 6,724,900 | 4,402,982 |
| Queensland | 7,855 | 42,208 | 520 |
| South Australia .. | 366,229 | 469,254 | 620,823 |
| Western Australia .. | 86,971 | 158,638 | 151,100 |
| Tasmania | 1,406,913 | 1,702,669 | 1,752,745 |
| Commonwealth... | 12,043,348 | 9,784,838 | 7,278,799 |
| New Zealand | 19,085,837 | 15,045,233 | 21,766,708 |
| Australasia | 31,129,685 | 24,830,071 | 29,045,507 |

The great expansion in the output of the New Zealand crops caused the Australasian total to show an increase. The Australian production is still small, the bulk being produced in Victoria. We have this year been importers of oats to a pretty considerable extent from New Zealand, and small parcels also have come from Canada.

The barley crop is steadily decreasing, and imports from New Zealand and California have naturally at the same time advanced considerably. The production for three seasons is as follows:

| | 1900-1901. Bushels. | 1901-1902. Bushels. | 1902-1903. Bushels. |
|----------------------|------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|
| New South Wales... | 114,228 | 106,361 | 17,933 |
| Victoria | 1,215,478 | 693,851 | 561,144 |
| Queensland | 127,144 | 277,037 | 3,595 |
| South Australia .. | 211,102 | 243,362 | 317,155 |
| Western Australia .. | 29,188 | 35,841 | 45,770 |
| Tasmania | 142,721 | 167,485 | 201,133 |
| Commonwealth... | 1,839,861 | 1,523,937 | 1,146,730 |
| New Zealand | 1,027,651 | 855,993 | 1,136,231 |
| Australasia | 2,867,512 | 2,379,930 | 2,282,961 |

Happily the prospects for the current season for all grains are excellent, and there is every probability of farmers and, in fact, all producers experiencing a period of prosperity.

Gold Production Expanding.

The feature of the Australian gold yield for the first six months of the year is the great increase in Western Australia. This may be readily recognised from the following official comparison:

| | 1901. Oz. | 1902. Oz. | 1903. Oz. |
|----------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| January | 138,697 | 168,159 | 210,450 |
| February | 135,487 | 152,692 | 192,397 |
| March | 127,846 | 177,505 | 194,726 |
| April | 150,018 | 183,531 | 203,623 |
| May | 144,086 | 164,226 | 207,500 |
| June | 161,967 | 189,621 | 208,059 |
| Totals | 858,101 | 1,035,734 | 1,221,755 |

The increases shown by this year's figures are—over 1901, 363,654 gross ounces; over 1902, 186,021 gross ounces. From all accounts—official and private—the West Australian gold yield is likely to go on increasing rapidly for some time to come. The Tasmanian yield to date is about the same as last year's, while the New Zealand output shows a considerable increase. The figures in fine ounces for the other four States are appended:

| | Jan. 1 to June 30, 1902. Fine Oz. | Jan. 1 to June 30, 1903. Fine Oz. |
|--------------------|---|---|
| Victoria | 334,678 | 366,037 |
| New South Wales... | 114,262 | 103,918 |
| Queensland | 281,690 | 321,366 |
| South Australia .. | 12,426 | 12,492 |

Taken together the yields of the six States and one colony show an increase in their gold production for the first six months of the year equal to about £1,100,000.

Queensland's Position.

Very satisfactory weather intelligence continues to be received from the greater part of Queensland, and it is believed that the drought is completely broken. Its effects are plainly noticeable in the just issued Registrar-General's report on the stock holdings of the State. This includes the following:

| | Horses. | Cattle. | Sheep. | Pigs. |
|------------|---------|-----------|------------|---------|
| 1893 | 429,734 | 6,693,200 | 18,679,015 | 68,086 |
| 1894 | 444,109 | 7,012,997 | 19,587,691 | 89,677 |
| 1895 | 468,743 | 6,822,401 | 19,856,959 | 100,747 |
| 1896 | 452,207 | 6,507,377 | 19,593,696 | 97,434 |
| 1897 | 479,280 | 6,089,013 | 17,797,883 | 110,855 |
| 1898 | 480,469 | 5,571,232 | 17,552,608 | 127,081 |
| 1899 | 479,127 | 5,063,336 | 15,226,479 | 159,118 |
| 1900 | 456,788 | 4,078,181 | 10,339,185 | 122,187 |
| 1901 | 462,119 | 3,772,707 | 10,030,871 | 121,641 |
| 1902 | 399,122 | 2,543,471 | 7,213,985 | 77,202 |

The declines from the highest points touched in each case are—horses, 81,347 since 1893; cattle, 4,469,526 since 1894; sheep, 12,642,974 since 1895; and pigs, 61,916 since 1899. The agricultural production of Queensland last year failed almost entirely. The good weather since the opening of the year, however, has been followed by a great improvement in prospects, and heavy yields of grain, etc., are anticipated. A better output of sugar is expected this year, while the gold yield is rapidly expanding. Prospects for the northern State have decidedly improved.

Three Queensland Banks.

The accounts of the Queensland National Bank Ltd. for the six months ended June 30 show a net profit of £21,660. Of this sum £9,660 is transferred to the con-

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GEO. E. EMERY, Inspector-General.

29 Market Street, Melbourne.

tingency account, £3,000 is repaid to the Government. £6,000 goes to the private depositors' repayment fund, and £3,000 is added to the reserve fund, raising it to £33,000. The liquid assets of the bank totalled £1,731,167 on June 30; advances, discounts, etc., £5,497,846; and premises and real estate, £275,869. The progress of liquidating old liabilities is likely to improve with the better conditions prevailing in the northern State.

The Bank of North Queensland made a net profit of £2,153 for the six months ended June 30. The balance available is £2,335, from which it is proposed to transfer £1,000 to reserve fund, pay 2½ per cent. to the shareholders, absorbing £1,312, and carry forward the balance. The bank has a paid-up capital of £100,000, and its direct liabilities to the public amount to £339,177. The liquid assets total £112,610, and discounts, advances, etc., to £322,125. Improvement may be expected in earnings with the passing of the drought.

The Royal Bank of Queensland made net profits totalling £9,052 for the half-year ended June 30. With the balance forward there was £9,880 available, for which a 3 per cent. dividend and dividend tax absorbs £7,227, another £2,000 is added to reserve, and the balance carried forward. The reserve fund now stands at £60,000, and the paid-up capital £457,354. The liquid assets amount to £286,806, and the discounts and advances to £1,008,210. The business is making fair progress.

The Bank of Victoria.

This institution made a profit of £31,533 for the half-year ended June 30, but the income tax on the bank's profits absorbs £2,093, leaving £29,440. With the balance of £14,360 brought forward there was £43,800 available, from which it is proposed to pay 5 per cent. on the preference shares, 3½ per cent. on the ordinary shares, and to carry £14,807 forward. A comparison of the bank's working is appended.

| | June, 1901. | June, 1902. | June, 1903. |
|----------------------------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
| Prof. capital | £416,760 | £416,760 | £416,760 |
| Ord. capital | 1,061,250 | 1,061,250 | 1,061,250 |
| Notes | 125,179 | 117,921 | 110,458 |
| Bills | 490,551 | 436,166 | 453,397 |
| Govt. deposits | 502,194 | 345,597 | 346,826 |
| Public deposits | 4,201,393 | 4,215,407 | 4,150,365 |
| Reserve | 120,000 | 140,000 | 140,000 |
| Liquid assets | 1,638,011 | 1,552,651 | 1,433,467 |
| Bank premises | 243,512 | 244,783 | 247,114 |
| Real estate | 162,677 | 157,868 | 165,985 |
| Bills and advances | 5,007,240 | 4,853,736 | 4,899,626 |
| Expenses of management | 36,593 | 37,939 | 37,982 |
| Note tax | 1,289 | 1,284 | 1,119 |
| Income tax | — | — | 2,093 |
| Gross profit | 69,280 | 72,547 | 70,634 |
| Net profit | 31,398 | 33,323 | *31,533 |

*Exclusive of income tax.

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That the tremendous growth in American trade is largely due to the superior technical education of the American mechanic is recognised in a statement recently made by Mr. Andrew Carnegie to one of the leading ironmasters of Europe: "The secret of American industrial success," he said, "is emphatically the application of brains and knowledge to work, even in the smallest detail; and the influence of the Correspondence Technical School in furthering America's advantages in this regard deserves universal recognition." Skill and intelligence in the mechanical arts, therefore, will be in greater demand than ever before. Our School meets this demand, and gives ambitious workmen and others abroad an unusual opportunity to learn American methods, for the subjects we teach are the basis of all manufacturing.

The bank is making satisfactory progress in all departments, and with the return of good seasons a marked improvement should be noted.

The Union Bank of Australia.

Cables show this institution's profits to be larger than any previous record. For the six months ended February 28 the net earnings were £109,686, and with the £20,144 brought forward there was £129,800 available. The final £50,000 was paid off the contingency account, and a similar amount added to the reserve fund, raising it to £1,000,000. The dividend of 8 per cent. absorbs £60,000, and the balance of £19,800 is carried forward. The chief headings in the bank's balance-sheet (as cabled) compare thus:

| | Feb. | Deposits. | Cash and Investments. | Bills, Securities, etc. |
|----------------|-------------|------------|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1899 | £14,837,784 | £4,662,047 | £5,110,250 | 15,412,707 |
| 1900 | 15,793,602 | 5,069,246 | 14,874,600 | 14,989,977 |
| 1901 | 15,249,059 | 4,666,548 | 14,371,228 | 15,418,747 |
| 1902 | 15,418,747 | 5,053,381 | 5,904,762 | 15,949,226 |
| 1903 | 15,949,226 | 5,904,762 | | |

The Union is making excellent progress. The liquid assets represent nearly £6,000,000, while the bank has a reserve fund of £1,000,000, which is specially earmarked for "reserve" purposes, and kept free from the bank's business.

The Commercial Bank of Australia.

This institution continues to earn good profits. The net earnings for the six months ended June 30 were £66,773, and with the balance forward a sum of £96,503 is available. From this sum £31,759 goes to pay a 3 per cent. dividend on preference shares, free of income tax, the loss on the special assets trust absorbs £29,331, an additional £5,000 (exclusive of £3,000 from calls) is added to the assets trust reserve, and the increased balance of £30,413 is carried forward. The working of the assets trust compares as follows:

| | Dec., 1901. | June, 1902. | Dec., 1902. | June, 1903. |
|--------------------------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| Liabilities | £3,334,903 | £3,309,982 | £3,121,228 | £3,089,725 |
| Assets | 1,800,000 | 1,775,000 | 1,735,000 | 1,705,000 |
| Difference | £1,534,903 | £1,534,982 | £1,386,228 | £1,384,725 |
| Assets trust reserve | — | 5,000 | 155,000 | 163,000 |
| Net deficiency | £1,534,903 | £1,529,982 | £1,231,228 | £1,221,725 |

From the manner in which the trust deposit receipts are being reduced, it appears as if the bank were making a large unshown profit, which will be useful in the near future. The working of the bank's business is shown in the following comparison:

| | June, 1900. | June, 1901. | June, 1902. | June, 1903. |
|----------------------------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| Prof. capital | £2,117,070 | £2,117,230 | £2,117,230 | £2,117,290 |
| Ord. capital | 1,019,523 | 1,133,591 | 1,132,761 | 94,883 |
| Calls in arrears | 373,829 | 318,242 | 1,484 | 3 |
| Notes | 157,504 | 163,827 | 142,332 | 146,003 |
| New deposits | 2,606,708 | 2,884,613 | 2,753,171 | 2,792,219 |
| Deferred deposits | 965,482 | 645,988 | 634,740 | 625,578 |
| Liquid assets | 1,713,096 | 1,119,311 | 1,545,955 | 2,124,814 |
| Real estate | 569,183 | 568,767 | 581,269 | 443,943 |
| Advances and discounts | 4,113,230 | 4,710,745 | 4,324,423 | 3,804,321 |
| Gross profits | 104,699 | 118,109 | 116,784 | 116,784 |
| Net profits | 58,265 | 64,929 | 67,852 | 66,773 |

The liquid assets have been largely increased, while the deposits continue to improve. The business of the bank is progressing steadily, and the latest accounts are the best issued for many years past.

The Trustees, Executors, and Agency Co. Ltd.

This company had a bumper half-year ended June 30 last. The new business totalled close on £1,000,000, bringing the total since 1878 up to £18,471,785. Since January, 1887, the estates dealt with amount to £15,444,897, and the receipts and disbursements in the same period exceeded £18,000,000! These figures prove the importance of trustee companies. The working of the Trustees, Executors Co.'s trust business is shown as follows:

| | June, 1900. | June, 1901. | June, 1902. | June, 1903. |
|------------------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|-------------|
| Amount at credit | £6,329,056.. | £6,388,976.. | £6,646,727.. | £7,467,202 |
| Mortgages.. | 1,915,799.. | 1,793,610.. | 1,926,012.. | 1,960,677 |
| Debentures and stock.. | 759,938.. | 871,880.. | 972,848.. | 1,004,935 |
| Properties.. | 2,530,587.. | 2,595,599.. | 2,594,917.. | 2,845,343 |
| Other securities.. | 1,079,893.. | 1,079,824.. | 1,078,917.. | 1,620,589 |
| Cash.. | 43,138.. | 48,062.. | 74,061.. | 35,658 |

The company has now more business on its books than at any previous date. The net profits of the company during the past half-year were £4,400, which, compared with the business, are trifling, and afford evidence of the cheapness of the company's charges. The available balance is £9,896, from which dividend and bonus (equal together to 7 per cent. for the half-year) absorb £3,150, an additional £5,000 is placed to reserve, and £1,044 carried forward after paying a 10 per cent. bonus to staff. The company's position is exceedingly strong.

Insurance News and Notes.

Statistics of the last census show that nearly 6 per cent. of the deaths in the United States are due to accidents.

The total funds of the Australasian Life Assurance Societies now amount to the large sum of £33,209,000. The figures have shown a steady increase. In 1888 they amounted to £11,153,000; in 1893 to £18,323,000, and in 1898 to £25,571,000.

Motor steam fire engines still continue to be built for English fire brigades, and their utility now seems to be proved, the latest being supplied by Messrs. Merryweather and Sons to the Portsmouth County Council. The engine, at its test, turned out from the fire station in fifty-five seconds from the time of the alarm, and then travelled at high speed along the roadway, the hills on which were easily climbed.

A new device for saving life at fires has been successfully tested in America. It consists of a telescopic ladder worked by compressed air. The fireman is lashed to the extending portion, and then shot up to any point that may be required. The extended end is lowered mechanically, so that a rescued person can be brought to the ground in safety. If the apparatus could be made of sufficient strength to enable several persons to be lowered at one time, it would add to its utility, otherwise if a number of people were cut off in an upper story from retreat, the delay in raising and lowering the machine might be fatal. Of course this could be overcome by having several machines, but probably the cost would be heavy.

The three giant American Life Assurance Companies, the Equitable of the U.S., the Mutual Life of New York, and the New York Life, have come to the admirable decision to discontinue in future the use and publication of all literature and advertisements comparing one company with the other. The agents of the three companies were instructed to destroy all such matter by the 1st inst. The agreement is a meritorious one, and might well be followed by Australian companies, for the distribution of disparaging comparative statements does not tend to elevate the tone of such an estimable business as Life Assurance.

A London cable states that a property belonging to Mr. Balfour, the British Prime Minister, valued at £16,000, has been destroyed by fire at Manitoba, Canada.

A case was decided in the Admiralty Court of New South Wales at the close of last month, which is said to be the first of its kind brought in that State. It arose out of the collision between the steamers "Eurimbla" and "Wakitipu" in Sydney harbour in February last, which was found to have been caused by the improper navigation of the former vessel. The owners of the "Wakitipu" claimed on the A.U.S.N. Co., the owners of the "Eurimbla," about £11,000, and the latter company appealed to the court to have their liability limited to an aggregate of £8 per ton of the gross tonnage of the "Eurimbla," amounting to £7,992 19s. 3d., in addition to interest at 4 per cent. per annum. The presiding judge granted the petition to that effect.

Messrs. Dalgety & Co. have been appointed agents for Victoria of the London Assurance Corporation.

The Guardian Assurance Company will, on August 1, remove to new offices situate 407 Collins Street, Melbourne, the premises until lately occupied by the United Australian Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

The Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation is offering policies at an annual premium of 5s., guaranteeing all medical, surgical and nursing expenses incurred in connection with operations for appendicitis, including those of the operation itself, up to £100, the sum to be payable to the assured, or, in the event of death, to his legal representatives. Policies are effected up to £500. The Corporation states that 15,000 appendicitis operations were performed in the United Kingdom in 1900, with a mortality of 10 per cent. The premium covers appendicitis only, and may be largely increased in the near future.—"Post Magazine" (London).

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This library consists of a series of books originally issued in cheap form in London. It covers the masterpieces of the most celebrated authors, of all times and every country, and consists of about an equal number of volumes of poetry and prose—the works of none but the best authors having been selected. These books have now been gathered together, and are being offered to the Australian public, securely packed in two neat cabinets, for the wonderful price of 20s.

Lord Salisbury said of the "Masterpiece Library" that it was "the most effective agency that has yet been discovered for making our best literature familiar to the mass of the nation."

They are neatly bound, in strong paper covers, clearly printed, and very convenient for the pocket. It is now possible for any poor man or woman to have a library of their own for a less total outlay than they would have to pay for one of the many books contained in the series.

"REVIEW OF REVIEWS FOR AUSTRALASIA" OFFICE, 167-9 QUEEN ST., MELBOURNE.

A long report on the subject of workmen's insurance against accident has been supplied to the Prime Minister by Sir John Cockburn, who represented the Commonwealth at the international conference held in Germany last year.



The International Fire Prevention Congress was opened by the Lord Mayor of London on the 7th inst. A number of important papers on the subject of Fire Prevention were to be read by experts from several foreign countries, and the details of these will be awaited with interest by insurance men here. The Commonwealth Government was approached some time back by the promoters of the congress with the view of Sir John Cockburn, ex-Agent-General for South Australia, representing all the States thereat, and that gentleman will probably act in that capacity.

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Lady novelists are apt to make rash excursions into foreign languages, with very disastrous results; and this weakness is cruelly satirised in the following lines which appear in "Longman's Magazine":

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

(By a Lady Novelist.)

Is there no real critic on these shores
Yet to be found? O Tempora, O Mores!
How shall they judge who measure all by rule,
While Genius, for them, might dwell in Thule?
'Tis quality, not quantity, decides
The merit of such work as mine—Quid rides?
When will they learn the truth that each great writer
Of prose or poetry—non fit—nascitur?
When cease to sneer with condescending smile
At woman—varium et mutabile?
Yet why should I the critics heed? Whate'er
They say, 'tis mine—aequam mentem servare.
My place among the Immortals is secure,
'Tis mine—divino ac humano jure.
I feel within my breast the sacred fire,
And I—I know it—non omnis moriar.
Already on Parnassus' sacred slope
I dwell with Meipomene and Calliope.
No marble tomb I crave, no trophies pious,
My monument is—aere perennius.

Three hundred and seven pounds was given at Sotheby's for a copy of the first edition of "Robinson Crusoe."

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All about Berries. A whole encyclopedia of boiled-down berry lore, after the manner of "Farm Journal." Tells about varieties, about planting, growing, mulching, under-draining, irrigating, cultivating, picking, and marketing. It gives practical pointers from the pens of scores of leading berry growers. It discusses truthfully the merits and demerits of all the leading berries, showing which are best for market or for the home garden. Many of the leading American growers of the country tell in it what to do and what not to do, giving information which has cost them hundreds of dollars in practical experience. It has coloured representations of berries, true to size and colour, and thirty-five other illustrations, handsomely bound in cloth; 29 chapters, 123 pages.

No. 3.—Biggle Poultry Book.

This is the most comprehensive and helpful poultry book ever got out, for in addition to the vast amount of valuable information covered in its seventeen chapters, there are sixteen beautiful coloured plates, showing, true to colour and shape, twenty-three varieties of poultry. Chickens, ducks, turkeys, and geese are all shown in their proper plumage, and with comb, beak, and shanks as true to nature as it is possible to produce. Also forty-two handsome engravings in half-tone, and sixty-one other helpful illustrations of houses, nests, drinking vessels, etc. The chapters on the use of incubators and brooders, on the care of young chicks, on eggs and early brooders, are practical and instructive. Pigeons for market are also treated fully.

No. 4.—Biggle Cow Book.

The Biggle Cow Book is elaborately and beautifully illustrated in wood-engraving, in half-tone, and in colour work.

Eight of the principal breeds are shown in colours.

No expense has been spared on these portraits, and they must certainly gratify and please. There are twenty-six chapters, covering the whole ground of the dairy. Those on Ailments and Remedies are worth the whole price of the book to anyone owning even a small dairy.

The villager with one cow will find the work a great help.

The Creamery chapter is up-to-date, and will interest many.

It contains 144 pages of type matter, and 130 beautiful illustrations.

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Much attention is given to practices in the diseases of hogs, especially to cholera, to feeding, breeding, butchering, and the carving of meats for home use and for market. There are 144 pages, printed on the best paper, and bound in cloth. Some breeders have thought it was not possible to make a good photograph of a hog, but the score or more of handsome engravings made directly from photographs will go far to dispel this illusion. All the leading breeds are shown and briefly discussed in the text.

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This book is written in a clear, concise style, and contains that which will interest and instruct in health matters to a wonderful degree. It is not intended that it shall take the place of the family doctor, but to enable its readers to avoid his too frequent visits, and to aid him in his laudable efforts in your behalf. Something is often needed "before the doctor comes," and this little book will fill the place.

There is not a bit of quackery in it; neither the Judge nor his wife, who aided in the work, the publishers, nor anyone else, have anything in the medical line to propagate or sell; they have no fancies, nor fads, nor hobbies. Here is just what most families need; a plain, common-sense monitor and guide to good health, whose teachings are certain, many times, to do great good. While the Biggle Health Book will not ensure good health to the family, it will greatly aid each member to know what the laws of health are, and how to obey them.

No. 7.—Biggle Pet Book.

This book has been prepared especially for young people, but it will interest every lover of dumb animals, young or old. Nearly all the leading breeds are shown by engravings made from photographs of the animals themselves, thus showing them as they really are. The list of chapters is as follows: Dogs; Varieties of Dogs; Best Dog for the Country Home; The Collie or Sheep Dog; Training the Collie; Tricks for Dogs; Cats; Varieties of Cats; Diseases of Dogs and Cats; Ponies, Goats, Sheep, etc.; Rabbits; Rabbit Hutches and Rabbit Diseases; Guinea Pigs; Squirrels, Rats, and Mice; Other Pets; Pigeons; Bantams; Canaries; Other Birds.

Biggle Pet Book will make a delightful holiday gift, one that will be prized by every recipient; Biggle Pet Book contains 144 pages, is printed on coated paper, and contains over 120 illustrations prepared expressly for the text.

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The Biggle Sheep Book is the very latest volume of the Farm Library published. The first supply for the Australasian market is now on the water, with a large supply of the other volumes. It is undoubtedly the most common-sense, condensed, and helpful book on sheep yet published. It is boiled-down practice—not inflated theory. Its illustrations—which are profuse—are worth the 3s. 6d. asked for the volume. It contains 144 pages, printed on stout white paper, bound in cloth.

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